

Commentary

Volume Sixty-nine, Number Five, May 1980

Whose Palestine?

An Open Letter to Edward Said

HILLEL HALKIN

How I Came to the Kabbalah

GERSHOM SCHOLEM

The ABM Question / Carnes Lord

A Placebo for the Doctor / Florence A. Ruderman

Isaiah Berlin's Enlightenment / Sidney Hook

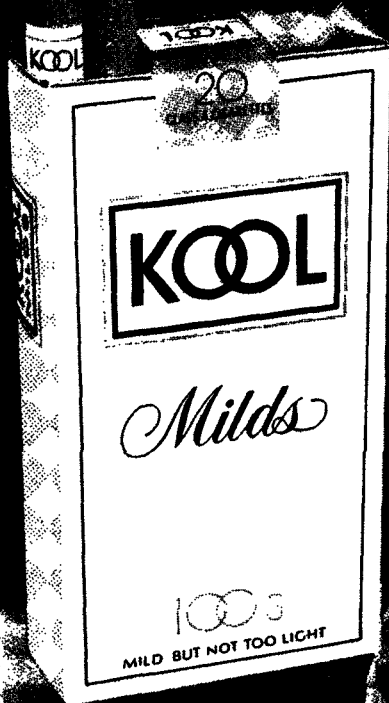
The Communists and the Klan / Terry Eastland

Harold Schonberg & His Times / Samuel Lipman

Books in Review: William J. Bennett / Daniel Pipes / Peter Shaw /
Paul Seabury / David Gress

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Feel the taste of
"Menthol Mist."™



Now you don't have
to settle for too much
'tar' or too little taste.
Because choice
tobaccos "misted" with
mellow menthol creates
an easy taste that's mild,
but not too light.

Also available in King Size.

KOOL MILDS
Mild, but not too light.

Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's, 12 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the most expensive hat in America.
We're giving one away.



For Father's Day. The 4th Annual Johnnie Walker® Black Label Scholarship Contest.

That hat represents our grand prize: \$30,000 for a college education (or \$30,000 in cash). But there's a \$10,000 bonus for the grand prize winner, if you answer the Mystery Bonus Question which you can find at participating restaurants or merchants. Use the coupon on this page or get an entry blank at the same place you find the Mystery Bonus Question. It's a great way to earn extra credits—\$10,000 worth.

Official Rules 1. To enter, fill in the official entry form—clearly hand printing your name, address and the answers requested in all three statements (or on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper clearly hand-print your name, address and answers requested in the three statements on the official entry form). The answers to these statements may be found by looking at the labels of any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting some from: Labels, P.O. Box 333 Pound Ridge, NY 10576. Bonus phrase may be found on game board displays in all participating restaurants or liquor stores or by writing to: Bonus Phrase P.O. Box 999, Pound Ridge, NY 10576. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2". Mail to Johnnie Walker Black Label Contest, P.O. Box 5020, New Canaan, Conn. 06842. Entries must be postmarked by June 23, 1980 and received by June 30, 1980. 3. Winner will be determined in random drawings from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. 4. Grand Prize: The cost of a four year college education for the winner's child or anyone the

winner chooses, up to a limit of \$30,000 in cash to be paid in one sum or \$1,875.00 quarterly per year over a period of four years. **Bonus Prize:** \$10,000 in cash to be used (if so elected by the winner) toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. The prize winner will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winner's name and photo in publicity. 5. Prizes are non-transferable—NO correspondence will be entered into. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. Both prizes (valued at \$40,000) will be awarded local, state, and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winner. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Pennsylvania, Utah, Texas, Ohio, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF MAY 1, 1980. 8. A list of winners will be available, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Winners List, P.O. Box 666 Pound Ridge, NY 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. 9. The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.



OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch and indicate the correct answers requested below:

1. Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch is blended and bottled in (answer) _____
2. Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch is (answer) _____ years old.
3. Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch is (answer) _____ proof.

To be eligible for the \$10,000 bonus prize, write the correct bonus phrase below:

Bonus Phrase: _____

Mail your completed entry form to:
JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL
FATHER'S DAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST,
P.O. Box 5020 New Canaan, CT 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state as of May 1st, 1980.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Blended Scotch Whisky—86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.
© 1980

Commentary

VOLUME 69

NUMBER FIVE

MAY 1980

- Articles** 21 Whose Palestine? An Open Letter to Edward Said *Hillel Halkin*
- 31 The ABM Question *Carnes Lord*
- 39 How I Came to the Kabbalah *Gershom Scholem*
- 54 A Placebo for the Doctor *Florence A. Ruderman*
- Observations** 61 Isaiah Berlin's Enlightenment *Sidney Hook*
- 65 The Communists and the Klan *Terry Eastland*
- Music** 68 Harold Schonberg & His Times *Samuel Lipman*
- Letters** 6 from *William R. Havender, Charles A. Krohn, Thomas Robbins, Paul Barker, Peter L. Berger, Joseph Gremillion, Michael Novak, Walter Laqueur, and others*
- Books in Review** 74 Utopian Thought in the Western World, by Frank E. Manuel and Fritzie P. Manuel *William J. Bennett*
- 77 The Jews of Arab Lands, by Norman A. Stillman *Daniel Pipes*
- 80 Academic Turmoil, by Theodore L. Gross *Peter Shaw*
- 83 Amsterdam to Nairobi, by Ernest Lefever *Paul Seabury*
- 84 A History of the World, by Hugh Thomas *David Gress*

Editor: Norman Podhoretz
Executive Editor: Neal Kozodoy
Managing Editor: Marion Magid
Associate Editor: Brenda Brown
Contributing Editors: Robert Alter
Milton Himmelfarb
Walter Laqueur
Comptroller: Philip Shamis
Production Manager: Bruce Lodi
Circulation Manager: Helene Hansen
Cover: The Drawing Board, Inc.

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is \$2.50, \$24 a year; 3 years \$64; 5 years \$96—Add \$4.00 per year for all foreign, including Canada and Latin America—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1980 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in *Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, Public Affairs Information Service, Index to Jewish Periodicals, ABC Pol Sci, Historical Abstracts, and America: History and Life*—Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Publication Number ISSN 0010-2601
EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022



**"SURE I CAN
GET IT ALL IN.
I GOT IT
ALL OUT."**

Skeptical?
You needn't
be, you know.

All the assorted
paraphernalia
that you see in the
picture above
really did get
into a 1980 Volkswagen
Rabbit before it came back
out again. Because al-
though the outside is
definitely all Rabbit, su-
perbly snug-looking and
stylishly compact, the in-
side is all Volkswagen.

And you know what that means.

It means that thanks to a fold-
down rear-seat, a Rabbit can be
terrifically useful whenever you're
thinking of transporting things.

Even surprisingly large things.
Like a steamer trunk.

Not to mention your favorite
bric-a-brac or knick-a-knack.

But just in case you prefer
chauffeuring people to things,
we've got some good news in that
department, too.

Because, you see, the Rabbit's
got ample room to fit four of them
comfortably.

And of course, every Rabbit
comes replete with front-wheel
drive, and the kind of exceptional
road-handling that just might spoil
you for other cars.

So think about packing you
and yours into a 1980 Rabbit.

And remember, when you do,
you won't just have a Volkswagen
Rabbit.

If you so desire, you'll have a
stuffed Rabbit.

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**





New diet for insurance executives!

Eating crow is not our favorite gastronomic experience.

But we've recently discovered that hearing you out, even on very unpleasant matters, can be healthy for both of us.

Last year, for example, Aetna sat down with the National People's Action coalition to digest complaints about the way property

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insurance is sold — and *not* sold — in inner-city neighborhoods.

That dialogue produced results you should appreciate.¹ Just as other consumer contacts have encouraged changes like our Privacy Protection hotline. And the new, lower-cost *Æconomaster* life insurance.²

Our 91,000 discussions last year with often less-than-chummy consumers indicate, however, that there are still answers we haven't found.

A lot of you aren't happy about who pays what for auto insurance. So we're taking another look at how rates are figured by age, sex, and marital status.³

And absolutely *none* of you out there is happy about steadily-rising health care costs. Which is why we're taking a hard look at the entire health care system, including health policies themselves.⁴

The point is simple: *If we're going to offer the kind of insurance you need and want today, we have to listen — and not just to what we like to hear.*⁵

Ætna may not agree with your every gripe. If not, we'll tell you so. But we promise you'll get action, not words, when we do.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹ Talks with the NPA — a consumer coalition of over 100 inner-city neighborhood groups — led to a three-fold test program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more homeowner's insurance. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a \$225,000 grant to help reclaim rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to \$15 million in higher-risk urban development loans.

² The hotline is just the most recent expression of our long-standing concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll reinvestigate and respond. As to *Æconomaster*, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up — a hedge against inflation.

³ Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your

pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

⁴ *Ætna* recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We

also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment.

⁵ It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And *Ætna* now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints — somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Richard Maass, *President*

The Commentary Publication Committee

Frederick P. Rose, *Chairman*

Norman E. Alexander
Donald M. Blinken
Charles D. Breitell
Theodore Ellenoff
Edward E. Elson
Richard C. Ernst
Edith U. Fierst
Maurice Glinert
Robert H. Haines
Lewis J. Laventhol
Bess Myerson
Ned Pines
David Sher
John Slawson
Alan M. Stroock*
Laurence A. Tisch
Gerard Weinstock

*Honorary Member

Letters from Readers

Indochina & Guilt

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is good to see Peter L. Berger publicly reevaluating his earlier position on the Vietnam war in the light of what has transpired there ["Indochina & the American Conscience," February]; would that a host of other erstwhile critics would show the same integrity. Still, I do not think he penetrates to the heart of the controversies of those days in describing the current horror in Indochina merely as "contrary to what . . . [we] . . . expected," for this sounds as though those debates had been conducted in a sober, thorough manner, and what has come to pass is . . . a total surprise. The fact is that there were many people around then who were cautioning against just this sort of outcome, and the question of central importance is why they were so willfully ignored, even ridiculed, at the time. The answer seems to be (and I too speak as a bloodied veteran of those debates) that such prognostications were dismissed as simply vaporous speculation about what might, perhaps, happen, and thus could not seriously be balanced against the actuality of napalmed children, My Lai, free-fire zones, and the rest of the usual recital of abominations. Only one motivation could have led one at the time to weigh the necessarily hypothetical possibility of future oppression against those all-too-graphic actualities, and that was the conviction that, as Mr. Berger phrases it: "The totalitarian regime . . . is by its very nature an ongoing assault on every human impulse of freedom" (emphasis added).

But such a condemnation-in-principle directly challenged the prevalent and tenaciously held fiction that Communism at its core is benevolent and the many warts encrusting its record are manifestations merely of historical accident or local circumstance, not of its essence. The truly awesome abuse visited upon those who then did warn that the people of Indochina might well be "subjected to suffering far worse than anything that was inflicted upon them by the United States and its allies" if the Communists won, can only be understood in the context of a compulsion to preserve and protect the

myth. Sadly, there is little reason to believe that faith in this myth has been weakened by the latest events in Indochina. Certainly, the diligence with which many prominent war critics now evade all discussion of the issue . . . argues to the contrary.

WILLIAM R. HAVENDER
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

After apologizing for not apologizing, Peter L. Berger leads us down a convoluted trail of conscience far too twisted for me to follow. I suppose there is something to be said for confessing that perhaps our own survival is somehow linked to the demise of non-Communist governments in Southeast Asia, but his arguments make too fine a point. I also find it ironic that at the moment of truth Mr. Berger counted among his peers those who applauded and wildly cheered as South Vietnam walked to the gallows. . . .

CHARLES A. KROHN
Falls Church, Virginia

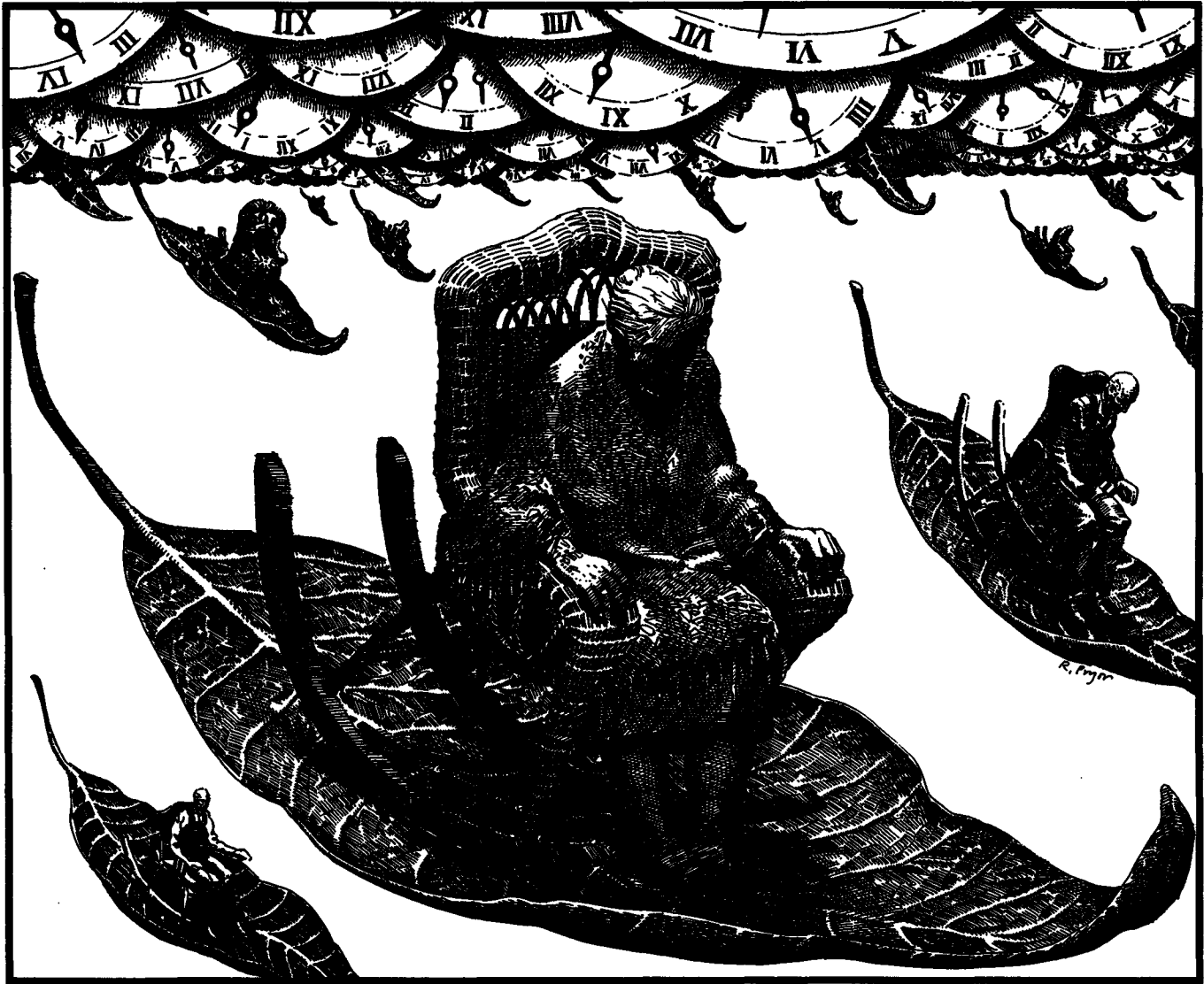
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I write in reference to Peter L. Berger's confession of "responsibility" for the fate of the Indochinese as a result of his participation in the anti-war movement. I am particularly disturbed by the ease with which he at once shoulders responsibility for that fate and then exculpates himself from any guilt in connection with it. While I am gratified to see a public conversion made on the subject, I am put off by the facility with which guilt is erased.

I am, quite obviously, convinced that it required in the late 60's a willful suspension of reason to believe in the relative virtues of a prospective Communist victory over Thieu's autocracy, even in the light of My Lai, the biased press, and all the rest. . . .

If a man feels himself to be in any part responsible for the death of another, much less two or so million others, guilt is inescapable if (a) the death was reasonably foreseeable, and (b) the man possesses sufficient intelligence to perceive the act's consequences. Both conditions seem to have been met in Mr. Berger's case. . . .

FREDERICK W. MEEKER
New York City



GROWING OLD: A GROWING PROBLEM

BURLINGTON, Vermont—America is getting older. The number of retirement-age people gets bigger every year. And the problems that they face get tougher every year. The high cost of food, housing, hospital, medical and nursing-home care is taking a terrible toll. Poverty, despair and mental illness among the elderly are on the rise.

In three separate series, William H. Braun, staff reporter for The Burlington Free Press, a Gannett newspaper, investigated the growing problems of growing old in America—and described to the citizens of Vermont new ways to solve them.

These series showed how programs for the aging that stress preven-

tion can be more effective than those that stress treatment. They revealed how nursing homes can be wrong for many older people because they can make them feel unwanted and abandoned, unable to make their own choices. Many of these people simply surrender to despair. Better solutions can be home health services, adult day-care centers and congregate homes, in which a small number of older people live together and make their own choices and decisions in a more home-like atmosphere.

Each series built public awareness of increasing problems for the elderly. Each drew appropriate praise from professionals in the field.

After one series concentrated on exposing problems in Vermont's community-care homes—which house the aged, mentally ill and retarded people—some homes were closed and tighter inspection programs were begun. The state began allocating more funds to aid the elderly.

All the people of Gannett take special pride in concerned journalism and community commitment like

that expressed by Bill Braun and The Burlington Free Press.

It reflects the strong commitment to excellence, professionalism and independent community service that we all share.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising, magazine, film production or public opinion research. Freedom rings throughout Gannett in news coverage, in editorial opinion, in public service. From Burlington to Boise, Danville to Denver, Pensacola to Phoenix, each Gannett member serves its community in its own way.



GANNETT

**A WORLD OF DIFFERENT VOICES
WHERE FREEDOM SPEAKS**

It starts out innocently enough.

A man tunes in a football game and tunes out his wife's attempts to be heard.

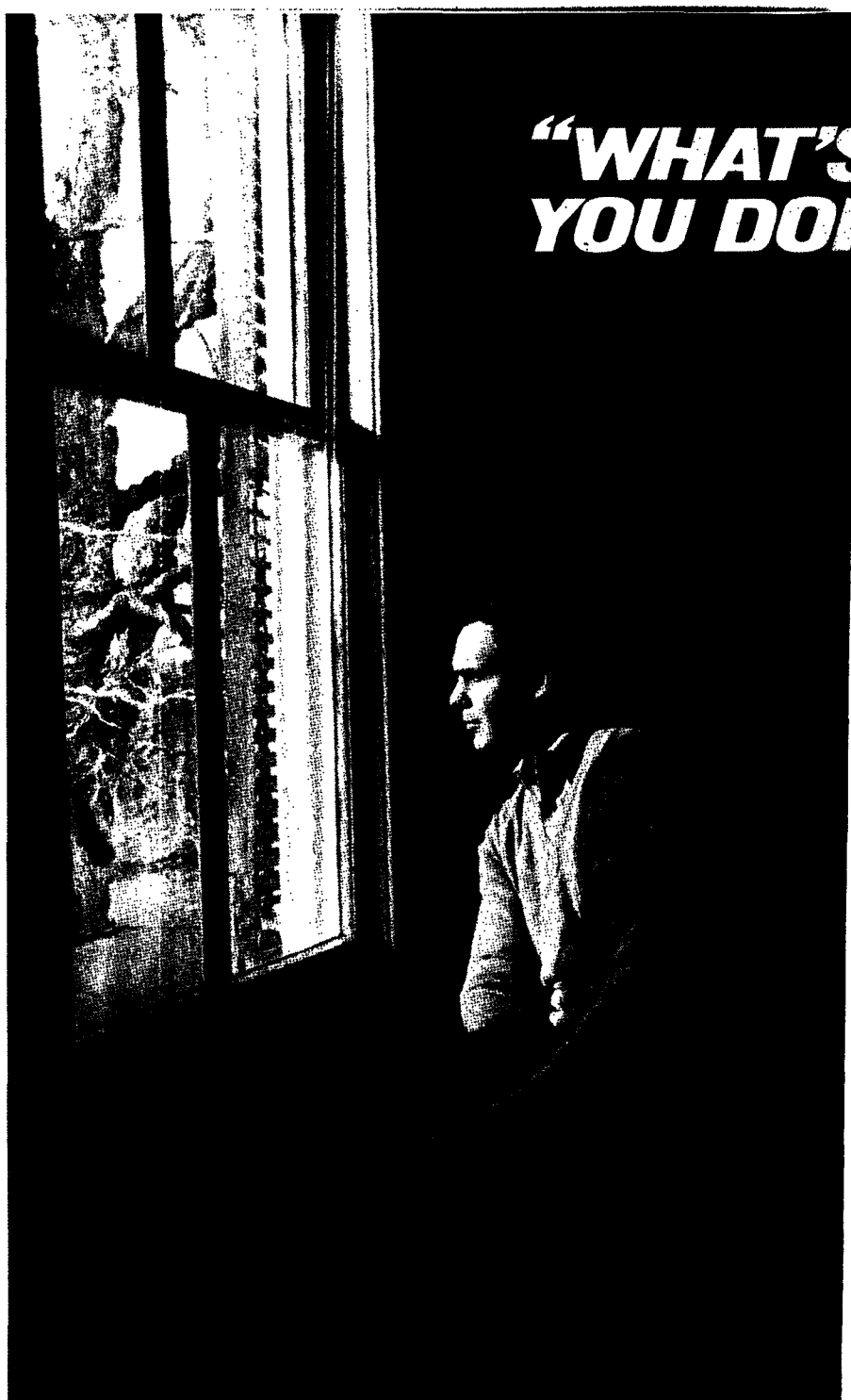
A woman gets so wrapped up in her problems she barely listens as her husband talks about his own.

And before long, without even realizing how it came about, a deadly silence starts to grow between them.

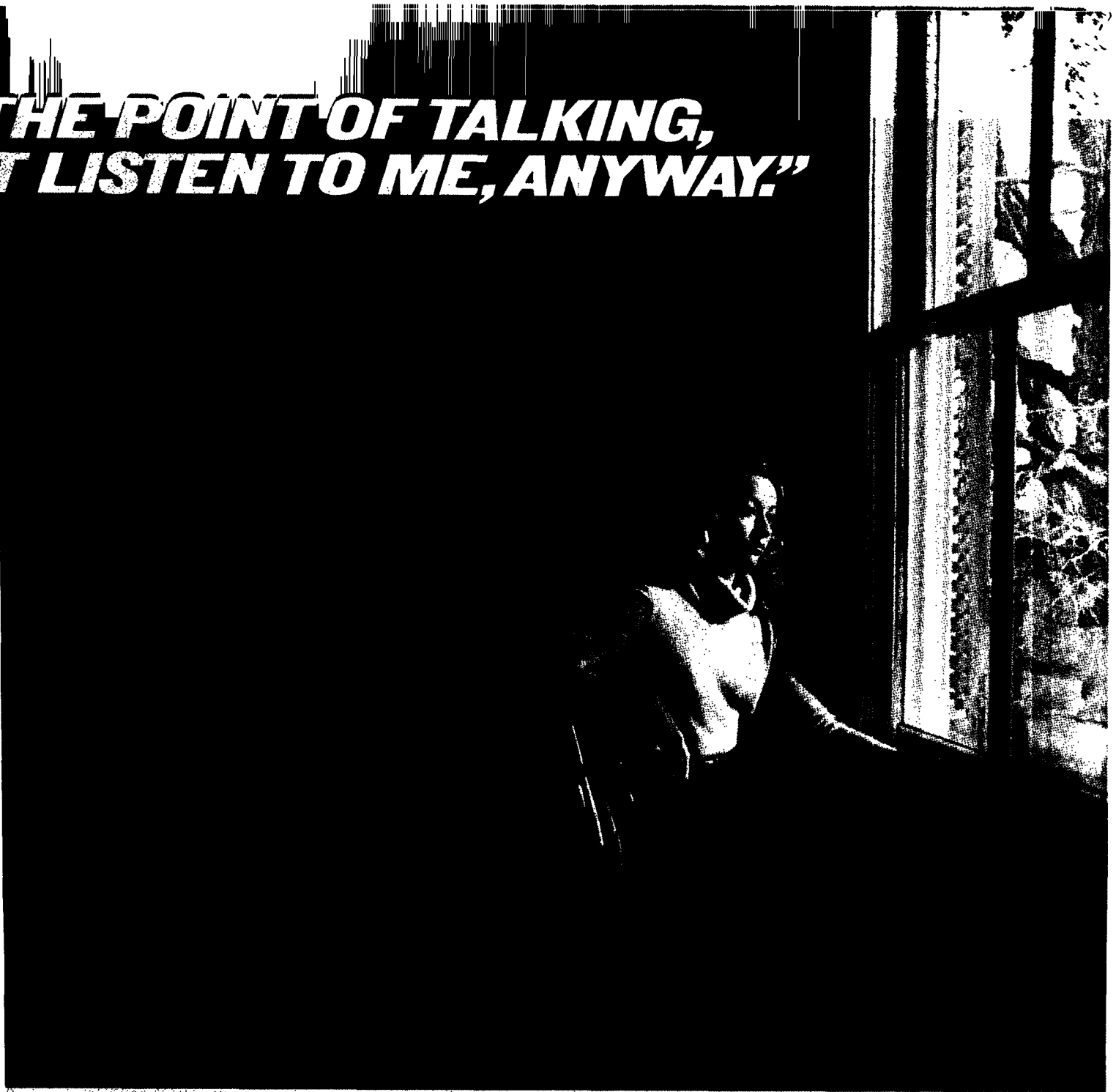
The fact is, listening, like marriage, is a partnership; a shared responsibility between the person speaking and the person listening. And if the listener doesn't show genuine interest and sensitivity to what's being said, the speaker will stop talking. And the communication will fail.

Which is why we at Sperry feel it's so critical that we all become better listeners. In our homes. And in our businesses.

We've recently set up special listening programs that Sperry personnel worldwide can attend. And what we're discovering is that when people really know how to listen (and believe us, there's a lot to know) they can actually encourage



**THE POINT OF TALKING,
IT LISTEN TO ME, ANYWAY."**



the speakers to share more of their thoughts and feelings, bringing everyone closer together.

*Which is of great value to us when we do business.
And perhaps even greater value when we go home.*



We understand how important it is to listen.

Sperry is Sperry Univac computers, Sperry New Holland farm equipment, Sperry Vickers fluid power systems, and guidance and control equipment from Sperry division and Sperry Flight Systems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although I considered myself a "hawk" for the entire duration of the Vietnam war, I could never entirely renounce all the anti-war protesters *per se*. Now, after reading Peter L. Berger's outstanding article, I am thankful that I held this position.

Like [many] who have rethought their position in light of recent horrible events in Cambodia and Vietnam, Mr. Berger is an honorable and consistent observer. . . .

JOHN D. BOLAND

Godfrey, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter L. Berger protests that he does not really intend to stifle legitimate constructive criticism of non-Communist authoritarian regimes, yet this is precisely what his formulation would lead to in practice. The risk is ever present that criticism of an authoritarian regime, like that of the Shah of Iran or Somoza or Pinochet, may destabilize it in favor of a "worse" one. Criticism of a brutal authoritarian regime may also alienate the rulers and lead them to oppose beneficent American power. . . . To take a recent example of the latter, the Argentinian regime now refuses to join the boycott against the USSR allegedly because it is miffed at the Carter administration's (ineffectual) criticism of its human-rights abuses. Ought we to have muted our barbs and thereby lined up another dictatorship behind our force-for-good anti-Soviet policy?

Criticism of a brutal regime is meaningless unless it is backed by strong actions. Yet any actions strong enough to induce an authoritarian regime to mend its ways are likely to run the risk of destabilizing the regime. If incurring such a risk is taboo, then we are in effect enjoined to tolerate tyrants and torturers.

It is not always or even usually the case that the exodus of an authoritarian despot brings in a "worse" government, at least not if "worse" is defined in terms of internal tyranny rather than a regime's foreign policy. The overthrow of the Shah [destroyed] the Nixon Doctrine, but, the bigotry of the Ayatollah notwithstanding, the Iranians . . . may enjoy more political freedom than they did under the Shah-Savak regime. The common people of Nicaragua may indeed be the beneficiaries of the

ouster of Somoza. It is also debatable whether totalitarian regimes are always "worse" than authoritarian ones. The latter, being less stable and efficient than totalitarian states, may resort more frequently to sadistic brutality and torture. Stalin and Hitler were masters of cruelty, but today it is the Idi Amins, the Shahs, and the Pinochets whose henchmen are likely to be the most vicious. From a Christian standpoint, the epitome of cruelty is crucifixion—not being forced to join the young Komsomols. It is also worth noting that in vindicating authoritarian regimes as less vicious than Communist totalitarian states, Mr. Berger excludes any considerations of the moral significance of policies aimed at eradicating poverty, mitigating inequality, and promoting literacy.

Finally, it is too neat to affirm that "American power is a force for good in the world." Here, again, Mr. Berger leaves economics (e.g., economic exploitation buttressed by political power) out of the picture. Those who think that Soviet policy, because it assists revolutionaries, is a force for good in the world (see a recent essay by Andrew Kopkind in the *Village Voice*) should check out the views of the boat people. Likewise, Mr. Berger might inquire of South African blacks, Iranian victims of Savak, or Palestinian refugees whether U.S. policy and power seem benign from their angle of vision. In this writer's view, freedom for the world's peoples is best served by a stable balance of power between the superpowers. Inasmuch as the balance has shifted in favor of the USSR, efforts to strengthen the U.S. should be supported. But in order to legitimate this strengthening, is it necessary to return to "cold war" equations of Communist equals totalitarian equals bad and anti-Communist equals good? Peter Berger seems to be inching cautiously back to the 50's and the world view of John Foster Dulles.

THOMAS ROBBINS

New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

When studying sociology at a university in the mid-70's, I felt, like many others, intellectually boxed in by Parsonian functionalism and the rising new school of Marxian sociology. Fortunately, my professor, in the person of Peter L. Berger, provided an escape from

this situation. His books, such as *The Social Construction of Reality* and *An Invitation to Sociology*, contained cogent criticisms of Parsons and the Marxists without being dogmatic in turn. More important, though, Mr. Berger taught us to be skeptical, to question all of society's offerings because they represented not objective truths but instead structures and beliefs created by you and me; hence they were susceptible of positive change. Some called this existentialism, to others it was phenomenology, but for me it was a simple marching order: be critical, though not cynical, and above all avoid falling in line with popular opinion just because it is popular. The net effect was that we felt a certain closeness to Mr. Berger. Not a hero, certainly, but someone who provided some guidelines for making it through this life.

Until now, I have found no need to change my feelings about Mr. Berger. Lately, however, I have been troubled by his recent writings, his article in the February issue of COMMENTARY being a good example. What is troubling is his seemingly uncritical acceptance of certain positions, in this case the consequences of the Vietnam war, which, to my mind, are still open to serious question. . . .

Certainly, there is no argument over the horrors occurring in Indochina today. It is necessary, however, to see how different actions by the U.S. in Vietnam, even permanent entrenchment, would have affected the U.S., Mr. Berger's adopted homeland. To my thinking, the U.S. was being transformed by Vietnam—it was beginning to resemble its opponents. As Henry Kissinger shows in his memoirs, Hanoi was "unsentimental," saw compromise as weakness, and acted with the freedom accorded to all self-appointed governments. For Canadians like myself, watching America in Vietnam, Kissinger's description of the enemy began to fit U.S. actions, especially in Cambodia. Put simply, the U.S. was drifting away from the principles—compassion, tolerance, open government—that had made it a respected country. . . .

As for another of Mr. Berger's concerns, namely, the growing dominance of the USSR, I think recent Soviet forays may prove rather unproductive; witness the near-unanimous UN vote against Soviet ac-

Myth:

Truck trailers on the public highways move freight most efficiently.

Fact:

Freight railroads save highways, tax dollars and energy by piggybacking truck trailers.

Mile for mile and pound for pound, today's freight railroads are up to four times more fuel-efficient than big trucks. Shippers recognize this advantage. That's why piggybacking truck trailers and containers is the fastest-growing segment of the rail freight business.

But there's another consideration. While every wage-earner and manufacturer in America subsidizes our public highway system, trucks are destroying that vital system at an alarming rate.

Congress watchdog, the General Accounting Office, said in a blistering July 1979 report: "Excessive truck weight is a major cause of highway damage. The rate of highway deterioration will slow down if excessively heavy trucks are kept off the highways... A five-axle tractor-trailer loaded to the current 80,000 pound federal weight limit... has the same impact on an interstate highway as at least 9,600 automobiles."

It is ironic that the American public is subsidizing the destruction of its own highways. It is also unnecessary, because a logical alternative already exists. This is the vast, fuel-efficient steel network that links every part of America: our modern freight railroads.

Railroads handle more than a third of the nation's inter-city freight and have the capacity to handle even more. Today, escalating highway repair costs and dwindling oil supplies make America's freight railroads more vital than ever.

For more information, write: Alternative Dept. U, Association of American Railroads, American Railroads Building, Washington, D.C. 20036

Surprise:

America's freight railroads carried more than 3,000,000 piggyback truckloads last year — and never left a pothole.

tions in Afghanistan. In general, the Soviets will come up against the same force America met in Indochina, which is the refusal of peoples to submit to the hesitant and often shaky designs of more powerful nations. . . . The present success of North Vietnam in Indochina does not seem to have anything to do with the "domino theory." History portrays seesaw battles between the countries of Indochina regardless of the respective political configurations at the time. . . .

There is thus no need for America to succumb to jingoism, using the excuse that America is a force for good in the world or that it is necessary to dirty one's hands from time to time. Such a stance equates power with moral force, an obviously bankrupt identity in any circumstance.

Mr. Berger also worries about the prevalence of the belief that America is a "sick society" which tends to hide the fact that America is in fact a decent country. America is not sick, but it is facing a fast-changing world, of which the current situation in Indochina is only a small part. The problems of America are problems created by the emergence of new, and sometimes hostile, rules which govern both domestic and world events: old rules no longer work, and anomie is on the horizon. Given this situation, I find it somewhat strange that Mr. Berger places so much emphasis on the brayings of Marxist sects and retired anti-war protesters in explaining America's problems. Mr. Berger advises Americans to avoid these people. I only wish the problems could be solved so simply.

Unfortunately, Mr. Berger has abandoned the sociological tools which could help him to question his diagnosis and cure. He . . . seeks to minimize the current panic and succeeds only in aggravating it. The marching order has now been placed on its head: shun careful comprehensive thinking and fall quickly in line. This may seem harsh, but so is Mr. Berger's article.

PAUL BARKER

Winnipeg, Manitoba

PETER L. BERGER writes:

William R. Havender's observations about those who believe that Communism is at its core benevolent are well-taken. But they don't apply to me; I never thought this.

At the same time, however, it is not clear to me that the horrors inflicted upon Indochina after 1975 could have been foreseen as unambiguously as he suggests.

It is precisely the ambiguities of political reality that compel me to take the nuanced position that Charles A. Krohn perceives as "a convoluted trail of conscience." I don't know the nature of his view of the world, but I greatly doubt that it is free of ambiguity. It would be comforting indeed if it were possible to act politically on the basis of certainty. If I am convinced of anything, it is that there are very few moments in history when this luxury is available.

A treatise on moral philosophy would be required to deal adequately with the point about responsibility and guilt raised by Frederick W. Meeker. All I can do here is take up his final accusation: I neither intended nor foresaw the consequences of the American defeat in Indochina, and because of this I refuse to engage now in an exercise of *mea culpa*. In any case, I have always felt that guilt is typically a crippling attitude, in interpersonal relations as in politics. Rather than lamenting one's past actions, it seems to me, it is better to draw upon the past in order to meet the future as responsibly as one is able.

I suppose that all I need to say to John D. Boland is—thank you.

I disagree with Thomas Robbins that it is impossible to criticize authoritarian regimes effectively without destabilizing them. There are many gradations of pressure and influence, and there are a good many instances where such regimes have modified their internal actions in response to relatively mild American interventions. Our actions in just staying in eastern Asia, South Korea, Taiwan, and the Philippines are cases in point. There may be some authoritarian regimes that are more vicious than some totalitarian ones, but those cases are very rare. As for taking into account a regime's policies with regard to fighting poverty and promoting equality, the record of an impressive number of authoritarian regimes friendly to the United States hardly supports Mr. Robbins's position. Thus South Korea and Taiwan are at the head of the list of Third World countries with highly egalitarian income distribution, while the record of the totalitarian regimes of Asia (China

most emphatically included) in combating misery is dismal.

I am sorry that Paul Barker now doubts whether I am still living up to the very flattering image he had of me in the mid-70's. I don't know how things are out in Winnipeg, but here in East Coast academia my views are as close to "popular opinion" as those of a Tibetan monk at a Southern Baptist convention. It is his views, not mine, that will get instant assent at virtually all the parties I attend—not least his optimistic view of the Vietnam-like comeuppance that awaits the Russians in Afghanistan. And, come to think of it, I could use his words to reproach myself for my actions during the period of the anti-war movement—namely, that I did not then avoid "falling in line with popular opinion just because it is popular."

Peace, Justice & the Pope

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "The Politics of John Paul II" [December 1979], Michael Novak expresses "major disappointment" with the Pope's address to the United Nations, "the intellectual centerpiece" of his American visit. While commending papal concern expressed therein for human rights and "injustice in the field of the spirit," Mr. Novak reacts strongly against John Paul's use of "the special jargon . . . of recent official [papal] statements on 'peace and justice.'"

Through much of his article Mr. Novak utilizes my book, *The Gospel of Peace and Justice* (Orbis, 1976), to document his complaint that the Polish Pope inherits this regretted "rhetoric" and "theology of politics and economics" from Vatican Council II and Paul VI, who chaired the Church from 1963 to 1978. For this reason alone I presume to comment; but there are others.

Mr. Novak specifically indicts the Pontifical Commission for Justice and Peace, established by Pope Paul under Vatican II legislation as part of his cabinet "to continue the work of the Vatican Council on secular matters," with similar commissions formed by "dioceses throughout the world." Many of "the priests and nuns" who staff this global network, Mr. Novak reports, although "trained neither in political nor in economic nor in cultural systems, gather materials

What now?

It seems as if every generation or so, usually in response to tumultuous events, America gets hit with a blizzard of new ideas. And we renew ourselves.

It happened in the 1930's. The Depression struck. The intellectual ferment began. We came out stronger for it.

It happened in the 1960's. Turmoil in the cities. Vietnam. Later on, Watergate. Another wave of fresh ideas. More sifting. New directions.

And it's happening today. Inflation. Recession. Declining productivity. Russia's military build-up. American decline. Again, the cauldron of ideas is bubbling.

It's a new moment in American life. Some people say "the country's moving to the right." Others say it's just an overdue dose of realism. But, here come the new ideas once more, good ones and not such good ones. The think tanks are humming; economists and sociologists are apologizing... and the politicians are fulminating, on fresh themes. The pendulum's swinging - again.

That's the view of **BEN WATTENBERG'S 1980**, a new 10 part series on PBS. Ben Wattenberg is a man of many parts: part statistician, part politician, participant and pontificator, student of America with a star spangled sense of humor. **BEN WATTENBERG'S 1980** is his highly personal vision of America's "new moment."

PREMIERE PROGRAM:

POWER SHIFT: The Soviet Arms Build-Up. The Soviet Union is embarked on the greatest peacetime military build-up in history.

Their ships used to make up a coastal defense force. But now they have a "blue water navy," and a good one. What does it mean? Look at new Russian aircraft carriers on duty in the Mediterranean, from the decks of our own U.S.S. Forrestal.

FOLLOWED BY WEEKLY PROGRAMS COVERING:

SRI LANKA: Second Thoughts in the Third World. An island nation in the Indian Ocean grows anti-Western and more pro-socialist. Comes the revolution and a new president says, "Let the robber barons come!" Strange?

SILICON VALLEY: The New Entrepreneurs. Those remarkable "computer chips" and the people who've built an industry on them.

DEMOGRAPHY IS DESTINY: The Baby Boom caused suburbia, the crisis of cities, crime in the streets and the volunteer army. Then came the Birth Dearth. How will it affect us?

THE WEALTH WEAPON: That Soviet missile targeted on New England is guided by equipment originally manufactured in New England. Does that make sense?

WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS: Journalists review the journalism of Vietnam, "The living room war."

THE VIEW FROM HOLLYWOOD HILLS: The message of those innocent sit-coms may not be so innocent.

JEREMIAH'S MOMENT: An optimist surveys the scene at a gloomy time.

**Ben
Wattenberg's
1980**

**PREMIERES MAY 18
ON MOST
PBS STATIONS.**

**Check your local listings for
date and time.**



on all complaints, resentments, tendencies, and dissensions that arise from worldly concerns."

I directed this Vatican Department and its transnational relations from its founding in 1967 until 1974, with the title of Secretary, named by and responsible to Paul VI. I traveled all continents under papal mandate, working with the Vatican's diplomatic corps and the local churches to develop our global network of "peace-and-justice" bodies, now officially authorized by Catholic bishops' conferences in seventy-five nations and by a thousand smaller Church bodies, over a hundred in United States dioceses alone.

Mr. Novak is correct: we do listen to "complaints, resentments, tendencies, and dissensions," providing grass-roots antennae for our ecclesial and secular leaders to hear the cries of the earth's poor and oppressed. For too long these hundreds of millions have remained voiceless, or have found specious spokesmen mainly among Marxists. For too long our Church hierarchy listened too readily and exclusively to an elite of established "solid citizens." A year ago, in their decennial assembly at Puebla, Mexico, the bishops of Latin America, with John Paul present, declared their "preferential option for the poor," to promote more just economic and political structures, human rights, and development. In short, they reaffirmed their evangelical ministry of *lobbying* for and with the weak and oppressed, promoting their cause as did Christ, Isaiah, Micah, and other Hebrew prophets. Certainly such lobbying is also gloriously in the tradition of the United States, and well understood by the American Enterprise Institute which Mr. Novak serves and, I hazard, also appreciated by the publishers of COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee.

Indeed, as Mr. Novak reports, this theology and ministry of "peace and justice," with its planetary *vox populi*, has deeply influenced the Universal Church since Vatican II, from Popes to slum, suburban, and village pastor. With his lifelong knowledge of the Church, Mr. Novak should show no surprise that the Polish Pope, with his own experience in confronting unjust economic and political power, evokes his predecessor's "Gospel of Peace and Justice"

in his first solemn "State of the World" address to its 157 nations in their only official forum. Cardinal Karol Wojtyla, after all, participated actively in evolving this updated Church policy in Vatican II's four sessions, 1962-65; in the Bishops' Synod of 1971 on "Justice in the World"; and in scores of other visits to Rome. Several times annually I attended meetings with him, and on occasion he honored and enlightened me by personal visits to my secretariat.

Consequently, I strongly challenge Mr. Novak's studied effort to dissociate John Paul II from the social teaching and ministry of his recent predecessors and fellow bishops, even from the Vatican Council itself. Mr. Novak's article makes the astonishing allegation that the Pope provided so little personal input in the writing of his UN address that in large measure it does not present his own social principles and political policies. In Mr. Novak's words: "It seems to be a staff document through and through, couched in the special jargon . . . of recent official statements on 'peace and justice' . . . the rhetoric mined for the address at the UN." What other clue does this top American intellectual offer that the true mind of this philosopher Pope is not really expressed in "the intellectual centerpiece" of his American visit, an event of "utmost intellectual importance"? Well, the Pope's address to the 157 national governments of the globe "reads not at all like his first encyclical," on Christ the Redeemer of Humankind (an obviously theological and pastoral document), "which he wrote himself."

I will not try to rebut Mr. Novak's reading of this evidence. I would only urge that the "politics" of John Paul II be taken for what *he* publicly and formally proclaims this to be, including, above all, the "peace-and-justice" theology which Mr. Novak would delete. Otherwise, serious discussion of this dominant world leader's political views, commendably launched by COMMENTARY, might peter out into what Mr. Novak *wishes* them to be.

Neither will I speculate in this space on Mr. Novak's motives, nor respond in kind to his cool, reasoned charges against me and my cited book on Catholic social teaching since Pope John. But the latter do deserve notice. He

avers that "Father Gremillion, American-born as he is, . . . appears to loathe the American system." Then after 61 more lines blasting my summary of the papal documents from 1961 to 1975, Mr. Novak announces that "Father Gremillion—like virtually all other workers in 'peace and justice,' in America and in Rome—has blinded himself to the American experience. . . . The bias against democratic capitalism is thick and tangible; it is, at times, irrational."

As a seventh-generation American, descendant of Louisiana's first settlers on the Mississippi, my nationalism is so rooted in my being that I feel no fever to defend my country's every system and ideology, as some first- and second-generation Americans may tend to do. I began my social ministry in 1949 as a pastor here in Shreveport concerned with the American economic system of sharecropping and migrant workers and the American socio-political system of segregation. Thirty years of far-reaching structural reforms have generated much greater justice and well-being all over the South through our American economic and political process. In this I rejoice.

However, as Mr. Novak reports, I, with thousands of "peace-and-justice" co-workers generally, from Roman popes to Rio bishops, Calcutta sisters to Chicago slum activists, believe that the American and West European experience can neither be everywhere duplicated nor anywhere imposed. We foresee a plurality of economic and political systems, with diverse mixtures of market and planning mechanisms in the differing religio-cultural and socio-political regions of the globe. Paul VI stressed the "wide diversity among the situations in which Christians—willingly or unwillingly—find themselves according to regions, socio-political systems, and cultures." In such widely varying situations, Paul continues, "It is up to the Christian communities to analyze with objectivity the situation proper to their own country, . . . and [with] all men of good will, to discern options and commitments which are called for in order to bring about the social, political, and economic changes seen in many cases to be urgently needed" (*The Gospel of Peace and Justice*, pp. 486-87).

On the whole, Church leaders of the Third World are suspicious of

operations by multinational corporations and the consumerist culture these foster in their societies. Mr. Novak should know these business enterprises better than I from his post inside the American Enterprise Institute. He does show pointed concern for "economic determinism" which would limit the market system and private ownership of productive property. We of "peace and justice" are equally concerned about the economic determinism of the "bottom line" and windfall profits, of a world order in which we Americans, 5 per cent of the human family, consume 30 per cent of the world's goods, of the enormous gap between haves and have-nots within and among nations.

John Paul shows the same concern. Mr. Novak reports him telling the UN: "In the modern world there are two main threats. . . . The first of these systematic threats against human rights is linked in an overall sense with the distribution of material goods. This distribution is frequently unjust, both within individual societies and on the planet as a whole." The second systematic threat is against "the objective rights of the spirit, of human conscience, and of human creativity including man's relationship with God." Mr. Novak judges, correctly I believe, that possibly "John Paul intended to direct the argument on material abuses against the Western world, and the argument on spiritual abuses against the Communist world." However, Mr. Novak blithely blacks out the Pope's concern for economic rights with the tarbrush of "peace-and-justice" theology, then he rejoices that John Paul "is no Grand Inquisitor who says 'First bread, then liberty.'"

My reading of the Polish Pope's message is: "Just social structures for bread and liberty." This is the clear mainstream of the "Gospel of Peace and Justice," from John XXIII through Vatican II to Paul VI, flowing direct from Isaiah: "He [the LORD] has sent me to bring the good news to the poor, to proclaim liberty to captives . . . to set the downtrodden free" (Isaiah 8:23). With these words in the Nazareth synagogue, the rabbi Jesus began his public ministry (Luke 4:18).

I will let Mr. Novak argue with the Grand Inquisitor whether bread is first. But I do wish to lis-

ten with him to Jesus' words when our planet's economic and political systems shut down on the Day of Judgment, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat" (Matthew 25:35).

[Monsignor] JOSEPH GREMILLION
Diocesan Office for
Social Ministry
Shreveport, Louisiana

MICHAEL NOVAK writes:

Years ago, Monsignor Gremillion was an inspiration to many of us for his work in civil rights. His work for "peace and justice" has been legendary. His long letter does, however, confirm the main point of my essay, *viz.*, that in his address to the United Nations, Pope John Paul II depended heavily on "peace-and-justice" theology. Much of that development was directed during critical years by Monsignor Gremillion. I am sorry to find it inadequate. I had hoped both of them would do better.

The stated goals of Monsignor Gremillion's secretariat are to "hear the cries of the earth's poor and oppressed" and "to promote more just economic and political structures, human rights, and development." These are exactly the goals in whose light I criticized both the record laid out in Monsignor Gremillion's book and in Pope John Paul II's address. It is not their goals which are at fault. Their understanding of methods, means, techniques, and institutions is not persuasive. On these matters, reasonable men, equally faithful to humane and specifically Catholic principles, must submit to open argument.

Further, Monsignor Gremillion has launched a *lobbying* effort. This is to go far beyond the role of, for example, the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, about which Monsignor Gremillion attempts to make some *ad hominem* points. The AEI is a research institution as independent

H

Richer. And, of course, costlier.
For the very good reason that it is
blended from the Cognacs of more
than 70 select vineyards, all of which
lie within France's two pre-eminent
Cognac districts, Grande Cham-
pagne and Petite Champagne. Truly,
the world's most civilized spirit.

Hennessy V.S.O.P.

TE CHAMPAGNE CADOT
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE BATAILLE
CHAMPAGNE LAPOSTOLLE
CHAMPAGNE LORRE
CHAMPAGNE LORET
CHAMPAGNE MARY
CHAMPAGNE NICHOLSON
CHAMPAGNE PAILLET
CHAMPAGNE RABIER
CHAMPAGNE REY
CHAMPAGNE ROUSSEAU
CHAMPAGNE TAILLARD
CHAMPAGNE THOMAS
CHAMPAGNE VAILLANT
CHAMPAGNE VIRET
CHAMPAGNE WITTE
CHAMPAGNE ZIEGLER

PETITE CHAMPAGNE
GRAND

HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, AS SERVED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

as any graduate school in the world. AEI neither takes nor endorses public-policy positions and we certainly do not lobby. Monsignor Gremillion might profitably come to learn the virtues of research and teaching without lobbying. As a lobbyist, Monsignor Gremillion is obliged to commit his commission to practical politics. He thus loses his independence; he becomes partisan. The whole "peace-and-justice" apparatus deserves to be heard—and debated. All practical wisdom does not belong to it. On balance, it may well be becoming a contributor to tyranny and universal stagnation.

It is true that I tried to give Pope John Paul II the benefit of the doubt in his UN address, knowing how Vatican documents (and U.S. government documents, for that matter) are commonly prepared. If, as Monsignor Gremillion writes, Pope John Paul II is uniquely exempt from a further de-

velopment of his own thinking on the vital issues he addressed, he is, sadly, committed to the weakness of "peace-and-justice" theology. I tried to spare him that.

As to specifics:

The American South which the young Father Gremillion so nobly served was for a long time agrarian and its plantation system was modeled on pre-capitalist feudalism. The South was until the 1950's the part of the country least affected by democratic capitalism. As C. Vann Woodward has noted, the pro-slavery philosophers of the ante-bellum period argued that the destruction of slavery meant the imposition on the South of Northern capitalism. They were anti-capitalist to the core. Their fears were borne out in the event. The advance of democratic capitalism into the South after World War II did more to bring about the end of segregation and the feudal system of sharecropping, and to extend civil rights to

all citizens, than any "peace-and-justice" theology of that or earlier periods. Churchmen played a role, but the change of social structure from feudalism to democratic capitalism was decisive.

It seems that "first- and second-generation" Americans are rather more critical of our "country's every system and ideology" than many who had become much more comfortable here generations earlier. The force for progressive politics in America has come disproportionately from the relatively recent Jewish and Catholic immigrants to Northern cities. They have been for decades the basic constituency of liberal Congressmen and of such political leaders as Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson; and they almost prevailed—without much help from elsewhere—with Hubert Humphrey in 1968. Monsignor Gremillion need not patronize us.

Democratic capitalism is a three-fold system: a political system (democratic), an economic system (market, incentives, personal decisions), and a cultural system (pluralistic, liberal, Judeo-Christian). It is difficult to transplant its political system or its economic system into cultures that are not at least analogous in their capacity to inspire democratic habits and the disciplines of a free economy. Still, democratic capitalism does thrive among quite diverse cultures, as in Japan, Hong Kong, Malaysia, and other places. The American and Western European experience have much to teach the world—although one would never guess this from Monsignor Gremillion's commission—but they do not exhaust the possibilities or the varieties of democratic capitalism.

"It is up to the Christian communities to analyze with objectivity the situation proper to their own country. . . ." Pope Paul VI declared and Monsignor Gremillion quotes. (The normal practice of the Vatican and other governments suggests that Monsignor Gremillion's commission wrote or approved of preliminary drafts of such statements. For a time, Monsignor Gremillion may even have been the chief original author of such sentences; I do not know this, but it would be normal enough.) The Pope speaks of *objectivity*. No evidence exists in "peace-and-justice" documents that consideration has been given to objective meth-

MOLLIE GOODMAN ACADEMIC HIGH SCHOOL IN ISRAEL

FOR AMERICAN STUDENTS (10th, 11th, 12th grades)

On the ZOA Kfar Silver campus. Full academic program in English, credits transferable to U.S. high schools, enrichment in Hebraic studies, field trips, agricultural experience. Supervised by the Israel Ministry of Education with the cooperation of the WZO. Write or call:

ZIONIST ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA

Dept. of High School Education in Israel

Jacob & Libby Goodman ZOA House

4 East 34th St. New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) 481-1500

ods of economic analysis. There is a tendency in papal social theory—clearest in Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931)—toward corporatist, statist economic arrangements. This is to impose the Latin experience of social structure on the world. And it blends rather more closely into contemporary forms of statism, leaving free systems out of account.

It is a shame that Monsignor Gremillion should know as little as he confesses about business enterprises, since they are so central to his vision. Objectivity would require that he learn more before pronouncing. A free society that permits individuals to spend their money as they will may be called "consumerist," and it certainly will reflect all the vices (and virtues) of the human heart. Free human beings are not always virtuous. So, of course, there are ugly features in any free society which "Church leaders of the Third World" or we ourselves might be "suspicious of" (to say the least). This is a cost of human freedom.

The "bottom line" is a fact of life in any economy that is not stagnant; development necessarily means that the economic system must be producing more than it puts in; otherwise, it is spinning its wheels. Democratic-capitalist societies call the return "profits"; statist systems call it "capital accumulation." Democratic capitalism distributes the profits to individual shareholders, workers (through unparalleled high wages), pension plans, and other means. (The large corporations tend to be the most unionized, and to pay the highest benefits.) Statist economies keep wages pitifully low and restrict everyone's economic liberties; they squeeze their populations; they make far more limited advances in productivity.

It is a rare wind that blows only good. "Windfall profits" in one industry (oil) are usually matched by "windfall losses" in another (automobiles). In statist economies, windfall losses seem to predominate and the losses are made up by sacrifices demanded of the citizens, who pay for the system. By the way, who gets the surplus profits from Soviet oil?

Although statist regularly cite loosely figures like "5 per cent of the human family [usually they say 6] consume 30 per cent [usually they say 40] per cent of the

world's goods," it is difficult to see where they get their figures. They seldom note who *produces* the overwhelming majority of the world's goods. Perhaps it is true, e.g., that 5 per cent of the world's population *produces* 50 per cent of the world's goods but consumes only 30 per cent. Empirical studies of invention, production, and consumption should be consulted by theologians.

Since 1945, the population of the world has doubled. The problem now is to produce enough new goods (in schools, clinics, housing, food) for all these new populations living so much longer than populations in the past. This new life expectancy is almost entirely due to medical discoveries made under democratic capitalism and now almost universally distributed. The key to "the wealth of nations" (all nations) is well known. It is now our task to unlock economic imagi-

nation, economic incentives, and economic inventiveness so as to produce the greatest era of material growth the world has ever seen. Without such growth, billions of persons are doomed to poverty. No "economic determinism" makes this necessary. Those concerned to heed Jesus' command, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat," must sooner or later come to understand the role of liberty in the production of food.

I am no expert, but it does seem empirically plain that the statist nations have trouble feeding their own populations. The USSR is an enormous drag upon the world's food resources. The free sector in the Soviet economy—about 1 per cent—produces 40 per cent of that nation's foodstuffs. While I was at the Rockefeller Foundation, I heard Norman Borlaug say, time and again, that the world food problem does not arise from defi-

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR.



If you remember savoring and lingering over a fantastically mild and flavorful Cuban leaf cigar in the days before the Cuban embargo, you will be interested in this offer—and the story behind it!

When the Cuban embargo hit, we and other small manufacturers of fine custom-made cigars faced ruin. Our very existence depended on maintaining the same incomparable quality we had staked our reputation on.

The solution was pure cloak-and-dagger. One dark night a few years ago a group of daring Cuban expatriates put to sea carrying a precious cargo of Cuban tobacco seeds. After running a gauntlet of Cuban gunboats they finally reached their destination—Honduras. Here under almost identical conditions of climate and soil, this prime tobacco flourishes to this day, far from its native land. This is the tobacco we use to make our superbly mild and flavorful cigars—cigars an expert can't tell from Havana.

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I will send you postpaid a variety of 50 factory fresh cigars. Smoke one or a half-dozen with my compliments. If these cigars aren't all you expect and a great deal more, return the remainder by parcel post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only \$10.90 for 50 Factory-Fresh Cuban Seed Leaf Cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to **A471**

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.

200 N. Edison Ave., Dept. A471, Box 1839, Tampa, FL 33601

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Victory Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only \$10.90.

Make Mine with This Wrapper:

☐ Candela (Lt. Green) ☐ Natural (Med. Brown)

☐ Check for \$10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 4% sales tax)

☐ Charge \$10.90 to my

☐ Visa

☐ American Express

☐ Master Charge

☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. (Print all digits)

Master Charge Also Enter
4 Digits Below Your Acct. No.

EXP. DATE

name

street

city

state

zip

50

(OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY)

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 800-237-2559

HEBREW CATALOGER— BIBLIOGRAPHER (search reopened)

Responsible for selection and cataloging of current and retrospective Hebrew language materials, with some original cataloging in other languages. Acts as library liaison with faculty in Hebrew studies.

Qualifications: MLS from an ALA-accredited program and at least one year of professional experience in original cataloging using LC classification required. Familiarity with Hebrew literature and culture. Strong competency in Hebrew required. In addition, reading knowledge of at least one other foreign language, preferably German, is required. Experience in collection development and working knowledge of OCLC and the MARC tags are desirable.

Position available immediately. Minimum salary: \$14,000. Retirement plans include TIAA/CREF. To insure consideration, applications should be received by the 19th of May, 1980. Send letter of application and resume, including names of three professional references and a statement of current salary and salary requirements to:

Leroy W. Nellis, PCL 3.200,
The General Libraries,
The University of Texas at Austin,
Austin, Texas 78712

The University of Texas at Austin is an equal opportunity,
affirmative action employer.

**Traditional
Quality
for Over 3
Generations**



Accepted and Preferred
world-wide without reservation — The Most Trusted
Name in Kosher Poultry

**Enjoy . . .
Eat in
Good Health!**

18/COMMENTARY MAY 1980

ciencies in the earth, or seed, or fertilizer, or agricultural science; it's a problem of politics. The systems which produce food in abundance have a different political system from those which do not. Will this fact not be relevant on Judgment Day?

To produce and to transport the massive supplies of goods needed by the massively enlarged human family is going to require multinational organizations. The Vatican Commission on Peace and Justice may believe that free corporations composed of free persons pooling their resources for unprecedented worldwide tasks are an abomination. But they will have to consider the evidence in clearer detail than they have, examine the empirical record as they as yet have not, and seek to match practical methods to their lofty goals. They will need more objectivity than has yet been in evidence.

Finally, "economic rights" depend upon substance. When there are no foodstuffs to distribute, no jobs to parcel out, platitudes about "rights" are empty. The first moral task of economic systems is to produce. Then "economic rights" have bite. The failure to consider the ethics of productivity makes an ethic of distribution empty. Catholic theology on this subject, regrettably, remains pre-modern. To give people food to eat one must first create systems that produce. It is not moral to ignore the history of productivity.

Monsignor Gremillion's letter demonstrates better than the brief 61 lines in my essay the weaknesses in "peace-and-justice" theology. For this—as for his many past accomplishments—I am grateful.

The Mysterious Messenger

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I received numerous letters following the publication of my article, "The Mysterious Messenger & the Final Solution" [March]. The letters were personal in character and not for publication, but I should like to thank here those who told me of their own experiences and let me have their comments and suggestions.

On one specific point a correction is called for: it is not true, as I wrote, that *Congress Weekly*, of December 4, 1942, identified the "mysterious messenger" as a major

industrialist; I was quoting from memory. The report did state, however, that the messenger had provided important information on earlier occasions, such as the demotion of Field Marshal van Bock, when this news was known only to Hitler's personal entourage.

Some of my correspondents have suggested that the informant may not have been a German citizen in the first place. But various indications made it virtually certain that the industrialist was indeed a German citizen, though not necessarily a resident of Germany. I now know that at least for the last eighteen months of the war, probably for much longer, he lived in Switzerland.

Others have pointed out to me that the designation "industrialist" might have been a code-word for someone in a very different occupation. It is certainly true that a permanent resident of Switzerland could not function as general manager of a big industrial enterprise in Germany. The messenger, then, must have been a German citizen who had settled in Switzerland but who went back to his native country from time to time.

There is reason to believe, however, that the designation "industrialist" was chosen for some good reason. Perhaps he had been one in the past? This led me in my search to the one man who fit the description and certainly could have acted as the informant: Robert Boehringer. Boehringer came from a family well known for its pioneering work in the chemical industry; the family firm was at the time the main manufacturer of quinine in Germany. Born in a small town in southwest Germany in 1884, Boehringer settled in Basel in 1897 and was one of the few foreigners to be accepted by the leading local families. He graduated in political economy and then worked for major Swiss pharmaceutical firms, first for Hoffmann-La Roche, later for Geigy, which, partly owing to his talents, gained world renown. (He was among the first to have recognized the importance of DDT in stamping out epidemics.)

Boehringer had two more careers: one was in the field of German literature. He was a prominent member of the Stefan George Circle and wrote what is perhaps the most important single study of the master. George, who died in

Switzerland in late 1933, made him his legal heir. During World War II, Boehringer volunteered for the International Red Cross. With his reputation as an excellent organizer, he was made a member and eventually chairman of the *Comission Mixte de Secours* which provided help, such as food and drugs, to the civil population in the occupied countries. He initiated the dispatch of food parcels and medicine to the Jews in Slovakia and the camps in Transnistria. Those who know Boehringer describe him as a tall, erect man, an indefatigable worker who preferred a monocle to glasses and always insisted on anonymity. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, a friend wrote that "the many cases in which an invisible man brought help will never be known."

Was Boehringer the mysterious messenger, and if so, how could he have learned of the Final Solution? There are various possibilities: he might have heard about it from other members of the George Circle, some of whom were in important positions in the German army; or from Ernst Weizsaecker, then State Secretary of Foreign Affairs, whom he knew well; he could even have heard the news from members of his own family in Germany. It is likely that Boehringer was one of Carl Burckhardt's two informants (the other was Albrecht von Kessel, a diplomat). Burckhardt, a native of Basel, was the "foreign minister" of the International Red Cross and it was his evidence which eventually persuaded the U.S. State Department that the information about the Final Solution was not a mere rumor.

Boehringer was still alive in 1974 and at the age of almost ninety published a volume of excellent verse. I am told that he has since died and that a foundation which bears his name has been established in Geneva. I must confess, however, that there are certain incongruities in this case which still puzzle me. If Boehringer was not the mysterious messenger, I suspect the man was not, after all, an industrialist.

While much of the evidence points in the direction of Boehringer, it is not conclusive. The messenger might have been one of Boehringer's collaborators, perhaps Johannes Prince Schwarzenberg who later became Austrian ambassador in London (he had

dual nationality). But Schwarzenberg was certainly no industrialist. Or the messenger might have been a member of the German-Swiss Industrial Commission which met in Berne from time to time; but most of its members were bureaucrats, not captains of industry.

Internal evidence leads me to believe that the first letter of the "industrialist's" name was probably "S," and that at one stage he supplied important information to the American legation in Berne. There is a message from U.S. Ambassador Leland Harrison in Berne ("Most Secret") dated September 29, 1942 which mentions all the legation's informants at that time, which was prior to Allen Dulles's arrival. The list is not impressive, but again there are some vague leads: who

was "Lee" (also called Tom, and Poe-to, and Mr. Schwaken)? Was "Smith" (Sarasin), a Basel manufacturer whose family included well-known German industrialists, involved? Was Boehringer possibly acting in collaboration with yet another person?

I am no longer certain that the identity of the elusive "industrialist" can still be established with absolute confidence. The few who knew it are either dead or bound by a promise not to reveal his name. For this reason, even a denial cannot be accepted as the last word on the subject. Those who did not know him can only guess and thus he may, after all, have taken his secret to his grave.

WALTER LAQUEUR
Washington, D.C.

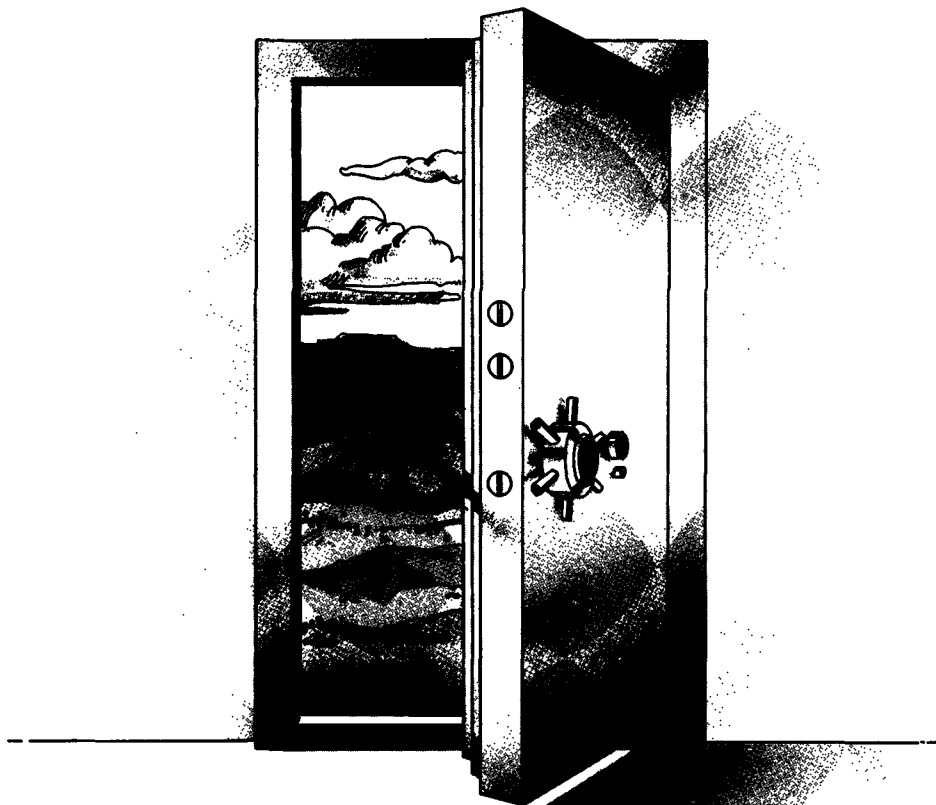


The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100

How locking federal lands away from oil and natural gas exploration will lower America's standard of living.



For some time now, the United States has been increasing its oil imports—at higher costs year after year. When more and more dollars leave the country to pay for this oil, the effect is a lessening in the value of the dollar...and a nibbling away at every American's standard of living.

To help cut its dependency on foreign oil, America must produce more oil and natural gas here at home. Our country has rich, untapped reserves; the problem is that much of them are under federal lands. About a third of our country is controlled by the federal government. Most of this land is currently off limits to energy exploration and development. And proposed legislation would shut these lands off permanently.

Energy lands should be developed.

Just one example: in the Rockies of Idaho, Montana, Utah and

Wyoming, a mineral-rich geologic area that's part of the "Overthrust Belt" contains an estimated 8 billion barrels of oil and 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. But nearly half of this land may be put off limits.

Some government land management people feel that they have to draw a permanent line on land use: a line protecting every facet of the environment in its natural state from oil and natural gas development. At Amoco, we believe that energy can be produced on these lands while maintaining their natural integrity.

The environment can live with oil and gas development.

Now don't get us wrong. We are not for the wholesale exploitation of America's natural wilderness. But we would like to be able to explore public lands to find those having the potential for holding oil and natural gas deposits. Further, we'd like to be permitted to drill on those

lands where large quantities of oil and natural gas are most likely to be found.

Amoco believes that America can't afford to cut itself off from any opportunity to increase its energy reserves. Because producing secure American petroleum supplies is the best way to lessen the influence that foreign oil producers have on every American's standard of living.

America runs better on American oil.



Whose Palestine?

An Open Letter to Edward Said

Hillel Halkin

DEAR EDWARD SAID: Not long ago I was sent your book, *The Question of Palestine*,* to review. I suppose I should explain why I am writing you this letter instead.

The fact is that I could have easily—more easily certainly than what I am doing now—written that review. I could have begun it by reflecting upon what happens to certain intellectuals when they become politically *engagé*, remarked on the confidence with which they turn their attentions from the complexities of ideas and literary texts to something so simple by contrast as the real world, discussed in this context your use of academic language and its modalities to present a view of the Arab-Jewish struggle in Palestine that seems to me irresponsibly one-sided, illustrated this with examples of how you have selectively manipulated issues and evidence in ways hardly creditable to a scholar, made the appropriate allusion to *le trahison des clercs* in our time, concluded with the charitable thought that your book must be judged nonetheless against the mitigating circumstances of your own Palestinian origin and ordeal. Two-thousand such words, as you no doubt know, can with luck be written in a morning.

If I did not write them, it is because (although we have never met) of the personal connection between us, and because of the thoughts to which this has led me.

You see, it occurs to me that we have, you and I, traded lives—although only, of course, in a sense.

We were born some four years apart, you first in Jerusalem, where I have spent nearly half of the decade that I have been living in Israel, I in New York, where you live now. Of your background you tell us little: only that your father was a prominent Christian Arab businessman, that you studied from an early age in English schools, and that, sometime either before or after the 1948 war that divided your native city in two, you were sent

to continue your secondary education in Egypt—after which you went to college in the United States and embarked on an academic career that has led to numerous honors, among them your being appointed in 1970 Parr Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University.

What happened to your home in Jerusalem I do not know. If it was in one of those fine stone Arab houses located in the western half of the city, in Talbieh or old Katamon, its inhabitants either left or were driven out as refugees in 1948, and it is today lived in by Jews. If it was in the eastern half of the city that remained in Jordanian hands until 1967, your family may still reside in it under what I prefer to call Israeli rule and you Israeli occupation. In either case, you cannot revisit it, or any of the other scenes of your childhood. Even if you managed to enter Israel on your American passport, as a member of the Palestinian National Council, the “parliament in exile,” as you call it, of the PLO, you would in all likelihood be arrested by the authorities here for participation in a hostile organization.

Thus, you are both a Western intellectual and a Palestinian Arab patriot, and clearly the tension between these two sides of you has been both a painful and a fruitful experience. How crucial it has been for your literary productivity, even a cursory review of the books you have published reveals: *Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography* (1966), a study of the one major figure in the history of English literature—himself the exiled son of an oppressed people—for whom the English language and its culture were a second, assumed identity; *Beginnings: Intentions and Methods* (1975), a lengthy meditation on the problem of how an author constructs from his own personal history a point of departure for his literary persona and work; *Orientalism* (1978), a bitter critique of the ways in which European scholars and intellectuals have “represented” the Arab world to the West over the past centuries; and now, *The Question of Palestine*, which may be the only book on its subject to include in its index

HILLEL HALKIN, a writer born and raised in America who now lives in Israel, is the author of *Letters to an American Jewish Friend: A Zionist's Polemic*. His articles in COMMENTARY include “Driving Toward Jerusalem” (January 1975), “Holy Land” (May 1974), and “Building Jerusalem” (September 1971).

* Times Books, 265 pp., \$12.50.

Franz Bopp, Chateaubriand, Conrad, Flaubert, Gramsci, Hume, Locke, Lamartine, de Nerval, and Friedrich von Schlegel.

Simply noted like this, I suppose, such a list must seem inflated, as must the prose of sentences like, "For the Palestinians have a sense of detail and reality through using the patterns of an acutely concrete space-time conflation" (has the acutely concrete, I wonder, ever been described before in so acutely abstract a manner?), but it is to your credit, I think, that the professor of literature heavily influenced by French structuralism and the Palestinian nationalist committed to the struggle of his people have attempted to write and sound like one person, even if the alliance between them is not always a simple one.

At least I assume it is not, because of my own case.

In a way this was like a negative image of yours. I grew up speaking English but attended a school as a child where my studies were largely in Hebrew. English was for me the language of the everyday; Hebrew, of the Bible, of grammar drills and orange groves, of the heroic dreams of a romantic and often melancholy child about a land that Jews were not embarrassed in those days to call by its still neutral name (indeed, a fixture in my family's kitchen for years was a blue-and-white Jewish National Fund collection box with the slogan "Fight For A Free Palestine" across it). I was raised in a Zionist home and never doubted for a moment that away from that land I was in a condition of exile, which I held responsible for both the most trivial setbacks and the most genuine griefs of my childhood. Sooner or later, of course, I had to realize that not a few of these griefs were simply the consequence of having been born anywhere. Yet at the time, the one, overwhelming fact of my existence to which I believed all my sorrow could be traced was my intense sense of dislocation, of growing up a Jew in a country not my own, although it was another fact that I had also been born an American, and still another that these first two facts seemed hopelessly at odds with each other.

WILL your children Wadie and Najla, I wonder (you see, I have been spying on you in the reference books), growing up a short walk from where I did—for my father taught in those years at Columbia too—also be raised in two worlds, of which the one they have never seen, the one called Palestine, will haunt them like a lost birthright of whose recovery they will continue to dream long after they have come to understand that there are losses far more irrecoverable than anything that history or geography can restore to us? The thought, I must say, does not make me particularly happy either for them or for myself. Yet if they will be—and their names, which will make life no easier for them in

the playgrounds of New York than mine did, suggest as much—the time will come, I can promise you, when they will feel less than totally grateful for the sense of "dual selfhood" that you have instilled in them, to borrow a phrase that you use about Conrad. When exactly I began to resent the tax of this division in myself, and the upbringing that was responsible for it, I can no longer recall, but it was certainly well before my own years at Columbia, first as an undergraduate English major, and later in the graduate school, when our paths on campus briefly crossed. I was a good student, too, with my share of awards, and a promising career, I was told, ahead of me, had I chosen to go on with it—which I mention not in order to boast but because of a thought that occurred to me. Which was this:

As in those fairy tales where people's lives are exchanged for each other by a good or malevolent fate, history has switched us around. Were it not for the events of 1948, which Israelis like me call the "War of Liberation" and Palestinians like you the "Catastrophe"—or to put it otherwise, if that war had ended differently, as seemed conceivable to both sides at the time—I might be teaching literature in America today and raising my children in exile, while you might be living where I am, in the land where you were born.

Perhaps you will understand now why I felt let down by you when I finished your book. Not that I had any reason to doubt where your sympathies lay in the war between your people and mine. Yet I did think that, having assumed so much of my life, as it were, you might take up the question of Palestine with a feeling for my side of it that would distinguish you from your Palestinian colleagues who have addressed themselves to the same issue. You are not only, after all, as devoted to your cause and as eloquent in its espousal as any of them. You are also a scholar who knows something about history, presumably Jewish history too; you have spent years of your life living in a city and teaching at a university where the Jewish presence is by no means negligible; you have in the course of this time learned a great deal about Jewish sentiments, fears, and aspirations; so that you, of all people, might have been expected to realize that what the question of Palestine needs most of all at this point is to be rescued from the hands of the stone-throwers and mutual accusers by those with the perspective on either side to do so. Had you written from such a perspective, you might have published the book I had hoped for: the first of its kind by an intelligent spokesman for the Palestinian cause to open a channel of communication between our two peoples, without which I do not believe that any political solution to our problems can be reached.

An impossible book to demand of you, who will tell me that from the point of view of the oppressed, political solutions must come first? Perhaps. In any event, the one you did not write.

2.

IN ALL fairness I must say that there were moments while reading *The Question of Palestine* when I felt less discouraged. When you write, after all, that "I can understand the intertwined terror and the exultation out of which Zionism has been nourished, and I think I can at least grasp the meaning of Israel for Jews," or "I do sympathize with, I understand as profoundly as I can, the fear [*sic*] felt by most Jews that Israel's security is a genuine protection against future genocidal attempts on the Jewish people," you are expressing sentiments the likes of which I have not yet seen attributed to Yasir Arafat, or even to more "dovish" representatives of the PLO than he. Yet four or five brief passages like this in a book of over two-hundred pages, the remainder of which is devoted to an unrelenting catalogue of the suffering inflicted by Zionism upon the Palestinian people, are not, I am afraid, a convincing demonstration that you really do grasp much about us.

That suffering has been real. The question is not whether it has occurred—even the most unthinking defenders of Israel long ago stopped arguing that Zionism has been a boon for the Palestinian Arab—but who, if anyone, has been responsible for it, and whether it was, as you assert, deliberately promulgated as part of a master plan of dispossession with which the Zionist movement approached the Palestine question from the start. And unfortunately, in supporting this assertion, there is not an item in the propagandist's bag of tricks—gross historical distortion, reliance on fraudulent or self-declared "authorities," selective quotation, citation of texts out of context, deliberate suppression or neglect of evidence unfavorable to your position, presentation of unsubstantiated innuendo as fact, guilt by association, misleading use of statistics, consistent application of a double moral standard—to which you do not resort. I have said that I will leave it to the reviewers to compile their lists of these. Suffice it to say that a book that begins its survey of the Jewish association with Palestine with the statement that "the historical duration of a Jewish state" there prior to 1948 "was a sixty-year period two millennia ago," and ends it with the disclosure that the Israeli occupation forces have established "concentration camps" on the West Bank, does not cast a flattering light on the elementary respect for accuracy of the Parr Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University.

But I repeat: I am not writing to you to tell you this, or to challenge you to one more verbal duel on a subject that has already been the cause of too many. You are not the first partisan on either the Arab or Israeli side to grow careless with the facts in the heat of the argument—that by now endless labyrinth of who first did what to whom under what circumstances, with what provocation or the

lack of it—and the argument itself has grown stale and unprofitable for all of us. Perhaps it is indeed time that all of us realized that the question of Palestine is not a morality play in which good does battle with evil, the problem being then to determine who deserves to be cast in which role, but a complex and terrible drama in which no one is totally right, no one totally wrong, and no one totally beyond sympathy or reproach. It is easy for me to understand why you, as a Palestinian Arab, should consider Zionism to have been from the outset a foreign encroachment that deserved to be resisted at all costs before it turned into a disaster for your people, and why, once that disaster took place, you should blame it not on the fact that your people fought to prevent it, but on the fact that it fought too little and too late. But I happen to be a Jew, and as such it is equally clear to me that had *my* people not managed to create a Jewish state in Palestine—one that unfortunately could only have been established and maintained at your people's expense—it would today be on the irreversible road to extinction. No Solomon could possibly judge between these two claims. Each is predicated upon a denial of the other, and neither can ever be refuted by pointing out that this or that detail, or combination of details, in the irrefutable totality of what has happened has been incorrectly interpreted or perceived.

How then, if only to reach a practical settlement between us, do we communicate across the abyss that separates us instead of merely continuing to speak to those already standing on our side of it?

Perhaps, as your book tends to confirm, it is still too early for this. Perhaps the struggle between us, which will soon be marking its centenary, must first go on a while longer in the arena of world politics and opinion, in the explosion of bombs in marketplaces and along borders, or in the full-scale eruption of another Arab-Israeli war. Yet since none of these alternatives is especially attractive, least of all the last of them, there is no merit in despairing of avoiding them. And because to communicate one must be able not only to talk, a skill that both our peoples possess in abundance, but also to listen, one they do not, we might begin with that—that is, with "the issue of representation," as you call it in *The Question of Palestine*, although I suppose you might have more prosaically called it that of misrepresentation as well.

3.

THIS last remark is a quip, however, for the concept of "representation," both in culture and in literature, is a profoundly dialectical one for you. Just as a literary text, you say, in "re-presenting" a given reality that cannot speak for itself, simultaneously affirms this reality by recreating it for the reader and annuls it by putting itself in its place, so cultural attitudes, em-

bodied in those collective traditions that your mentor Foucault calls "discourses," do the same. Hence your book *Orientalism*, which is about one such discourse created by Western experts on the Levant—a discourse in which, you argue, the real Orient was effectively "displaced."

My analysis of the Orientalist text therefore places emphasis on the evidence . . . for such representations as *representations*, not as natural depictions of the Orient. . . . The exteriority of the representation is always governed by some version of the truism that if the Orient could represent itself, it would; since it cannot, the representation does the job, for the West, and *faute de mieux*, for the poor Orient. . . . The value, efficacy, strength, apparent veracity of a written statement about the Orient therefore relies very little, and cannot instrumentally depend, on the Orient as such. On the contrary, the written statement is a presence to the reader by virtue of its having excluded, displaced, made supererogatory any such *real thing* as "the Orient."

Moreover, such activity, you claim, was purposeful, its aim being to substitute for the "displaced" reality an artificial construct perfectly suited to providing the intellectual and ideological justification for colonialism. More conscious of this function in some cases, less in others, generations of scholars, authors, travelers, and politicians labored as one man to draw a collective portrait of a society that, exotically alluring on the one hand, barbaric and depraved on the other, desperately needed to be saved from its own vices by the civilizing conquest and rule of the West.

I suppose one would have to be an Orientalist oneself to pass competent judgment on this thesis—which, however simplistic or exaggerated, contains perhaps an element of truth. What interests me about it here, however, is not its correctness in itself, but its bearing on *The Question of Palestine*. Indeed, in a number of ways the later book is a sequel to the earlier one, the difference between them being that while *Orientalism* examines Western attitudes toward the Arab world as a whole, *The Question of Palestine* deals with the attitudes of specific groups in the West (Zionists and their supporters) to a specific part of the Arab world (Palestine).

Essentially you are convinced that Zionist attitudes toward the Palestinian Arab were from the beginning both an aping and an exploitation of "Orientalist" representations of the Levant, without which the very phenomenon of Zionism would have been inconceivable. Like the Orientalists, you say, the Zionists "displaced" the actual reality of the Middle East by an imaginary, largely depopulated version of it tailored to suit their own interests; like them they saw the Arab as "synonymous with everything degraded, fearsome, irrational, and brutal," an inferior being unworthy of possessing the soil he occupied; like them they

used this "representation" as an ideological justification for colonizing a country that did not belong to them and robbing it from its native inhabitants, whom they viewed as unthinking creatures lacking political awareness or will. Thus, itself a movement dedicated to the liberation of a persecuted race, Zionism "not only accepted the generic racial concepts of European culture, it also banked on the fact that Palestine was actually peopled by . . . a backward people over which it *ought* to be dominant."

IN A word, you say, the Palestinian Arab was for the founders of Zionism, and continues to be for the average Israeli who has been educated on Zionist doctrine, a kind of "non-person," to be treated sometimes with paternal condescension, sometimes with repressive brutality, but never as a fellow human being with the same feelings, needs, and rights as a Jew. We Jews, if only to rationalize our conduct and assuage our own consciences, have had "no perception" of the "human tragedy caused the Arab Palestinian by Zionism." We have "blocked out" your human image and refused to listen to what you had to say, since in our opinion Palestinians could have *nothing* to say, "always being represented [by the Jew], never able to speak for themselves."

Somewhere here too, I believe, there is a kernel of truth. If only it were not concealed in such a malignant tissue of generalization, which some of the more common English modifiers could easily have pared away. Had you written, for example, that *some* Zionists sought to ally themselves with European colonialism, and at times even briefly succeeded, I would have had to agree. Had you said that *most* Zionist leaders and intellectuals prior to 1948, and *a majority* of them since (although a rapidly shrinking one since 1967), have been indifferent to Palestinian feelings and desires except insofar as these impinged upon Jewish ones, you would not, in my opinion, have been wrong. Had you claimed that *many* Israelis are prejudiced toward Arabs, I would have admitted that this is regrettably the case. But you say none of these things—for in saying them you simultaneously would have had to acknowledge that powerful elements in the Zionist movement were opposed to colonialist alliances, that there have been not a few public figures among us who have both understood and respected the Palestinian point of view, that a great many Israelis are perfectly fair-minded about Arabs, while even many of those who are not, are not hopelessly "racist" in their attitudes—in short, that in regard to the question of Palestine, as in regard to a large number of other questions, both the history of Zionism and the nature of Israeli society are infinitely more complicated phenomena than you, who would reduce them to the level of a single, undifferentiated caricature, apparently have any inkling of.

For what really do you understand about either

of these things? No more, it would seem, than you care to understand, which is to say, very little, much less than many Israelis understand about you. Yes, I know you have read all about us: four pages of bibliography and eleven pages of footnotes at the end of your book attest to that. But these same pages also attest to the fact that you have chosen to displace us; that you have read, or at least taken seriously, hardly a word said or written by us, except by those extremists among us on both the Left and the Right who have drawn the skewed portrait of us that you wanted to see; and that, your disavowals notwithstanding, neither Zionism nor the state of Israel exists for you apart from "the standpoint of its victims," as one of your chapter headings puts it. What is hateful to you, you have consistently done to others. Or to use your own language again: you have chosen always to represent us, never to let us speak for ourselves.

4.

FOR EXAMPLE: early in your book you devote a section to the ideological beginnings of Zionism. In exemplary fashion you start out by stating that "it would be totally unjust to neglect the power of Zionism as an idea for Jews, or to minimize the complex internal debates characterizing Zionism, its true meaning, its messianic destiny, etc."—and then proceed to base your entire discussion of this idea upon a lengthy analysis of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, which in its espousal of the notion of a Jewish *mission civilatrice* in Palestine you take to be a seminal text on Zionist attitudes toward Jewish settlement there. In a book that contains hardly a serious reference, or none at all, to Pinsker, to Herzl, to Smolenskin, to Lilienblum, to Ahad Ha'am, to Borochoy, to Brenner, to Gordon, to Syrkin, to Buber, to Jabotinsky, to Ben-Gurion, let alone to the cultural and socioeconomic background of the late 19th- and early 20th-century East European Jewry from which Zionism sprang, there are six pages devoted to *Daniel Deronda*, a romantic novel by a Victorian Englishwoman who knew nothing at all about Jews and which not one Zionist in a thousand ever read! A strange way of dealing with "Zionist" origins—although no stranger perhaps than documenting "Zionist" views on Israel and its place in the Middle East by quoting at length from Reinhold Niebuhr and Edmund Wilson, or "Zionist" attitudes toward the Arabs by citing Sir Flinders Petrie, Lord Kitchener, and the anti-native remarks of a forgotten assistant to a forgotten British governor of Nigeria.

How does one explain this method of argumentation, which recurs repeatedly in your book?

Certainly not by the unavailability of authentic Zionist or Israeli sources, many of which have been translated into English. Rather I think by the following: implicit in your approach to the

Palestine question is your assumption that the history of Zionism in modern times has been essentially an exterior one, imposed by forces from the outside. "For indeed," as you write, "it was the world that made the success of Zionism possible"—by which you mean, I take it, not only that the world actively abetted Zionism in its struggle,* but that Zionism was itself a product of "the world," whether as mimicry (colonialism) or flight (an escape from anti-Semitism), rather than the culmination of any deeply authentic or immanent processes in Jewish life. Like those Arabs who instinctively preferred to believe that the planes that destroyed the Arab air forces in 1967 were American and not Israeli, thus lessening the blow to their pride, you find it easier to think that "the world" has taken Palestine from you, rather than a small and desperate people that you remember from your own childhood being referred to by your parents' friends with contempt. Clearly such a people could not possibly have had the resources to perpetrate such a crime by itself.

INDEED, it would seem that for you we are a people without significant resources of any kind, without a history, a culture, a religion, a language, a literature, or any of the other collective "discourses" that group individuals into communities and that in our own case link us inextricably to the land called Palestine. We are merely a product for you, a creation of "the world," which you view under two aspects, one arousing your pity and the other your rage, though you rage against us more than you pity us. That is, either we are the faceless victimizers, the surrogates of the Western world in its assault on the Orient, who kill, bully, and evict from their homes innocent Arabs whose only crime is to be in our way, or else we are ourselves the faceless victims, "the survivors of the most tragic destiny meted out to any people," as you are considerate enough to remark. And of course, it is only in the latter aspect that a case can be made for our being in Palestine at all—although even then, not a very good one, since you rhetorically ask: "Were our [the Palestinian Arabs] dispossession and our effacement . . . justified even to save the remnant of European Jews that had survived Nazism?" That

* It is not entirely clear to me whom you mean by "the world," but I must tell you that when I think of how the world stood by in the 1930's while Britain shut the gates of Palestine to Jews, and so condemned hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of them to their deaths; of how it did nothing while those Jews—many of them ardent Zionists and potential citizens of a Jewish state—actually perished; of how even after the Holocaust it could barely bring itself to vote half of Palestine to the Jewish people that remained, and made practically no attempt to defend Palestinian Jewry while it fought for its life against a British-armed, trained, and led Arab Legion; how between 1948 and 1967 it failed to exert the slightest pressure on the Arab states to make peace with an Israel that was not then occupying the West Bank and the Gaza Strip—the idea that it "made Zionism possible" can only make me laugh a bitter laugh.

Zionism had other goals and purposes than pillaging Arabs and rescuing Jews from the Nazis (in which it was in any case a tragic failure, since the Jews who survived the Holocaust had already been rescued by others, while the Jews who did not were rescued by no one at all), foremost among them the building of a creative Jewish society in the only place on earth that Jews have ever considered their own and could be both totally authentic Jews and complete human beings in, thereby putting an end to their costly alienation in exile from much of the potential in themselves, is obviously not a proposition to detain you.

Why should it be, when like Toynbee you conceive of us as a petrified form whose inner life, at least in regard to Palestine, stopped thousands of years ago? Hence words like Judea and Samaria, whose Hebrew equivalents are simply the geographical names by which Jews have always referred to the central hill country of Palestine, are for you atavistic throwbacks, and any sense of Jewish attachment to these places "fossilized theological madness." It is the material around it that by its obduracy preserves the fossil, which otherwise would have no existence of its own, and presumably you would agree with Sartre when he wrote, "The Jew is one whom other men consider a Jew . . . it is the anti-Semite who *makes* the Jew." There is no need to point out, of course, that Sartre was not an anti-Semite himself when he wrote these words; indeed they occur in a book that is a highly intelligent attack on anti-Semitism in French society. Yet it is a curiously, if unconsciously, anti-Semitic attack on anti-Semitism, since Sartre would certainly never have written that the German is made by the Frenchman's rejection of him or the Armenian by the persecution of the Turk. It is only the Jew who, having no real identity of his own, must continually borrow one from others.

Thus I beg to differ as well with your opinion—although it is of course not only your opinion, it is quite a modish opinion to have nowadays—that it is merely a "Zionist habit" to equate anti-Zionism with anti-Semitism. On the contrary. Certainly one can denounce this or that aspect of Zionism, as one can denounce this or that policy of the government of Israel, without being anti-Semitic. But *only* an anti-Semite can denounce the *idea* of Zionism *per se*, for this idea is no more than that the Jewish people should have the same right to self-determination in its own land as other peoples in theirs—and to deny it this right is to be against it, even if one claims that one is doing it no harm, since unlike others it has no self to determine. True, in exercising this right it has helped deprive another people of the same right. It is tragic to think that it had no other choice, as it is tragic when a drowning man, thinking only of himself and his family, snatches up a life preserver that might have saved another man too; but any ad-

miration of Conrad's should know that this is indeed a tragic world. The last thing Conrad would have done is blame that on the drowning man himself.

5.

STILL, there does exist the possibility of trying to share the life preserver while hoping that it will not sink beneath a combined weight for which it was not designed. Humanly this seems the fairer solution, although for the man who already has the life preserver in his hands it is obviously the riskier one too.

This solution—which I hardly need remind you was one that the Palestinian Arab people rejected in 1947 when the Palestinian Jewish people accepted it—is the one you advocate now. Unless it is adopted, you say, the question of Palestine will take an increasing toll of both our peoples, in emotions, in waste, and in blood.

You may be right. Frankly, however, the idea of a Palestinian state alongside Israel in the West Bank and Gaza Strip is not one that I contemplate with particular pleasure, neither when thinking of the future nor when thinking of the past. Not when thinking of the past, because the "fossilized madness" of Jewish love for this land, yes, for Judea and Samaria too, is an aberration that I share with many Israelis—the great majority of them, you may be surprised to hear, far from the Gush Emunim persuasion—and I fear that in relinquishing any part of Palestine I must relinquish a part of myself. Nor when thinking of the future because, again like many Israelis, I have grave doubts about what the policies toward Israel of a West Bank state will be.

I do not for a moment think, as you do, that these doubts stem from Jewish paranoia. Nor do I think that they derive from a low opinion of the Palestinians. On the contrary: they come in part from taking seriously what a great many Palestinians have, or as the case may be, have not been saying, and in part from asking myself what *I* would do if I were in their place. Suppose, in other words, that after long years of sacrifice and struggle I had finally succeeded in establishing an independent state of my own in Palestine; suppose that this state were composed of two discontinuous pieces of land adding up to little more than 2,000 square miles, that is, to roughly twice the size of Luxemburg; suppose it comprised only 25 per cent of the land area of mandated Palestine, while the remaining 75 per cent remained in Israeli hands; suppose that it had practically no natural resources to speak of, and could barely support its own rapidly reproducing population, much less absorb the millions of my "diaspora" countrymen whose problem it was supposed to solve; suppose, once the first flush of enthusiasm for a passport and flag of my own had worn off, frustration and disillusionment set in; and suppose that at the same time the overall balance of power between

Israel and the Arab states kept tilting in favor of the Arabs, surfeited with oil, petrodollars, and arms—what *would* I do?

Swallow my frustration, accept the fact that the Jews have permanently gotten away with the more richly endowed three-quarters of Palestine, which I still feel is rightfully mine (especially as it has in it a growing Palestinian minority), and resolve to be good neighbors with them? Or obey my irredentist emotions, trusting that considerations of *Realpolitik* will sooner or later make the world force Israel to return still more of my stolen homeland—let us say the half of it that was promised me in the 1947 UN partition resolution—or even acquiesce in the destruction of the Jewish state entirely once Arab strength has made this possible?

You must admit that from the Palestinian point of view this latter alternative would be a tempting one. More than that: that strictly among yourselves it is one that even “moderate” Palestinians, perhaps especially “moderate” Palestinians, talk about a great deal. As the PLO’s representative to the United Nations, Zehdi Terzi, a “moderate” himself, recently put it in a Palestinian symposium in the journal *The Middle East*: “We still maintain that the total liberation of Palestine is our aim. But this will be in stages.”

So you see, it is possible for an Israeli to accept Palestinians as fellow human beings, to acknowledge that they too have rights, to concede in the name of equality that they deserve a state of their own—and still to fear deeply the behavior of such a state, precisely because it will still not have been given an equal share of Palestine, nor can it be given such a share without this meaning the dismemberment of Israel, since Palestine in the late 20th century is too small a country to be equally divided up any more.

THUS, the questions in regard to a Palestinian state that a realistic Israeli must ask himself are, firstly: will the Palestinian people through its political representatives be ready to accept an unequal share of Palestine as part of a final and irrevocable settlement between us, since that is the most I can offer it? Secondly: should these representatives one day declare such a readiness, can I believe that they mean what they say? And thirdly: even if I believe them, can I assume that, given the forces to which they will be subject once they are in power, they will be able to honor their word?

At best such a set of beliefs and assumptions represents a calculated risk, which if misguided could prove disastrous for Israel. Yet if the reward to be gained were a genuine end to the conflict between us, many Israelis, including myself, might be inclined to take this risk despite their reservations about it—provided it seemed a reasonably good one.

Unfortunately, since the political representatives in question are the leaders of the PLO, the

risk seems to most of us a particularly poor one.

You yourself identify completely with the PLO, as does, you say, the entire Palestinian people. I do not dispute this. Nor do I question your assertions about what the PLO has achieved for the Palestinians, which in many ways parallels what Zionism has achieved for the Jews: it has rallied them from their despair, given them a sense of national purpose and pride, and been a remarkably effective political instrument for conveying their case to the world. Yet among Israelis, even those most sympathetic with Palestinian aspirations, the PLO has a very different image, and you might try to understand why this is so.

It is not, as you seem to think, because most Israelis fear that “to admit the existence of Palestinians with a national claim even to a part of Palestine” means “contesting Zionist claims” to the rest of it; few Israelis are so ideological in their outlook. Nor does it have much to do with a hypocritical rejection of terrorism, to which, as you quite rightly point out, Jews resorted in their struggle for independence too. Indeed, if by “terrorism” one means inflicting injury upon one’s enemy by whatever means one can apart from regular or guerrilla warfare, nearly all resistance movements that cannot marshal or sustain the forces to conduct such warfare are automatically terroristic in their methods. The PLO is such a movement. What makes it repugnant to nearly all Israelis is not its use of terror *per se*, but whom it has chosen to use terror against—that is, whom it has defined, both in practice and in theory, as its enemy.

For that definition includes *all of us*, that is, any Jew, man, woman, child, or infant, regardless of occupation, place of residence, or personal history, who happens to be in any street, bus, marketplace, or building where a PLO bomb goes off or PLO members attack. In this sense, almost uniquely in the history of terrorism, PLO violence has been totally indiscriminate. Nearly all terror of course results in innocent casualties. If one throws a grenade at a passing military vehicle or assassinates the general of an occupying army as he walks down a busy street—perfectly legitimate targets for any resistance movement—there are bound to be innocent people around. But the PLO may be the only terrorist organization anywhere that does not even recognize the *concept* of innocence among the population it opposes, that in fact seems to prefer attacking civilian targets to military, killing schoolchildren rather than soldiers, and this is what radically distinguishes it from such organizations as the FLN or Menachem Begin’s Irgun.

Believe me, I know of what I speak: there are soldiers everywhere in Israel, it is not that difficult to inflict losses on them too if one cares to—especially if one is in any case bound on the kind of suicide mission that many PLO units undertake. But the PLO apparently does not care to—why,

perhaps you can explain. (Certainly it is not a matter of cowardice, since it takes courage to risk one's life even while killing a child.) And the message of such a policy is clear: *we are all the enemy, every Israeli is a trespasser*, it is a crime for a Jew to be in Palestine at all, in Tel Aviv no less than in Nablus, in a cradle no less than a jeep.

Which of course is PLO theory as well. Article 6 of the Palestinian National Charter, the official "constitution" of the PLO, refuses to recognize as a "Palestinian" (that is, as a person having the right to live in Palestine) *any* Jew who arrived there, or descends from Jews who arrived there, after the "Zionist invasion" began—and although opinions differ within PLO ranks as to whether this invasion dates to 1882, 1917, or 1947, I needn't tell you that even the last date leaves most of us here extirpable. If PLO bombs kill my wife or my children, this is not a regrettable accident, this is because they deserve to be killed, as did three-year-old Galit Haran of Nahariya whose head was smashed in against a rock last year by a PLO commando. (In fact, the PLO has more than once mendaciously taken "credit" for ordinary accidents in Israel, proudly announcing that it has destroyed a "Zionist" vehicle or attacked a "Zionist" crowd.) Article 19 of the Charter declares that the state of Israel—not Israel within these or those borders, but the existence of Israel itself—is "entirely illegal." Articles 21 and 22 "reject all solutions which are substitutes for the total liberation of Palestine," whose goal is to "destroy the Zionist presence" there. Article 20 affirms that "claims of historical or religious ties of Jews with Palestine are incompatible with the facts of history." How am I, as an Israeli and a Jew, supposed to relate to this? On what basis can I seriously be asked to believe that this is an organization that will live in peace with me if only I yield to it several thousand square miles of Palestine that I have been occupying since 1967?

Now in *The Question of Palestine*, without saying so in so many words, you imply that you yourself do not take literally these parts of the Palestinian Charter and that you belong to the more "moderate" wing of the PLO that supposedly would make permanent peace with Israel in return for a West Bank state. Let us agree for the sake of the argument that such a peace is the most desirable, or at any rate, the only possible solution to the conflict between us. Let us even agree (although I am far from convinced of it) that the provisions of the Palestinian Charter, as well as what PLO leaders like Yasir Arafat regularly shout to roaring crowds throughout the Arab world about "the final victory," are mere rhetoric, that the "moderates" in the PLO do not take them seriously except as bargaining positions, and that these "moderates" can "deliver the vote" for a solution based on a West Bank state once it is offered them, so that the only real obstacle to

the latter at the moment is the government of Israel. How does one persuade the people of Israel to get this government to change its mind—or rather, how does one persuade them to change their own minds, which are at present no different on this issue from their government's?

Not, surely, by more PLO-style terror: this may remind us that a problem exists but beyond that it is counterproductive. Nor simply by generating more international pressure on us: this is more worrisome than your terror, which we have on the whole managed quite tolerably to contain, but it will not in itself make us trust you any more and may force us to react unpredictably. The world can wine-and-dine Palestinian leaders to satiety but only Israel can negotiate with them. And so there is only one way: to begin acting and talking—to us, and no less importantly, among yourselves—in a language that we find humanly and politically credible, that shows some awareness of who we are and of the nature of our right to be here, and that inspires in us at least the possibility of confidence in your intentions and their future reliability.

Which is what you, Edward Said, have failed to do.

I am thinking first of all of your book, which despite its pious protestations to the contrary ("The real strength," you write, "of the Palestinian [vis-à-vis the Israeli] is just this insistence on the human being *as a detail*," when it is precisely the Israeli as a detail that you cannot see at all) dehumanizes Israeli Jews as you claim they dehumanize you and totally fails to comprehend the world in which they live. Worse: it is a book that tenders them cheap propaganda slogans, such as the absurd PLO line about a "democratic secular state" in all of Palestine, as though these were courageous and serious proposals, and that presents Palestinian positions toward them in a patently false and ingratiating light (as when you write, for instance, "On occasion after occasion the PLO stated its willingness to accept a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza," knowing perfectly well that the PLO has *never* stated its willingness to renounce further territorial claims on Israel once such a state has been established). And I am thinking also of your replies to the questions put to you in the same January 1980 issue of *The Middle East*, where you unequivocally oppose any changes in the Palestinian National Charter while equivocating on every other query with the skill of a tried politician. (For example, Question: "How do you interpret Article 6? Does it refer to Jews residing in Palestine before 1917 or 1947?" Said: "It seems to me that the article is a function of the period and circumstances in which it was written. Insofar as circumstances change these items can be looked at.") Needless to say, the fact that you emerge nonetheless as the most "moderate" of the eleven Palestinian political and intellectual leaders interviewed here does nothing to increase an

Israeli's belief in the possibility of talking with the PLO or with those Palestinian intellectuals who support it. Perhaps such responses will win friends for you in Beirut. In Israel they can only induce a profound feeling of despair: if this is as far as even a man in Said's position will go, what can be expected of the PLO as a whole, and why waste time even hoping that it may one day prove an acceptable partner for negotiations?

Some Israelis will crow I-told-you-so to all this. Many more, however, will be genuinely depressed by it. Since Camp David, the organized "peace movement" in Israel (to which I do not belong) has been hampered in its efforts by its inability to present to the public a realistic alternative to the government positions it criticizes. Yet today a large and growing number of people in this country is deeply troubled by what it considers to be the ruinous policies of its government in Judea and Samaria, and by the blind alley into which these policies are leading it.

Such Israelis do not tend to be identified with any single political camp. Few belong to those "progressive forces"—a euphemism for the openly pro-Palestinian Left—that the PLO takes pride in having contacts with and that represent a tiny fraction of the Israeli public. Many are pure pragmatists who are far less concerned with doing justice to the Palestinians than with averting disaster for themselves, and you would no doubt find the views of some of them offensive. (I have heard Israelis ask, "What on earth do we want with filthy Arab towns like Hebron and Nablus?" just as I know people in this country who have nothing but expletives for both Arabs and—Gush Emunim.) Yet if you are sincere in your desire for a Palestinian state on the West Bank that will co-exist with an Israel returned to its 1967 borders, these people are your constituency, without whose support you will ultimately get nowhere, no matter how much of your blood and ours you spill while trying. Unless it has their potential approval, no Israeli government, not even the Labor party one that is almost certain to be elected by the end of next year, can contemplate recognizing the PLO or sitting down to talk with it. So far you, and Palestinians like you, have not reached this constituency at all; a book like *The Question of Palestine* could only strike it as defamatory and unreal. It is in your own interest to learn how to address it.

6.

A FEW last words. The summer before last I did my army reserve duty in and around Hebron, in the southern part of the Judean hills. My unit was that month's occupation force for the area. We performed the usual chores: patrolled, guarded installations, manned roadblocks and observation points. Now and then we searched a house or ar-

rested a local resident under suspicion by the security forces. Once we imposed a brief curfew on a village in which some children had stoned a military jeep. The area was quiet, and it was, in army terms, an uneventful time. We did not, although you seem to think that this is the Israeli army's daily fare, go through "unarmed Arab villages and towns, occasionally killing, usually beating Arabs." In fact we had rather strict orders to keep our hands to ourselves and were threatened with a court-martial if we physically harmed anyone without excellent cause. But then the military governor was jumpy; some soldiers in the reserve unit before us had manhandled a prisoner while taking him in for questioning. The man had to be hospitalized, there was a bit of a scandal, and the governor didn't want it happening again.

I can't say that I had any particular qualms about what I was doing. Someone had to do it, and it was my turn. Much of it was interesting: I liked the contact with the villagers, on whom I could practice my Arabic, and getting to know a part of Palestine that I wasn't very familiar with before. It is beautiful countryside, rich in Jewish history: there are biblical sites everywhere, and in a number of places, impressive remains of synagogues dating from as late as the 8th and 9th centuries C.E. (It is a myth, you see, that we disappeared overnight from this land two thousand years ago. Nearly a millennium later we still hung on in strength, as archeology makes clearer all the time.) Best of all I liked the foot patrols through the wadis that cut down from the mountain spine eastward toward the Dead Sea or westward back toward the old border. Marvelous hidden ravines, full of grape vines and peach trees and plum trees, hand-terraced and hand-tended, the way Jews don't farm any more. Sometimes we would stop to throw a smoke grenade into a cave, in order to flush out any terrorist who might be inside; but this was just an excuse for a morning's walk and the smoke drifted quickly away. And I would think, it was perhaps in one of these caves that David hid from Saul when the mad king pursued him to En-gedi, and I would feel glad to be where I was.

Still, there were other times when I wouldn't have minded being elsewhere.

In military headquarters in Hebron there is a prison for "security cases," men sentenced for terrorist acts or other hostile activities. I rarely saw any of these prisoners, but I sometimes heard them while on guard duty at night, talking or singing in their cells. Some of these songs were patriotic; that was about all I understood of them, though they went on for a long time as Arab songs do. On Fridays, which was visiting day, the prisoners' families arrived: large families with many children, the women burdened with baskets, as though they were picnicking. Sometimes they had to wait for hours in the sun for their papers to be checked and their baskets gone through before

they could visit whomever they had come to see inside.

Those Fridays made me unhappy. So did the singing at night. You see, so much of Zionism for me as a child was connected with songs. Long before I saw this land I had sung about it thousands of times. It was eerie hearing those men. It was like thinking of your children in the streets of New York.

DEAR EDWARD SAID:

I believe in my right to walk in the hills of Judea. They are as much part of my heritage as they are part of yours. I believe in my right as a Jew to live in Hebron, even though I may question the political wisdom of exercising it now, as I believe in your right as a Palestinian to live in Haifa or Jaffa. And I want these rights to be guaranteed by any settlement between us. But I do not want to be your people's jailer, as I must be if I rule over it against its will. The record of the Israeli occupation—which most of the world has by now conveniently forgotten did not result from a war that Israel chose to start—has on the whole been a decent one. Compared to other peoples in history whose lands have fallen to conquering troops, the inhabitants of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip have many blessings to count. Yet the basic situation in which our two peoples find themselves is healthy for neither of them. The

longer it goes on, the more hatred and brutality it must breed. It is time to end it.

The many Israelis who feel this way, however, cannot end it by themselves. Without the help of Palestinians like you it will go on.

Perhaps there is a hint for you toward the end of your own book. On one of the closing pages of *The Question of Palestine* you write:

More Palestinians than ever speak today in *positive* detail of what the future must bring for Jews and Arabs alike. . . . In recent years leading Palestinians have occasionally spoken from the depths of their exile and misery of a time when Palestine would become the site of two societies existing together, side by side, in peace and harmony.

This last sentence is footnoted "34." Yet when I turned to the footnote section in the back to discover who these leading Palestinians were, and where their conception of the future might be found, I discovered that footnote 34 does not appear, the final entry there being number 33. I have too much faith in the power of coincidence to believe that this missing footnote is merely a printer's error. I believe that it is missing because, contrary to what you say, the positive Palestinian vision you speak of has not yet been believably articulated, at least not in any manner that a Jew like me can understand. Suppose you took that task upon yourself?

The ABM Question

Carnes Lord

IT is now some ten years since the last serious debate in the United States over nuclear strategy. That debate revolved around the issue of whether, to what extent, and in what role to deploy an anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) system designed to protect our cities and/or our own missiles from a nuclear attack. In one sense, the debate was settled by the ABM Treaty of 1972, which limited ABM systems in such a way as to encourage the eventual termination of an existing American ABM program and to discredit in the eyes of the American public the entire notion of ballistic-missile defense. In another sense, however, the debate was not settled, but merely ended. It was not settled on its technical or strategic merits so much as ended on the one hand by the requirements of the SALT process (of which it was a part), and on the other by the anti-military sentiments generated in the Congress and the country at large by the Vietnam war.

Now, eight years later, the ABM Treaty has become so much a fixture of American policy that its continuing utility seems to be simply assumed by all parties. Indeed, the ABM Treaty is still very widely regarded as the greatest success of U.S. arms-control policy in the postwar period.

Yet is it so clear that Americans should continue to congratulate themselves on the utter vulnerability of the North American continent to Soviet attack? The reassessment of U.S. military needs that has been stimulated by the Afghan crisis ought to address itself to this question, and the best way to begin is by recalling briefly the terms of the ABM debate as well as the early developments which preceded and stimulated it.

By 1964 or 1965, it began to be apparent that the Soviet Union had decided to undertake a massive and comprehensive improvement in its military posture. The Soviets had let it be known that they would never again allow themselves to be faced down by superior American power, as had occurred in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962; and it is likely

that they were already turning their attention to the prospect of a hostile China on their borders. Central to the Soviet effort were new strategic programs involving defensive as well as offensive systems. As early as 1964, the Soviets unveiled the Galosh ABM system, which was intended to defend the Moscow area, and they began construction of an extensive air-defense network with high-altitude interceptor missiles (the Tallinn system) that was believed by elements of the American intelligence community to have some ABM capability, or at least the potential for acquiring such a capability. At the same time, China was showing signs of strategic life. The first Chinese nuclear explosion occurred in the fall of 1964, and in 1965 the Chinese began constructing a ballistic-missile test facility.

These events gave a powerful impetus to ABM development in the United States. Because the intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's) possessed by the Soviets in the mid-1960's were relatively few and inaccurate, American ABM efforts were originally directed toward providing protection for cities rather than weapons. Two types or levels of ABM defense were considered by U.S. military planners: a "thick" defense against all-out attack by the Soviets, and a "thin" defense against attack by the Chinese or against accidental missile launches. In spite of substantial disagreement within the U.S. government (and within the Pentagon in particular), President Johnson and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara decided in 1967 to proceed with the development and eventual deployment of the "thin" or anti-Chinese alternative, which became known as the Sentinel system.

In the meantime, the idea of negotiating limitations on strategic arms with the Soviet Union was gaining headway in Washington. Early in 1967, options for strategic arms control, including limitations on ABM systems, began to be seriously considered, and contacts were initiated with the Russians. While generally receptive to these American soundings, the Soviets initially displayed considerable distaste for any ABM limitations. At a news conference in London in February, Premier Kosygin responded to a question concerning a possible moratorium on ABM development by asserting, among other things, that an anti-missile de-

CARNES LORD, a new contributor, was with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency from 1975 to 1977. He currently teaches in the department of government and foreign affairs at the University of Virginia.

fense "is not a cause of the arms race but represents a factor preventing the death of people." Nevertheless, the Russians went along with the American interest in comprehensive limitations, especially after the Johnson administration had announced its intention to proceed with the Sentinel system later that year.

Preparations for SALT were far advanced when the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968 temporarily froze U.S.-Soviet relations. Apparently as a result of relatively strong sympathy on the part of the American military for ballistic-missile defense, the U.S. negotiating position would have called for high ABM limits and attempted to protect Sentinel, though it was far from inflexible on this point. In any event, with SALT in suspension and popular disaffection with the Vietnam war on the increase, it soon appeared that Sentinel was more in need of protection from the American public and Congress than from Soviet negotiators. Rising protests in the Senate induced the newly arrived Nixon administration to suspend Sentinel deployment in February 1969 and to review the entire ABM situation.

The result was a refurbished ABM program with a new name—Safeguard—and a new focus. While subscribing to the anti-Chinese and anti-accident rationale, President Nixon made clear that the primary task of an American ABM system would be to defend American ICBM's. The reason for the shift was the rapid deployment of the very heavy SS-9 ICBM by the Soviets during this period, which for the first time posed a plausible threat to the American Minuteman ICBM force. The Safeguard system was to make use of most of the components developed for Sentinel, but it would protect Minuteman fields as well as major cities. Somewhat less costly than Sentinel, it was to be deployed eventually at a total of twelve sites, with the Minuteman fields having priority.

IN THE six months that followed, the future of Safeguard became a subject of intense debate, and the focus for a wider public discussion of the fundamentals of American nuclear strategy. In August, the Senate finally authorized funding for the first two Safeguard sites. But a vocal opposition came within a single vote of killing the program; in the prevailing political atmosphere, the arguments against ABM in general and Safeguard in particular made their mark, and the future of the system had clearly become problematic. In July 1970, after SALT was fully under way, the Senate Armed Services Committee rejected an administration request to proceed with four additional Safeguard sites intended for area defense, thus effectively ending any prospect for ABM defense of American cities. Meanwhile, the Russians were making it clear that any progress on limiting offensive strategic weapons was dependent on American willingness to accept stringent limitations on Safeguard. The next two years of SALT were to

be largely consumed in seeking a formula that would honorably enter the Safeguard system and the American commitment to strategic defense.

The arguments against a substantial American ABM system were of several kinds. In the first place, questions were raised about the effectiveness both of ABM defense generally and of the Safeguard system in particular. The shift from the defense of cities to the defense of our own missiles as the primary ABM mission may have made sense on strategic grounds, but it opened Safeguard to a variety of technical criticisms. Partly in response to objections that an anti-Chinese or anti-accident mission could not justify the cost of a substantial ABM system, the Nixon administration redefined Safeguard so as to give it a primary mission that could only be anti-Soviet; but the system's components had not been designed primarily with a view to a "thick" Soviet attack. Accordingly, doubts could plausibly be raised regarding the ability of the Safeguard radars to track many targets simultaneously and to operate effectively in a nuclear environment. It was also widely argued that ABM radar technology would be unable to keep pace with the ability of the Soviets (or even the Chinese) to saturate the defense with "penetration aids" or decoys, and eventually with multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles (MIRV's).

In the second place, and more importantly from the perspective of public and congressional opinion, ABM defense was held to be "destabilizing" or "provocative." There were two variations on this theme. ABM was said to be destabilizing in the sense that it threatened to fuel the strategic arms race between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and also in the sense that acquisition of an effective (or an apparently effective) ballistic-missile defense might give one side more of an incentive to launch a nuclear strike in a period of severe crisis.

Behind the latter argument was the strategic view that had achieved orthodox status during the 1960's—the view that stable nuclear deterrence requires each side to possess an "assured" (that is, a "second-strike" or retaliatory) capability of inflicting unacceptable damage on the population and industrial resources of the other. Under the logic of "mutual assured destruction" (MAD, in its inevitable abbreviation), ABM and every other form of strategic defense are undesirable because, by demonstrating belief in the possibility of defense against nuclear attack by the other side, they suggest belief in the possibility of successful nuclear attack by one's own side. Thus they threaten the other side with a preemptive first strike and create a situation of "crisis instability" in which both sides have strong incentives to initiate a nuclear exchange. By contrast, so the argument goes, a condition of complete mutual vulnerability is the most effective deterrent to nuclear war because it makes the very idea unthinkable.

The chief defect of this view as an argument

against ABM defense is that it applies only to area or population defense, not to the defense of missile sites. Indeed, the defense of missile sites (or of other strategic-offense systems, such as heavy bombers) is wholly laudable under a MAD rationale since it helps guarantee an assured second-strike capability and hence the basis of stable deterrence. This was admitted at the time by many of the critics of Safeguard deployment. But it was argued that Safeguard was not well-suited to a site-defense mission, and that an extensive ABM network dedicated to site defense would be destabilizing in any event because it would serve as a base for rapid expansion to a system of area or territorial defense.

II

WHEN one looks back on the ABM debate and the treaty in which it issued, what is most striking is the massive and almost willful failure of anti-ABM forces to give serious attention to Soviet attitudes. The tendency was to treat the Soviets as recalcitrant and somewhat obtuse children who needed patient education in the realities of the nuclear era. American civilian strategists and arms-control enthusiasts with advanced degrees from universities like Harvard and MIT tended to look on the Soviet leadership fundamentally as a collection of untutored peasants bemused by the size of their ICBM's and by mere quantities of such things as tanks and air-defense missiles. They regarded the Soviets as living in a strategic past, insensitive to the full implications for military strategy of the large nuclear arsenals accumulated by the two superpowers. That Soviet attitudes reflected a political and military culture very different from, but in its way not less sophisticated than, its American counterpart was a possibility not taken into account.

In retrospect, it is hardly clear that the Soviets have behaved more naively during the past ten years than an American leadership which remains bemused by technical sophistication at the expense of size and numbers, which has often shown itself insensitive to the political implications and uses of military force, and which has allowed its military planning to be shaped by an arms-control theology that is increasingly detached from international reality. On the crucial point—the Soviet understanding of the nature of nuclear war—the least that can be said is that the Soviets are so far from being unaware of the alternative represented by American strategic thought that they have considered and rejected this alternative. After some internal debate on the matter, the Soviets opted for the view that the existence of nuclear weapons does not alter the fundamental laws of military strategy, and that nuclear war is therefore not unthinkable in the sense that it is incompatible with any rational strategic or political objective. While recognizing the deterrent function of nuclear weapons, the Soviets have refused to follow the

American example in according deterrence—as distinct from the requirements for actually fighting a nuclear war—the dominant role in nuclear planning. This does not mean that the Soviets are eager for nuclear war. It means that they believe it is necessary to be prepared to fight such a war in the event that deterrence fails.

The Soviets' attitude toward strategic defense follows directly from their general outlook. For them, the fundamental requirement of defense of the homeland weighs more heavily than any abstract calculation based on assumptions about the intentions of potential enemies. While the Soviets almost certainly do not believe that a defense against American nuclear attack could be entirely effective, they do not see this as a reason for abandoning *all* efforts at defense. The Soviet leadership continues to invest enormous sums in air defense, and it has made serious and systematic efforts to provide protection for its population and for a wide range of military and industrial targets within the Soviet Union. All this is in contrast to the decrepitude of current air- and civil-defense programs in the United States—the result in very large part of the dominance of MAD thinking in American leadership circles during the 1960's and 70's.

Against this background, it is difficult to understand how American strategists and politicians were able to persuade themselves that the Soviets shared, or with some tutoring could come to share, the American view of the evils of ballistic-missile defense. Against this background, too, it goes almost without saying that the conclusion of the ABM Treaty did not end Soviet interest in ABM development.

Probably because of its manifest deficiencies, the Soviet Galosh ABM system was never expanded beyond the 64 launchers deployed in the Moscow area, but since 1972 the Soviets have done extensive work on possible successor systems. In addition, evidence has come to light that the Soviets may have conducted surreptitious testing of a high-altitude air-defense system (the SA-5) in an ABM mode during 1974 and 1975, contrary to Article VI of the ABM Treaty. Though overshadowed by other issues in the American debate over Soviet compliance with the SALT I agreements, the SA-5 matter was one of the most important of the alleged violations from a military point of view. During the 1960's, much concern had been felt by elements of the American military over the potential of the Soviet Tallinn air-defense system (which was based on the SA-5 missile) to be "upgraded" to an ABM capability; it was this concern which inspired Article VI of the treaty. The acquisition of even a modest ABM capability by the SA-5—now deployed in large numbers throughout the Soviet Union—could have strategic significance. Truly worrisome, however, is the ABM potential of the much more sophisticated air-defense systems now under development by the Soviets. Unfortunately, the loss of our technical

monitoring stations in Iran has made it difficult to keep track of Soviet activities at their ABM test facility at Sary Shagan, not far from the Iranian border. (This reduction in our ability to verify the ABM Treaty has gone unmentioned in recent discussions of SALT verification issues.) In addition, the Soviets are reported to be developing an anti-tactical ballistic-missile system (ATBM), presumably for use in the European theater; the ABM potential of this system is uncertain, but it could be considerable.

BUT even if one assumes that the Soviets have not cheated on any treaty obligations and will not be tempted to do so in the future, it must be stressed that the ABM Treaty simply does not impose meaningful constraints on their ability to provide themselves with an effective ABM system. Nothing in the ABM Treaty prohibits the Soviets from engaging in research, development, testing, and production of the components of a new ABM system. These components could be stockpiled until such time as the Soviets saw fit to abrogate or terminate the treaty, and then rapidly deployed, either at the end of the six-month notice period or sooner. An action of this kind would certainly dismay many Americans; but respectable rationales for it could be imagined—the deployment of long-range nuclear missiles in NATO Europe, Chinese nuclear developments—that would disarm criticism elsewhere in the world and no doubt within certain segments of American opinion as well. The only technical constraint on such a move is the lead-time required for construction of the large phased-array radars which are necessary for initial tracking of incoming nuclear warheads. It is of more than passing interest that the other significant violations of the ABM Treaty with which the Soviets have been charged have concerned the construction of radars that could serve this purpose. But recent advances in radar technology will in any case greatly enhance the effectiveness of smaller and mobile or semi-mobile ABM radars which can be deployed rapidly and in large numbers.

It is surely a plausible hypothesis that the Soviets signed the ABM Treaty not out of newfound conviction of the wisdom of MAD, but in order to arrest the planned deployment of the American Safeguard system and to dampen American interest in a strategic field in which this country held at the time a commanding technical lead, while simultaneously accelerating their own ABM efforts. If this is correct, however, the arguments employed against an American ABM system lose a great deal of their force. It is said that a treaty was necessary both to forestall competition in strategic defense and to remove an important incentive for competition in strategic offense (since the offense would have to remain capable of penetrating the defense). Yet it is hard to imagine what improvements the Soviets would have made

in their offensive capabilities over the last ten years that they have not made under the terms of the treaty. As for competition in ABM development, an arms race has been averted only in the sense that the United States has dropped out of it. It is hard to imagine what the Soviets would have done in strategic defense, given their initial position of technical inferiority, that they have not done under the ABM Treaty.

Moreover, just when the U.S. was renouncing the right to provide effective defense of its ICBM's and other "hard" installations, the Soviets were beginning to mount a serious offensive threat against precisely these targets. Continuing and unexpectedly rapid improvements in missile accuracy together with the unforeseen increase in missile throw-weight stemming from the deployment (contrary to the U.S. understanding of the terms of the SALT Interim Agreement) of the SS-19 ICBM have since brought this threat to crisis proportions. We are now, or will soon be, in a situation where a Soviet attack on the United States could destroy over 90 per cent of our Minuteman ICBM's, do substantial damage (probably more than is officially admitted) to our B-52 bombers, and eliminate the quarter to a third of our ballistic-missile submarine force which happened to be in port, while holding very strong forces in reserve to deter a retaliatory attack against Soviet cities. This is a situation which would give the Soviets considerable incentive to preempt. The SALT process has failed entirely to fulfill the hopes of those who imagined it would create an era of unprecedented strategic stability. And far from alleviating the problem, the ABM Treaty has only aggravated it. For, by effectively prohibiting the defense of ICBM's, it has caused us to deny ourselves what may well be the best remedy for our growing strategic vulnerability.

YET this is only to beg what many opponents of ABM will argue is the decisive question. Granting that an ABM defense of ICBM sites (and perhaps of other military targets such as bomber bases) could contribute importantly to strategic stability, is it not the case that ABM site defense is inextricably linked with ABM area or territorial defense, and that ABM area or territorial defense is so fundamentally threatening to strategic stability that it must be avoided at all costs?

In the first place, while there is no denying that conventional ABM systems utilized for site defense would also provide a basis for expansion to a territorial defense (particularly with the development of smaller and mobile radars), some attention is now being given to a variety of unconventional schemes for localized defense of ICBM fields which would not have this potential. The point should also be made that it is hardly clear that a limited site or area defense would provide a significantly greater basis for expansion to a territorial defense than what is obtainable under the ABM Treaty.

As for the allegedly destabilizing character of a territorial ABM defense, it must be pointed out that this issue cannot be meaningfully treated as an abstract problem in game theory, as regularly happens in American strategic literature. What American leaders are likely to do in an acute crisis will depend at least as much on the formative influence of the American political and military culture as on instant calculations concerning nuclear-exchange ratios and similar matters. It is nearly inconceivable that an American President would issue an order for a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union on the strength of a string of hypotheses relating to the effectiveness of an ABM defense in warding off Soviet retaliation. No matter how reliable and effective an ABM system the United States felt it had developed, residual uncertainties regarding the performance of the system under conditions (which are only partly predictable with any confidence) of real nuclear war would always be a powerful constraint. In addition, the capacity of the Soviet Union to inflict damage on American military forces and on American allies around the world, together with the truly incalculable global consequences—political as well as military—of a nuclear exchange between the superpowers, would remain formidable barriers to any such decision.

These considerations also apply, it should be noted, to the Soviet Union. In the Soviet case, however, the military culture, with its emphasis on preemption of attack through massive strikes against the enemy's military forces, tends in itself to promote crisis instability. But this is so far from being an argument against an American ABM system that it is one of the strongest reasons in favor of one.

With all this said, it can be added that the rationale initially offered for an American ABM system is as powerful today as it was in the late 1960's. Although both the U.S. and the Soviet Union have made significant strides in the recent past in enhancing the reliability of systems designed to warn of nuclear attack, and of techniques and procedures for unilateral control of nuclear weapons as well as for cooperative handling of untoward nuclear events, the fact remains that an accident of potentially disastrous proportions cannot be ruled out altogether. It is unlikely that the accidental or unauthorized launch of one or a few missiles would lead to a full-scale nuclear war, but it could certainly cause immense damage.

As regards the anti-Chinese rationale, the fact that China has not yet developed a real intercontinental nuclear capability, and the fact that we are at present functionally allied with that country, should not blind us to Chinese ambitions and to the instabilities of Chinese politics. But the anti-Chinese rationale remains valid today not merely because of China, but also because of the threat of nuclear proliferation in the radical nations of the Islamic world. The interest that has

been shown by the governments of Libya, Iraq, and Pakistan in acquiring nuclear weapons is well known, and it should not be necessary to emphasize the point that countries of this sort seem particularly inclined to produce reckless and fanatical leaders. It is true that in the near future this argues the need not so much for ABM as for improved air defense; yet the proliferation of ballistic-missile technology in less advanced states is a development which cannot simply be discounted. The spectacle of an embassy's-worth of Americans held hostage by an Iranian mob would surely be as nothing compared with the nightmare of an entire city held hostage by the nuclear threats of a government claiming not to be deterred by the prospect of martyrdom.

III

STILL, how effective could an ABM system be under current circumstances? Is an ABM defense feasible or affordable given the prospect of continued improvement in strategic offensive capabilities? Would it not merely stimulate a new and costly arms race?

While the inevitable uncertainties of a developing technology make it impossible to answer the first question categorically, there appear to be considerable grounds for optimism. Again, it is necessary to distinguish carefully among varieties of possible ABM missions. Technical arguments that may have a measure of validity when brought against a thick territorial defense mission may not apply at all to thin territorial defense or to site defense. To defend effectively hardened targets such as ICBM silos, it is not necessary to destroy attacking warheads far from their destination, but merely to degrade their accuracy; and something less than total reliability is not a fatal defect. Hence inexpensive low-technology systems—for example, artillery shells that spray steel pellets in the path of incoming warheads—could be highly effective for site defense, especially when compared with the cost of offensive warheads. Even in the case of territorial defense, however, recent developments have gone very far toward refuting the technical objections that contributed to the defeat of Safeguard.

Conventional ABM technology, to begin with, has profited vastly over the last decade from the advances in data-processing and guidance systems that have revolutionized missile warfare at all levels. The development of precision-guided ("smart") ABM interceptor missiles—missiles equipped with on-board scanners and computers for automatic homing on attacking warheads—is well under way at the present time. American military planners envision a "layered" ballistic-missile defense involving both an improved version of Safeguard for low-altitude (or "terminal") defense and a system for the interception of incoming warheads prior to their reentry into the atmosphere.

Under this concept, warning of a Soviet ICBM strike would trigger the launch of rockets carrying optical sensors that would be scattered in near space to assess the attack and direct the launch of other rockets that would dispense small non-nuclear homing vehicles; warheads not destroyed in this encounter would then be engaged again within the atmosphere.

Such a system would improve dramatically on Safeguard by increasing the time and opportunities for interception, by reducing reliance on a network of expensive and vulnerable ground radars, and by permitting the substitution of high-explosive for nuclear warheads (which are both expensive and subject to cumbersome procedures for authorizing their use). For purposes of site defense, such a system would appear quite able to hold its own in terms of cost with the offensive weaponry that would have to contend against it.

The layered concept also holds much promise for territorial defense. What may prove truly revolutionary in this connection, however, are unconventional ABM systems based on so-called directed-energy technology, particularly high-energy laser technology. The development of lasers as anti-missile weapons is by now relatively far advanced, and they are likely to prove useful eventually in a variety of air-defense roles. But recent tests in this country have also shown that laser weapons could be considerably more lethal against Soviet ballistic missiles than had previously been thought. The most promising variety of laser ABM would be a system deployed in space (where beams can propagate over great distances—thousands of miles—with relatively little degradation) and designed to destroy hostile missiles shortly after launch, while they are in the vulnerable boost phase and prior to separation of their reentry vehicles (thus negating any advantage deriving from a proliferation of MIRVed warheads or penetration aids). Such a system, based on a network of perhaps two dozen satellites providing continuous global coverage, would be theoretically capable of countering not only ICBM's but also submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBM's), land-based intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBM's) targeted against NATO Europe, and strategic bombers in high-altitude flight profiles.

Futuristic as all this sounds, the technology it would require is essentially proven, and proponents of the concept claim that, with proper levels of funding and political commitment, a first-generation laser ABM could be tested and deployed well before the end of the decade. While perhaps not fully effective against mass salvos of ICBM's because of limitations on retargeting and rate of fire, a first-generation system could still respond very impressively to such an attack, and it could be exceedingly effective against SLBM's (where launches must be staggered). Passive countermeasures to harden their missiles against laser effects could provide the Soviets a degree of

protection, but only at a significant cost in missile payloads. In any event, subsequent generations of laser systems incorporating technical advances which can now be anticipated (primarily involving a shift from infrared to ultraviolet lasers) could render such efforts largely ineffective. Against active countermeasures—Soviet attack on the laser stations with anti-satellite weapons—the system would conveniently provide for much of its own defense.

IV

BUT would an American move to ABM defense not merely perpetuate the "action-reaction cycle" that is supposed to fuel the Soviet-American arms race? Would it not also create a new competition in strategic defense, and in offensive countermeasures such as the maneuverable reentry vehicle (MaRV) now in an early stage of development?

It would be foolish to deny that a serious return to ABM defense would have large consequences for the future direction of strategic programs in both the United States and the Soviet Union. But it is necessary to ask, in the first place, whether the hope of ending the arms race by mutual arms limitations or by unilateral restraint is not essentially chimerical, and in the second place, whether an arms race in strategic defense is not in some ways more desirable than the available alternatives. That a serious move toward ABM defense by the United States would actually enhance strategic stability in crucial respects was suggested earlier. That the Soviets are likely to engage in intensified competition in this area were we to do so is probably true. Yet once faced with the prospect of competing in a technological game in which this country enjoys and will certainly continue to enjoy important advantages, it is conceivable that the Soviets would prove much more amenable to strategic restraint than they have when faced with American disinterest and inaction.

What are the alternatives to ABM defense from the point of view of maintaining or restoring a stable strategic balance? The primary source of strategic instability in the 1980's is the growing vulnerability to a Soviet first strike of the American land-based missile force. There are only two ways of alleviating this problem, given the failure of arms-control solutions: ICBM's either must be defended, or they must be made mobile. (A third alternative—launch on warning or under attack—would appear to be a poor substitute.)

Current American plans call for the development of a mobile ICBM, the so-called MX, which would be based in a deceptive manner in order to frustrate Soviet attempts to target it accurately. But apart from the fact that MX is expected to be enormously expensive (on the order of \$40 or \$50 billion), serious doubts can be entertained with regard to both its military effectiveness and its po-

litical palatability. Some administration spokesmen have made the argument that SALT II is in America's interest because the limits it contains on "fractionation"—on the number of MIRV's permitted on a missile—will guarantee the viability of the deployed MX system against a putative expansion of the Soviet offensive threat. This is less an argument in favor of SALT, however, than an argument against MX, since it would make the MX hostage to the tender mercies of Soviet negotiators in SALT III. Other questions have been raised concerning the reliability of the various deceptive-basing schemes which have been considered for MX, given projected improvements in remote-sensing technologies that could penetrate them. Moreover, it now appears that MX could not be fully deployed before 1989 at the earliest.

Apart from possible technical inadequacies, though, MX has been anathema to American arms controllers, who argue that its throw-weight and accuracy will enable the U.S. to pose a credible first-strike threat against Soviet ICBM silos, thereby undermining strategic stability. MX's technical shortcomings may be more apparent than real; the arms-control argument is weak for an MX force of the limited size currently projected. What is more important, however, is the probable impact of these doubts and objections on American public opinion. With the Rube Goldberg flavor of its basing options and their potential for environmental disruption, MX could be expected to run into domestic difficulties no matter how sound the arguments in favor of it. When faced with vehement opposition from wide segments of liberal opinion—which will certainly surface as soon as the Afghan dust settles—MX will be in serious trouble. No amount of assurance by the current administration can make anyone feel comfortable about putting so many of our strategic eggs in the MX basket.

This is not to suggest that an ABM defense of Minuteman missiles presents a simple alternative to MX. (There are persuasive reasons unrelated to survivability for the development of a new ICBM: the larger MX would help rectify the throw-weight imbalance between American and Soviet strategic offensive forces, and provide needed flexibility in targeting an expanded number of hardened Soviet targets.) Rather, it is to suggest that the option of ABM defense would open up a new range of strategic possibilities and provide a cushion in American strategic planning that is currently lacking. In the first place, an ABM site defense could be operational well before the deployment of MX in a land-mobile basing mode will be completed, and will thus be available at what is likely to be the time of maximum Soviet strategic advantage. Secondly, an ABM site defense could make possible the (temporary or permanent) deployment of some MX missiles in existing Minuteman silos, with potential savings in dollars as well as time. Finally, ABM could be utilized to

protect or enhance the survivability of MX when it is eventually deployed as a mobile system.

V

WHAT, then, is to be done? Plainly, the first order of business is a systematic and serious rethinking of the ABM question in all its aspects. This rethinking should take the form initially of a reconsideration of the fundamentals of American nuclear strategy from a perspective that is not determined by the theology and the history of strategic arms control. Then—but only then—it should proceed to reassess the achievements and the future promise of limitations on strategic offensive and defensive weaponry.

The question of strategic defense generally will be central in such a rethinking, and attention will have to be given to the long-neglected areas of civil and air defense. But the ABM question will be fundamental, both because it is inseparable from the largest questions of nuclear doctrine and because the ABM Treaty has evolved into a document of considerable symbolic importance for U.S.-Soviet relations and for the entire enterprise of strategic arms control. The approach of the next ABM review conference in 1982 is bound in any event to stimulate new interest in this matter in American defense and foreign-policy circles. But that conference could have disastrous consequences for American interests if it is not preceded and prepared by a comprehensive review of U.S. strategic requirements for the 1980's. It should be added that if the United States does not move to reestablish the linkage between ABM and strategic offense, we are likely to find the Soviets doing it for us. In an ominous but not wholly implausible scenario, the Soviets could enter the 1982 conference with the position that, in view of Soviet advances in ballistic-missile defense, the United States must purchase continuation of the ABM Treaty with restrictions on its strategic-offensive programs—and particularly MX.

From a military point of view, the choices with respect to ABM roles and missions remain essentially what they were in 1969. The fundamental alternatives are site defense (in the first instance of ICBM silos, but also of strategic installations such as bomber and submarine bases and command centers), thin territorial defense (against third-party or accidental attack), and thick territorial defense (against full-scale Soviet attack). Strongest and least controversial in a doctrinal sense is the case for site defense, and this will and should have priority in future discussions of the question. Also strong, in spite of having been lost from sight following the demise of Safeguard, is the case for a thin territorial defense.

As for the third alternative—defense against full-scale Soviet attack—while it is bound to stir bitter controversy and may in the end prove politically impossible, it cannot be lightly dismissed. Of its

many strategic advantages, not the least significant would be its effect in restoring credibility to the American commitment to the defense of Europe. A space-based laser ABM system may be the only real way to neutralize the new threat to NATO Europe represented by the Soviet SS-20 intermediate-range ballistic missile that is now being deployed in large numbers in the USSR; and it would surely make more plausible the U.S. threat to employ nuclear weapons in the European theater in response to a conventional invasion by Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces.

From an arms-control point of view, the only alternative that seems entirely unacceptable is maintaining the ABM Treaty regime in its present form. At the very least, the U.S. should seek clarification from the Soviets regarding the permissibility of site defense or of certain types of site defense within the terms of the present treaty; and it should insure that no avenues of ABM research and development (particularly relating to the possible use of space for ABM purposes) will be closed off through our unilateral interpretation of the requirements of the treaty or Soviet sensitivities

to them. More radical alternatives would involve amending the treaty to allow an expanded site defense or thin territorial defense, while maintaining the current prohibition on expansion to a thick territorial defense.

Finally, of course, there is the alternative of abrogation. Even if the U.S. government will not have convinced itself by 1982 of the wisdom or feasibility of a thick territorial defense, this is a possibility that ought to be entertained seriously, especially if the Soviets show no inclination to moderate the growth of their strategic offensive forces over the coming decade. If the ABM Treaty is to be continued, it is the Soviets who ought to be made to pay for its continuation by taking meaningful steps to curb their progress toward a first-strike capability against the United States. Decisive Soviet military superiority is an inexorable development only in the minds of those who believe that Americans will not—or should not—have the stomach for a reassertion of American power in the world. As the domestic reaction to recent events in Southwest Asia has shown, such thinking is at best premature.

How I Came to the Kabbalah

Gershom Scholem

MY INTEREST in the Kabbalah—Jewish mysticism—manifested itself early on, while I was still living in Germany, my native country. Perhaps it was because I was endowed with an affinity for this area from the “root of my soul,” as the Kabbalists would have put it, or perhaps it was my desire to understand the enigma of Jewish history that was involved—and the existence of the Jews over the millennia is an enigma, no matter what all the “explanations,” in such profuse supply, may have to say about it.

The great historian Heinrich Graetz, whose *History of the Jews* had entranced me as a young man, displayed the greatest aversion to everything connected with religious mysticism, as did almost all the founders of the school of German Jewish scholarship known as *Wissenschaft des Judentums* in the last century. Graetz calls the Zohar, the classic work of the Spanish Kabbalah, a book of lies, and employs a whole dictionary of invectives whenever he speaks of the Kabbalists. Yet it seemed improbable to me—I could not say why—that Kabbalists could have been such charlatans, buffoons, and masters of tomfoolery as he made them out to be. Something seemed to me to be hidden there, and it was this that attracted me. The lasting impression made on me by Martin Buber's first two volumes on Hasidism—written in German and drenched in the romanticism and flowery metaphors of the Vienna School and the *Jugendstil*—must also have played a part in this attraction.

GERSHOM SCHOLEM, the foremost Jewish scholar of our age, was born in Berlin in 1897, the son of an assimilated middle-class Jewish family. In his adolescence he became a convinced Zionist and began learning Hebrew. He later studied mathematics and physics, then Semitic philology, in Berlin, Jena, and Berne, completing a doctorate at the University of Munich in 1922. The following year he emigrated to Palestine. Mr. Scholem is professor emeritus of mysticism at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, and the author of numerous works, including *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*, *On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism*, *Sabbatai Sevi: The Mystical Messiah*, *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*, and *On Jews and Judaism in Crisis*. The present article, describing his early studies in the Kabbalah and his first years in Jerusalem, is adapted from an autobiographical memoir, *From Berlin to Jerusalem: Memories of My Youth*, which Schocken is bringing out in September. Copyright © 1977 by Suhrkamp Verlag. English translation copyright © 1980 by Schocken Books Inc.

In any case, from 1915 on I timidly began reading literature about the Kabbalah, and later tried my hand at original texts of kabbalistic and hasidic literature. This was fraught with difficulties in Germany at that time, for though it was always possible to find Talmud scholars, there was no one to serve as a guide in this area. Once I tried to persuade my teacher, Dr. Bleichrode, to read one such text, a famous treatise on kabbalistic ethics from the 16th century, with a number of us. After a few hours he said, “*Kinderlach*, we have to give up. I don't understand the quotations from the Zohar and can't explain things to you properly.”

So I had to try and familiarize myself with these sources on my own. After all, though the Zohar was written in Aramaic, it was no more intricate than, say, the writings of Johann Georg Hamann, several volumes of which I had in my room. I bought myself an edition of the Zohar as well as the four volumes of Molitor's work, *The Philosophy of History, or On Tradition*, which was actually about the Kabbalah and could still be obtained from the publisher for a song. It became clear to me that the Christological reinterpretations of this author, a pupil of Schelling and Baader, were completely wrongheaded, but that he did know more about the subject than the Jewish authorities of his day. I also read S. A. Horodezky's writings, which at that time were almost the only works in modern Hebrew literature on the great holy men of Hasidism. I had found out that Horodezky was living in Berne, and went to see him. Though he was twenty-five years older than I was, he received me in a very friendly fashion, and immediately suggested that I translate several chapters from his Hebrew manuscript (he could not write German) which was to be a major study of this subject. While I was working on the translation, I realized there was something wrong with Horodezky's writings, and that their author was a rather unperceptive enthusiast.

Between 1915 and 1918 I filled quite a few notebooks with excerpts, translations, and reflections on the Kabbalah, though they were still far from scholarly efforts or insights. But the fever had taken hold, and in the spring of 1919 I decided to shift the focus of my academic work from mathematics to Jewish studies and to begin a scholarly investigation of the Kabbalah, at least for a few

years. I had no idea at the time that these few years would turn into a lifetime's occupation. I also had many other projects in mind at the time, such as a book about the literature, the function, and the metaphysics of the elegy in Hebrew literature. I had already done a series of studies on that subject, and had published a translation in Buber's magazine *Der Jude* ("The Jew") of a moving medieval elegy about the burning of the Talmud in Paris in 1240.

My decision determined my choice of a university. Earlier, I had thought of completing my mathematical studies at Göttingen, the mathematicians' mecca, but now the only choice was Munich, which had (and still has) Germany's greatest collection of Hebrew manuscripts, including kabbalistic writings.

To be sure, the universities did not encourage Jewish studies in those days. Today, when there are hardly any Jews remaining in Germany, all the German universities are eager to establish chairs in Judaica. But in those days, when Germany had a lively Jewish population in great ferment, not a single university or provincial ministry would hear of Jewish studies. (What Heine wrote is quite true: if there were only one Jew in the world, everyone would come running to have a look at him, but now that there are too many, people try to look away.) Nonetheless, I wanted to try and unlock these mysterious texts, written in peculiar symbols, and make them comprehensible—to myself and to others.

In the summer of 1918, I thought of a subject which seemed to me both fruitful and philosophically relevant: the linguistic theory of the Kabbalah. This was an example of youthful exuberance, if not arrogance, for when I tackled the project in earnest, I soon came to realize that I did not know nearly enough and had better start more systematically, and, above all, more modestly. I did, in fact, write that study on the linguistic theory of the Kabbalah—which I abandoned in 1920—exactly fifty years later.

IN SEPTEMBER 1919 I returned to Germany from Switzerland. Thanks to extreme frugality I had been able to save a few hundred francs from the monthly allowance I received from my parents. To be sure, I overdid things somewhat—for weeks on end I ate nothing but fried eggs and potatoes at a cheap restaurant—and the price I paid for those excesses was a vitamin deficiency. My medical guardian angel, Dr. Meyer, took me aside at his niece's wedding, told me he didn't like my looks, and ordered me to come and see him the following morning. Afterward, he wrote my parents in Berlin saying I had to eat better, and from then on I received an additional fifty francs a month.

In the fall I took the money I had saved to my two second-hand book dealers in Berlin and bought kabbalistic writings, among them a French

translation of the Zohar which had appeared in Paris between 1906 and 1912 in six thick volumes. It was the work of a mysterious individual who called himself Jean de Pauly, and it had been printed by France's biggest paper manufacturer, Emile Lafuma-Giraud, on wonderful paper (with the Hebrew name of God as a watermark!) that had been made especially for this one work. The reason I tell this story is to indicate the state of Kabbalah scholarship at that time, for this universally praised *chef-d'oeuvre*, which was quoted everywhere and served as the basis for whole books, was actually a blatant fraud. Written by a half-educated swindler from Eastern Galicia, it was full of brazen fabrications which included, among other things, a separate 450-page volume of notes made up from beginning to end of fictitious quotations and citations of nonexistent books or nonexistent chapters in well-known kabbalistic classics. The work had simply never been checked, and when I said all this in Munich at the time, no one would believe me. How did I know, I was asked, that these books did not even exist? Such were my beginnings in the field of kabbalistic studies.

In Munich I managed to find a large room in an apartment at 98 Türkenstrasse (near the Victory Arch and directly opposite the Academy of Arts), and another one in the same apartment for my cousin Heinz Pflaum, who had just begun his studies in Romance languages and literatures. A third room in the place was already occupied by the artist "Tom" Freud (Sigmund's niece), so the three of us made up a small Zionist colony. At the university, I took one last course in mathematics with the famous Alfred Pringsheim, but really concentrated on philosophy and Semitics, which I was considering as a second minor. Instead of my original dissertation on the "Linguistic Philosophy of the Kabbalah," I now decided to undertake a more modest project: a translation and commentary on the Book of Bahir, which was the oldest extant kabbalistic text and extremely difficult.

I proposed this to Clemens Baümker, a distinguished historian of medieval philosophy at the university who was interested in medieval Jewish thought and had been very encouraging to me in my studies. Baümker agreed to accept the project as my dissertation, calling the kabbalistic field a *terra incognita*, but told me that in order to get the doctorate in philosophy, I would have to minor in psychology, a subject I heartily detested. He assured me he could arrange the matter with a colleague of his in the psychology department—*one Herr Becher*.

The problem was, I could not stand this colleague, who specialized in brain weights. My general dislike of the subject was only intensified by what I had seen of the phenomenological analysis of psychological problems which was very much in vogue at the time. After some years of sympathy for phenomenology, based on my admiration for

Husserl's *Logical Investigations*, I was on the verge of breaking with it in any case, but it was the lectures of Husserl's disciple, Wilhelm Pfänder, which alienated me from this mode of thinking once and for all. At one of these lectures Pfänder accomplished the feat of making visible the existence of God (which I had never doubted) by phenomenological means. This was too much for me. Pfänder's seminar, too, where a discussion went on in dead earnest, lasting many hours and with the assistance of some very penetrating minds, over the question of whether a fried fish was or was not a fish contributed further to driving me out of this circle.

Thus, on Bäumker's advice I changed my major to Semitics, where I received a very friendly reception from Fritz Hommel (in whose Arabic discussion group and seminar I was already enrolled), though Hommel had accepted a dissertation in the field of Judaica only once in his long career. Both Bäumker and Hommel were already over sixty-five—the one a devout Catholic, the other an equally devout Protestant. Hommel was primarily an Assyriologist, but he was generous enough to exempt me from this particular area of Semitics and asked only that my major include Arabic and Ethiopian in addition to Hebrew and Aramaic with which I was already conversant.

One course I did not take in the Semitics department was "Readings in the Babylonian Talmud," which was given by the Catholic Old Testament scholar, Göttesbeyer. Two other Jewish students and I (the rest were Catholic seminarians) went to the first session to have a look and the professor made a bad blunder right from the start. The Talmud has no punctuation, of course, so one of the difficulties in studying it is to determine whether one is dealing with the declarative or interrogative mode. The professor got it wrong, and one of us raised his hand to correct him: "Professor, that is not a statement but a question." "How do you know?" "It says so in Rashi." "Rabbinical sophistry!" the professor replied, and with that the discussion was closed. So we realized to our amusement that nothing was to be learned from that particular gentleman.

There was, however, one excellent Talmudist in Munich—Heinrich Ehrentreu—with whom we studied the tractate on marriage contracts for an hour a day. (It may sound strange, but this particular tractate is actually one of the most interesting and contains, so to speak, everything—which is why it is known as "the Little Talmud.") Like many rabbis in Germany, Dr. Ehrentreu had come from Hungary. He was a first-rate scribe, looked just the way one imagines a talmudic sage, and was an even-tempered, peaceable man. In this, he was quite different from the younger generation of Orthodox Jews who were very combative. Many of them were just beginning to go off to study in the harshly anti-Zionist yeshivahs of Hungary and Lithuania, and they often returned home after a

year or two very much changed. Ehrentreu knew I was not Orthodox but liked me nonetheless. One of his sons, however, home on vacation from the yeshivah at Galenta, refused to shake hands with me and asked his father how he could tolerate such a heretic in his Talmud course. "The light in the Torah will lead him to what is good," said his father, quoting from the Talmud. Bleichrode and Ehrentreu were the two teachers of my youth whom I remember with the warmest gratitude.

That year, I read Maimonides's *Guide for the Perplexed* in Hebrew. Luckily, I was studying Arabic syntax at the time, so I could cope more easily with the Arabic sentence structure, which is preserved literally in the Hebrew and often causes great hardship in understanding the text. Most of my time, however, I spent in the manuscript room of the Bavarian State Library where my table was strewn with Hebrew codices and printed works. At the next table sat an unusually slender man, perhaps ten years older than I, with the unmistakably sharp and intense features of a Jewish intellectual. His table was piled high with German manuscripts, and he generally took his seat, as I did, shortly after the reading room opened. My neighbor turned out to be Eduard Berend, the outstanding Jean Paul scholar, who was working on his definitive edition of this, my favorite among German classical writers. When I confessed my love for Jean Paul, Berend asked me for information on his many rabbinical stories. (Jean Paul and Paul Scheerbart were the only German authors whose works I took along with me when I emigrated to Eretz Yisrael in 1923.)

IN MUNICH I met Gustav Steinschneider, with whom I had been in the same platoon in the army in 1917. He was the grandson of Moritz Steinschneider, the greatest Hebrew bibliographer and manuscript expert of the last century, who at a ripe old age made no bones about the fact that the function of the Science of Judaism, as he saw it, was to provide a decent burial for Judaism, an important but declining phenomenon. Surely Steinschneider, a stupendous scholar and a man I greatly admired, was the first authority in this field who was admittedly an agnostic and possibly even an atheist! In those days I gave a lot of thought to this group of scholarly liquidators, and planned to write an article for my friend Walter Benjamin's projected magazine, *Angelus Novus*, showing that the so-called Science of Judaism was really the suicide of Judaism. But the magazine never appeared.

Gustav came from a family that was rather similar to mine. His father was a monist, and one of the leading members of the Berlin *Monistenbund*, which at that time was probably the best-known organization of leftist atheists. His older brother became a Communist and his younger brother an ardent Zionist and one of the first German *halutzim*. Gustav himself, a very quiet and thought-

ful man, vacillated between the two camps. Like his younger brother, Karl, he had a kind of natural nobility and great musical talent, but was utterly unworldly and incapable of doing anything "practical." He spoke very slowly and with a melodious drawl, pronouncing even the word, *Scheisse* ("shit")—which as everyone knows is the most frequent word in any soldier's vocabulary—in an inimitable way, as though it were a German linguistic treasure, perhaps part of the cultic language of Stefan George and his circle.

Gustav inclined to hypochondria, and his thin, somewhat weary face betrayed unmistakable signs of the potential philosopher. In the four years before my emigration we were on the friendliest terms—perhaps it was the total opposition of our characters that attracted us to one another. Gustav spent the first year in Munich with my fiancée Escha Burckhardt and me, and we both tried—unsuccessfully, of course—to persuade him to enroll in some systematic course of studies. After 1933 it took all the "pull" I could muster—the intercession of my friend Zalman Rubashov with the mayor of Tel Aviv—to find Gustav (and other Ph.D.'s and artists in every imaginable field) a job as a street cleaner in Palestine. This nocturnal employment allowed him to philosophize by day or to play four-handed duets with my aunt. (As a street cleaner, incidentally, Gustav was highly respected and popular among his colleagues, this being one of the occupations which did not require a knowledge of Hebrew.)

AFTER my cousin had left Munich for Heidelberg, Escha moved into his room on Türkenstrasse. At the end of the corridor lived, as I have mentioned, "Tom" Freud, one of the unforgettable figures of those years. In contrast to her older sister, Lilly, who was married to the actor Arnold Marle and was a great beauty, "Tom" was of an almost picturesque ugliness. As an illustrator (and occasional writer) of children's books she bordered on genius, and had been engaged to do the drawings for a children's book by the Hebrew writer S. Y. Agnon (who had taken up permanent residence in Palestine but was now temporarily living in Munich), in which every letter of the Hebrew alphabet was described and extolled in verse. "Tom," who seemed to live only on cigarettes and whose room was usually filled with smoke, was an authentic bohemian who had myriad contacts with artists and writers of all sorts. It was in her room, for example, that I had a vehement discussion about Zionism with the writer Otto Flake, who was well-known at the time. Flake was a member of the liberal Left and an advocate of total assimilation for German Jewry, which he expected would produce great benefits for the Germans. I was certainly the wrong person to express such views to, and our conversation reflected it. Unless I am mistaken, from then on he no longer regarded the matter as quite so simple.

Agnon was about to marry Esther Marx, the beautiful daughter of one of the most aristocratic Orthodox Jewish families in Germany. She had two qualities I considered especially memorable in those days: she was as confirmed an atheist as she was an admirer and master of the Hebrew language—a rare combination among German Jews. Esther was spending the winter in Starnberg, and Agnon proudly showed me his postcards from her, which were written in flawless calligraphy and almost flawless Hebrew. At that time I translated a good number of Agnon's shorter stories into German, some of them from manuscript, including a few perfect writings of his which later appeared in *Der Jude*. We frequently took walks together in the city, along the Isar River or in Munich's famous English Gardens, and Agnon, a tireless conversationalist, held forth about his particular likes and dislikes among Hebrew writers—especially on the contemporary scene. (I probably did my share of talking too.) We also spoke a lot about German Jewry, each of us displaying his own form of critical detachment from it. In those days Agnon had befriended a number of German intellectuals, and he was always singing their praises to me. Having come from abroad, he seemed to have a deeper intuitive understanding of many Germans than I did.

ON MY way back from Switzerland I had visited Martin Buber at Heppenheim, and he greeted the news of my decision to address myself to the Kabbalah with great interest. When I told him I was going to Munich, he produced an eight-page booklet from among his papers containing the rules and regulations of a new organization that had just been founded in Munich—the "Johann Albert Widmanstetter Society for Kabbalah Research, Inc." Along with the pamphlet—and this came as a real surprise—was his own membership card in the group dated November 5, 1918. The purpose of the Society, as stated in Paragraph 1 of its bylaws (I still have the prospectus which may be the only extant copy), was "to promote research in the Kabbalah and its literary documents, long neglected as a result of prejudice and external circumstances of a non-scientific nature." Nor was that all: the chairman and vice-chairman of the proposed board of directors were none other than my two future thesis supervisors, Fritz Hommel and Clemens Bäumker, who had never breathed a word to me about the group.

Buber filled me in on the background, explaining that the Widmanstetter Society owed its existence to one Robert Eisler, who was its "Secretary" and actually its only active member. The name meant nothing to me, stripling that I was, but Buber enlightened me. Eisler, the son of a Viennese millionaire, was an incredibly gifted man in his middle thirties, as agile as he was ambitious, with far-ranging scholarly interests as well as considerable

dramatic ability. Buber said he had published a very interesting two-volume work with the intriguing title, *Cosmic Cloak and Heavenly Canopy*, which stamped him as an original if hypothesis-happy historian of religion, but which had been received by authorities in the field with great reservations. Eisler had also performed the unique feat of earning two doctorates from the same school at the University of Vienna—one as a very young man in economics, and another one years later in art history—since it had never occurred to anyone that the two Eislers could be one and the same person. He had had himself baptized for love of the daughter of a well-known Austrian painter, but despite the gesture, his various attempts to secure a teaching position had always been thwarted. The Gentiles were made uneasy by his markedly Jewish appearance, and the Jews by his apostasy.

The idea of founding a society for Kabbalah research had been Eisler's idea, and Buber described how, through letters and personal visits, he had persuaded ten well-known scholars to lend their names to the society's sponsoring committee (whose aims, after all, made a lot of sense). Eisler had visited Buber early in 1918 and shown him the testimonials he had received from all these professors (among them the son of Heinrich Graetz, the historian, who was a professor of physics in Munich). At the same time he had submitted an essay to *Der Jude* outlining the importance of kabbalistic research for the history of religion in general and the understanding of Judaism in particular.

Buber showed me the proofs of this essay (which are still in my possession), saying he had told Eisler that though he published essays by non-Jews in his magazine, he could not very well include contributions by Jewish converts, no matter what their motives for baptism might have been. Eisler had replied that he had long since decided to return to Judaism and was just about to take this step under the aegis of the Jewish Community Council in Munich. Buber had then agreed to have the article set in type, but said he could not publish it until Eisler notified him that his "reconversion" has been accomplished. Since then, Buber had heard nothing further from Eisler, except for the prospectus which had arrived, adorned by his own name. A year and a half having now gone by, Buber assumed that Eisler had reverted to his former status, and was therefore making me a present of the article which was not going to appear but might interest me. At any rate, he suggested that I look in on this Eisler, who was living at Feldafing on Lake Starnberg.

I took Buber's advice, having first obtained a copy of Eisler's book. This inspired me to add his name to the catalogue of the imaginary university Walter Benjamin and I had founded the year before in Switzerland, with a course called "Women's Coats and Beach Cabanas in the Light of the

History of Religion." There followed one of the most bizarre encounters of my life when Eisler invited me to visit him in his little villa on Lake Starnberg which dated from his days as a millionaire's son. (During the inflation, Eisler, like almost everyone else, had lost everything, except for that house, and lived by taking in "paying guests" from England.)

I was taken first to Eisler's library, crammed to the ceiling with scholarly works about everything under the sun. A set of ten quarto volumes bound in green morocco and bearing the title *Erotica et Curiosa* caught my eye. Ever industrious, I pulled out one of the volumes to have a look, and it turned out to be a dummy, with cognac glasses and bottles of whiskey concealed behind it.

EISLER received me with open arms. After all, I was, so to speak, the angel sent from heaven to breathe kabbalistic life into his paper society. Since many of the Hebrew manuscripts in Munich, including the kabbalistic ones with which I was going to spend the next two years, derived originally from the collection of Johann Albert Widmanstetter (d. 1557)—from whom the Society had taken its name—what better person than I could have come his way? Eisler's own research in this field, as he described it (particularly his "discovery" of the true author of the Book of Yetzirah, which the Kabbalists had appropriated as their basic text), was so frivolous that it drew from me only a skeptical shudder—the more so since I was now subjecting myself to serious philological discipline.

In general, Eisler's eloquence, as fantastic as his education, was somehow not quite serious. I at any rate had never before come across such a compelling yet at the same time suspiciously glittering kind of erudition. He was, incidentally, quite without rancor at being challenged, a trait I found particularly endearing, especially since I was bound to detect the regrettable gaps in his Hebrew sooner or later. He once said to me, "I suppose you think I'm a *nebbish* philologist," but he really did not seem to take offense at my judgment of him. His fanciful syntheses overcame all the hurdles of historical criticism, and the one thing that could truly not be said of him was that he was lacking in ideas, and ideas, moreover, in such diverse areas as the proto-Semitic inscriptions in the Sinai Peninsula, the Greek mysteries, the origin of the Gypsies, the history of money, the origins of Christianity, and many others which had one thing in common: they were all rich enough in unsolved problems to allow the widest possible scope to his particular genius for synthesizing.

Hearing him lecture, one could not help but be overwhelmed by his rhetorical gifts; reading his writings, one was left speechless by the sheer wealth of quotations and references—frequently to the most obscure and far-fetched sources imaginable. I have never again seen a comparable Ras-

telli* of scholarship. Eisler's opponents (and he did not have many defenders, though a few of them were quite influential) called him, with slightly veiled anti-Semitic innuendo, a speculator who had accidentally strayed onto the field of scholarship. In short, Eisler was unique in his way. Unfortunately, no publisher who had ever brought out a book of his would have any further dealings with him, for in the course of reading proofs he would invariably rewrite the book and make it at least twice as long, so that every publication ended with a quarrel.

Through Eisler I first learned about the circle that was forming in Hamburg around Aby Warburg and his library of cultural history. This library had been the scene, in the early 20's, of a celebrated lecture by Warburg which was greeted with great enthusiasm and took up no less than 400 pages (in small print) when it was eventually published. Eisler's description of the new perspectives being explored by this group—which were to have far-reaching consequences—aroused my liveliest interest, just as my own studies aroused a corresponding interest in Hamburg from 1926 on. After two visits to the city in 1927 and 1932, I was in close scholarly contact with this circle and on friendly terms with a number of its members. (For the twenty-five years of its existence, the group had consisted almost exclusively of Jews whose Jewish commitment ranged from lukewarm to sub-zero. I used to define the three groups around, respectively, the Warburg library, Max Horkheimer's Institute for Social Research, and the metaphysical magicians around Oskar Goldberg as the three most remarkable "Jewish sects" that German Jewry had produced. Not all of them liked to hear this.)

In his dealings with me, Eisler was completely Jewish. His store of Jewish jokes and anecdotes was virtually inexhaustible, and he felt free when he was with me to pour out that Jewish heart which he kept carefully under wraps when dealing with non-Jews. I remained in touch with him until 1938, when, after some terrible weeks in a concentration camp, he managed to get to England. Then in 1946, out of the blue, I suddenly received a 250-page manuscript ("with cordial regards") containing Eisler's definitive solution of the Palestine question, for which he was seeking a publisher (he never found one).

Eisler had been pro-Zionist for years, and had written to me that he intended to leave his library to the University of Jerusalem. Now in 1946 he came up with a proposal that was truly original, and all the more so amid the anti-Zionist outbursts of the period (Ernest Bevin was in Whitehall at the time, and doing his best to liquidate Zionism): a committee consisting of three Anglican theologians and three strictly Orthodox rabbis to rule on the credentials of all Jews living in Palestine. Those who were not deemed kosher enough to be allowed to remain in the country as

pious worshippers were to be given the choice of returning to their countries of origin or (if they wanted a Jewish state) of taking possession of the second district of Vienna (the Leopoldstadt) as well as the entire city of Frankfurt am Main; these territories were to be evacuated by the Germans and placed under international guarantees as a Jewish state. After all, the Germans—considering everything they had perpetrated—had now forfeited the right to complain if Frankfurt am Main, home of the most famous of all Jewish communities in Germany, were taken from them and declared a Jewish state. Eisler proposed further that the British fleet be utilized for transport purposes.

I sent back the manuscript with a slip on which I had written just one word: "Enough." Nevertheless, my first two books, which were published in Germany in 1923 and 1927, did actually appear as volumes 1 and 2 in the series *Sources and Studies in the History of Jewish Mysticism*, edited for the Johann Albert Widmanstetter Society by Robert Eisler. These were the only signs of life ever shown by this fictitious society.

ONE day Eisler informed me that he had told the writer Gustav Meyrink about my kabbalistic studies and that Meyrink wanted to invite me to Starnberg to explain certain passages in his own writings to him. Naturally this seemed a bit strange to me. In those days Meyrink was a famous author who combined an extraordinary talent for anti-bourgeois satire (*The German Philistine's Magic Horn*) with a no less distinctive talent for mystical sensationalism. The latter quality was reflected primarily in his short stories, some of them very impressive but not quite serious, whose literary quality has been surpassed in our time only by Jorge Luis Borges. At that point Meyrink had also published two widely read mystical novels, *The Golem* and *The Green Face*, both of which I myself had read with a good deal of head-shaking over their pseudo-Kabbalism.

Thus it was with a certain amount of curiosity that I went out to Starnberg one afternoon in 1921 to make the acquaintance of a man in whom deep-rooted mystical convictions and literary charlatanism were almost inextricably combined. He showed me a few passages in his novels which he claimed not to understand and asked me to explain them to him. For someone like myself who not only knew something about the Kabbalah but also knew of its distortions and misuse in the occult writings of the Madame Blavatsky circle, this was not very hard to do. But it also opened my eyes to how an author can score points with pseudo-mysticism. I will give only one example here. In one profoundly "mystical" chapter in *The Golem* the hero experiences a kabbalistic vision. A figure appears to him whose chest is covered with

* The legendary Italian juggler, Enrico Rastelli (1896-1931).—Ed.

luminous hieroglyphs in some foreign script. The figure asks the hero whether he can read them. The chapter continues: "And when I . . . answered in the negative, he stretched the palms of his hands toward me and the inscription appeared on my chest in luminous letters which were at first in the Latin alphabet, CHABRAT SEREH AUR BOCHER, and gradually changed into letters that were unknown to me." I explained to Meyrink that the inscription must simply be the mystical name of some sort of lodge retranslated into Hebrew—something like "Lodge of Aurora's Seed," though I could not say whether or not such a lodge had ever actually existed. Not until fifty years later did I find out that the inscription was nothing but a retranslation of the name of the so-called Frankfurt Jewish lodge of the Napoleonic era, famous in the history of Freemasonry, which had been known as the Aurora Lodge of the Rising Dawn. It had simply been transcribed incorrectly by some ignoramus in one of the books in Meyrink's library.

Later, when we were drinking coffee together, Meyrink—whose undistinguished appearance (he looked like the very model of a petty bourgeois) contrasted with the fantastic stories he wrote—told me about some of his own experiences. He claimed, for example, to have cured himself by magic of tuberculosis of the spinal-cord marrow, an invariably fatal disease. Suddenly, without preliminaries, Meyrink asked me: "Do you know where God lives?" It was hardly possible to answer such a question precisely—except perhaps by quoting Rabbi Mendel of Kotzk: Wherever one lets Him in—but Meyrink answered it himself. He gave me a penetrating look and said: "In the spinal cord." This was new to me and marked my first acquaintance with the famous Yoga work, *The Serpent Power*, by Sir John Woodroffe, alias Richard Avalon, of which Meyrink probably owned the only copy in Germany at the time.

I visited Meyrink on one or two other occasions, and he never failed to astonish me. He had the idea, for instance, of publishing fictional biographies of great occultists and mystagogues and asked me whether I would be willing to write one about the most famous of all Kabbalists, Isaac Luria. He himself planned to write something of this nature about Eliphas Levi who, unlike Luria, an authentic mystic, certainly did belong in such a series. The number of writers, as we all know, who have hidden their good Jewish names behind pseudonyms is legion. But there is one rare, if not unique, case of an author who took the opposite path, namely Alphonse Louis Constant, who under the Hebrew pseudonym of Eliphas Levi published works of imaginative quackery as a *grand kabbaliste*, and by no means without success. Meyrink's last book, *The Angel from the Western Window*, was based on the same idea, describing in a profoundly mystical novel the life of Dr. John Dee, a famous scholar and occultist of Elizabethan times.

IN MUNICH I had a chance to see burgeoning Nazism at the university. The atmosphere in the city was unbearable, though this is often disregarded today or considerably played down. But there was no disregarding the giant, blood-red posters with their equally blood-thirsty slogans inviting the public to attend Hitler's rallies: "Fellow Germans are welcome. Jews will not be admitted." I was not much affected by all this, for I had long since made my decision to leave Germany, but it *was* frightening to observe the blindness of the Jews and their refusal to acknowledge what was going on. This attitude hurt my relations with Munich Jews who became extremely jumpy and angry when the subject was broached.

I finished my dissertation at the end of January 1923 and prepared for my oral examination. Hommel advised me not to open a book for the last two weeks before the exam, but instead to go for walks in the English Garden or do anything else I enjoyed doing, and forget about the exam altogether. This, he assured me, would be more valuable than any amount of cramming. A perceptive man! I followed his advice, and as it turned out did well enough in my orals to be offered *Habilitation** at the University of Munich with the prospect of a teaching appointment—provided that I present an appropriate piece of research. As I have already mentioned, research in the field I had chosen would have been a novelty at a German university. But though I did not seriously consider the offer, I was able to use it as a trump card in dealing with my father and his objections to my planned emigration to Eretz Yisrael.

As it happened, my father became gravely ill on the very next day, which was his birthday. A telegram called me to Berlin, and for a few days the doctors held out hardly any hope. Eventually he recovered, though very slowly, and from that time on had to take very good care of himself, so that my two elder brothers, who had gone into the printing business with him, took over most of the responsibilities. When my father was out of danger, I returned to Munich to ship my books and other things to Berlin.

From there I went to Frankfurt for a few days, hoping to see Franz Rosenzweig. I had been there for a short time the year before and we had met several times. I had first heard about Rosenzweig through Rudolf Hallo, a fellow student in Munich, who came from Kassel, like Rosenzweig, and had been deeply influenced by him. From Hallo I learned much about Rosenzweig's development and his turn to Judaism and it was he who early in 1920 introduced me to Rosenzweig's recently published *The Star of Redemption*, undoubtedly one of the central creations of Jewish religious thought in this century. Rosenzweig had also heard

* A post-doctoral research project required in order to secure a teaching appointment at a university.—Ed.

about me from various sources, and the two of us began corresponding. (At that time Rosenzweig still had his health and was studying Talmud with the famous Rabbi Nobel in Frankfurt.)

Every encounter with Rosenzweig furnished evidence that he was a man of genius (I regard as altogether foolish the tendency, so popular today, to abolish this category), but also that he had marked dictatorial inclinations. The decisions we had made took us in entirely different directions. He sought to reform (or perhaps I should say revolutionize) German Jewry from within. I, on the other hand, no longer had any hopes for the amalgam known as German Jewry and expected a renewal of Jewry to come about only through its rebirth in Eretz Yisrael. Nonetheless, we were certainly interested in one another. Never before (or since) had I met a person of such intense Jewish commitment as Rosenzweig, who was midway in age between Buber and me. What I did not know was that he regarded me as a nihilist.

My second visit to Frankfurt, which involved a nightlong discussion about the very German Jewry that I rejected, was the occasion for a complete break between us. I would never have broached this delicate topic, which inflamed both of us so much, if I had known that Rosenzweig was by then already in the first stages of his fatal disease, lateral sclerosis. He had had an attack which had not yet been definitely diagnosed, but I had been told he was on the mend, except for a certain difficulty in speaking which still remained. In any case, there occurred that night one of the stormiest and most irreparable arguments of my youth.

Years later, Buber and Ernst Simon asked me to contribute to a portfolio of essays which was to be presented to Rosenzweig on his fortieth birthday, and I did so. By then, he was already paralyzed and unable to speak. When I was in Frankfurt in August 1927, Ernst Simon said to me: "Rosenzweig would be very pleased if you visited him." I went, and gave an account of my work to this mortally ill man, who could move only one finger and communicated by pushing a specially constructed needle over an alphabet field which his wife spelled out into sentences. It was an unforgettable hour, one that cut me to the quick. Yet even during those years Rosenzweig produced some very impressive work, took part in the Bible translation project inaugurated by Buber, and carried on an overabundant correspondence.

UPON my return to Berlin, I reported for my *Staatsexamen* in mathematics and also bought mathematical textbooks in Hebrew to familiarize myself with the terminology I would have to know as a teacher in Eretz Yisrael. My father, who had been impressed by my doctorate after all and who thought the offer of a *Habilitation* would cure me of my "youthful follies," had my dissertation printed in his shop whenever a typesetter had a free hour or two. In those days,

at the height of the inflation, this was no small matter—for a long time it had been impossible to have dissertations published, because no one was able to raise the money. At any rate, *Das Buch Bahir* ("The Book of Bahir") was ready in a year and appeared in the Eisler series I mentioned earlier under the imprint of Drugulin, the house which was bringing out all the expressionist literature being published by Kurt Wolff in those days.

In the meantime, I continued my preparations in the field of Kabbalah. To deepen my knowledge of Hebrew literature I spent countless hours in the library of Moses Marx, Agnon's brother-in-law, with whom I had become friends after my return from Switzerland. This curious individual was the co-owner of a textile firm on Spittelmarkt, but his heart belonged to Hebrew typography and bibliography, though he scarcely understood the contents of the books he tended so lovingly and had so wonderfully bound by Berlin's most outstanding craftsmen. He was one of the many victims of the illusion—caused by the inflation—of being very rich, when in reality he had nothing left. A sensitive and vulnerable man, Marx combined intense Jewish feeling (he had embraced Zionism as soon as he abandoned Orthodoxy) with more than a trace of the typical Prussian personality. Later on I met a number of other people of this type, but Marx remained the most vivid example. We would often take the long ride together on top of the double-decker bus from the Spittelmarkt to Helmstedter Strasse at the Bayerischer Platz, where he lived. Several times I stayed at his house from seven at night to seven in the morning, browsing with fascination among the thousands of volumes in his library.

Among the books he owned was a complete set of Knorr von Rosenroth's *Kabbalah Denudata*, the most important Latin work on the Kabbalah, published between 1677 and 1684. To buy these volumes, which totalled 2,500 pages, was beyond my means, but one day Marx came to call at our house on Neue Grünstrasse to have a look at my kabbalistic collection in the making. "Well, and what are you two going to admire each other out of this time?" asked my mother, who had a gift for vivid expression. And in fact Marx did find an extremely rare little *cabbalisticum* which had appeared at Saloniki in 1546 and still had its wonderful original Turkish binding with leather tooling. I had bought it a short time before on my visit to Frankfurt for a hundred marks (then a half-dollar). "What do you want for it?" Marx asked me. "Kabbalistic books I can't swap." "Tell me anyway." "Well, if you insist, I'll make you an offer you certainly won't accept. I'll trade it for your *Kabbalah Denudata*." Marx winced and said nothing. But the next time I came to see him he suddenly blurted out angrily: "Go ahead and take it. The *Kabbalah Denudata* can always be had for money, but your old book isn't to be had for any amount." So that is how I came to own those valu-

able volumes, though it really did take fifteen years before I was able to get hold of the little Saloniki book again at an auction in Amsterdam.

BETWEEN 1921 and 1923 I had many dealings, albeit indirect ones, with the group around Oskar Goldberg. The Kabbalah was highly regarded by this group—not so much for its religious and philosophical aspects as for its magical implications about which Goldberg (the only one in the circle who really knew Hebrew) had the most extravagant notions.

Short pieces by members of this group had begun appearing in print while I was still in Munich; and some of them, particularly by Erich Unger, Ernst Fraenkel, and Joachim Caspary, displayed a high degree of intelligence. In 1922, Unger published a metaphysical diatribe against Zionism with the pretty title, “The Stateless Founding of a Jewish People,” which was really quite something. It censured practical Zionism, which the author rejected, for being deficient in “metaphysics,” but what Unger meant was not so much metaphysics as magical power (not intended metaphorically) which, according to Goldberg’s doctrine, should be possessed by metaphysically charged “biological entities.” Instead of learning how to work magic, the Zionists—according to the author—were wasting their energies on the building of villages, settlements, and similar nonsense that could not promote that Jewish “magical faculty” which needed renewal. All this was somewhat obscured by the elegant language in which the lecture was couched, but intelligent readers could not help noticing that it was the salient point of this remarkable essay. Later on, in Goldberg’s own writings, the point was expressed rather more bluntly and with appropriate invective.

Strangely enough, Buber knew nothing about the activities of these new magico-metaphysicians, but when I told him about them on one of his visits to Munich, he was reminded of an incident in which both Unger and Goldberg had figured. During the war, it seems, around 1916 or 1917, a Mr. Unger had shown up in Heppenheim to discuss an urgent matter with him. He had explained to Buber how important it was to end the war, and pointed out that there was really only one way of doing it: to establish contact with the “higher powers” guiding humanity and to persuade them to act. These forces were the Mahatmas in distant Tibet, the famous sages of the “White Lodge” invented by Madame Blavatsky, and there was only *one person* who could make contact with them. It was therefore urgent to get this person out of Germany so he could travel to India via Switzerland.

Buber told me he had been greatly astonished and had asked Unger what his own function was in all this. To his even greater astonishment, Unger had replied that Buber should use his ex-

cellent connections to secure an exit permit for Dr. Goldberg. “Those people really seemed to believe I had some sort of connection with the Foreign Office,” Buber told me, “but I had to disillusion them on that score.” As proof of Goldberg’s uncanny abilities (Buber had never heard of him) Unger presented a pamphlet entitled “The Penta-teuch, an Edifice of Numbers,” in which Goldberg “proved” through numerological calculations that the Torah must have been written by a superhuman intellect—let us say an *Elohim*. Years later I learned from Ernst David, who before his “defection” to the Zionists had belonged to the sect’s inner circle and financed Goldberg’s main work, *The Reality of the Hebrews*, that his mentor had long been one of Madame Blavatsky’s disciples.

DURING my sojourns in Berlin between 1919 and 1923 I also came in contact with a number of young scholars, somewhat older than I, who were doing research for an organization whose goal—never achieved—was the founding of an academy for the Science of Judaism. What was important about this project was that it did not entail the training of rabbis, and hence did not involve any commitment to a particular ideology or party within Judaism; rather, it was to be a pure research center at which believers, unbelievers, and atheists alike who cared about furthering the knowledge of Judaism could work peacefully side by side. Some were Zionists, some were not, but nearly all were highly gifted scholars whose names and achievements still live in Jewish studies—people like Fritz Yitzhak Baer, Hartwig David Baneth, Leo Strauss, Selma Stern, and Chanoch Albeck.

With Baer, in particular, one of the most outstanding—if not *the* outstanding—historian of my generation, I quickly established relations, as well as with Baneth, a first-rate Arabist. Baneth told me that Philip Bloch, the former rabbi of Posen and one of the last surviving pupils of Graetz, had moved to Berlin and donated his substantial library (which Baneth was then helping to catalogue) to the proposed academy. He suggested that I go to visit Bloch, who at eighty-one was still very spry and domiciled together with his library. Bloch, after all, had been *the* authority on the Kabbalah in the generation preceding mine, albeit an authority in Graetz’s own disapproving spirit, and he was the only Jewish scholar in Germany who had assembled a rich collection of kabbalistic works and manuscripts. Bloch received me very warmly—as a young colleague, so to speak—saying: “After all, we’re both *meshugga*.” He then showed me his kabbalistic collection, and in the course of admiring the manuscripts, I remarked, rather naively: “How nice, Herr Professor, that you’ve studied all this!” Whereupon the old gentleman replied: “What! Am I supposed to *read* this rubbish too!” It was one of the great moments of my life.

IN THOSE years the Zionists were a small but articulate minority in Germany. Of the Jewish population of 600,000, no fewer than 20,000 took part in the election of delegates to the German Zionist convention of 1920, a figure which—considering the voting age—indicated a marked increase in the movement's influence since the pre-war years. The overwhelming majority of German Zionists were of middle-class orientation. My own sympathies, however, lay with the radical circles espousing the social ideals of the budding kibbutz movement. The anarchist element within certain groups in Palestine came very close to my own position of that time. I can still remember the responsive chord struck in me by an article I read in 1921, by a leading figure in these circles which defined the Zionist social ideal as "the free banding together of anarchistic associations." (The author of this article later became one of the most influential would-be Stalinists, having molted in pure Marxist fashion.)

In any case, it is safe to say that the overwhelming majority of those who went to Eretz Yisrael from Germany in the early 20's were motivated by moral rather than political considerations. Emigration was a decision against a life that was perceived as a dishonest and frequently undignified game of hide-and-seek. It was a decision in favor of a new beginning which, whether motivated by religious or secular considerations, had more to do with social ethics than with politics, strange though that may seem today. In those days we did not know, of course, that Hitler was in the offing, but we did know that, in light of the task before us—the radical renewal of Judaism and Jewish society—Germany was a vacuum in which we would choke. This is what drove people like me and my friends to *Altneuland*.*

Before I took that step there were a few interludes. Under the auspices of the *Jüdisches Volkshochschule* in Berlin, I gave a course on the "History of Jewish Mysticism" in the winter of 1922 which was astonishingly well attended. It was my first attempt to present myself as a teacher in this field, and I can only shudder today when I think back on those extremely immature lectures. My students, however, included some unusual "seekers," like one of Berlin's best-known violin makers, who went on to become the abbot of a Buddhist monastery and propaganda center in Ceylon. (Thirty-five years later, he sent me a comprehensive series of Buddhist texts and analyses in English, assembled over a long period.)

The same year I became involved in a stormy polemic against the Jewish hiking club, *Blau-Weiss*, which led to my friendship with Ernst Simon. We met at the end of December 1922 and liked each other almost immediately. Simon came from an even more de-Judaized home than I, and the road he had taken was not unlike mine, although it had been determined by altogether different factors, specifically his experi-

ences in the German army during the war. In those years Simon was not only wonderful looking but also incredibly witty, quick on his feet, and a brilliant speaker; he had written a brilliant dissertation on Ranke and Hegel. Without being really Orthodox, he had decided to live in accordance with Jewish law. He too told me about the circle that was then forming around the *Freies Jüdisches Lehrhaus* in Frankfurt which had been founded by Franz Rosenzweig.

A great deal has been written about this *Lehrhaus*, whose leadership had been taken over, after Rosenzweig himself became incapacitated, by his disciple Rudolf Hallo. The true star of the enterprise was not, as one might expect, Martin Buber, no matter how crowded his courses were at first. Rather, it was Rosenzweig's great new discovery, the chemist Eduard Strauss, whose like is less frequently to be found in Jewish circles than it is among Christian revival movements. Strauss's lectures at his packed Bible sessions were the utterances of one newly awakened and moved by the spirit to speak. They can best be described, if one may be permitted the language of Christian sects, as "pneumatic" exegeses, and to this day I do not know whether any record was kept of them, for Strauss himself spoke quite spontaneously. His listeners sat as though spellbound in a magic circle. Anyone not susceptible to this kind of spellbinding simply stopped coming—which is what happened with me. With no previous Jewish background, and without any ties to Jewish tradition, Strauss was nevertheless a pure example of a Jewish pietist. Judaism as he saw it was a spiritual church, and it was precisely this aspect which I had not been able to stomach in his then widely read book against Zionism, and which drove me away from Strauss's Judaism when it was served up to me personally.

My own courses were something like the exact opposite of his. With a limited group of students who already had some knowledge of Hebrew, I read important texts in the original, keeping to precise interpretation. These were mystical, apocalyptic, and narrative sources—the very kind most likely to inspire "pneumatic" exegeses. Every morning, for example, from eight to nine, before the doctor at whose place we were studying began his consultations, I read the Zohar's explication of the Book of Ruth to a group of students which included such interesting men as Erich Fromm, Ernst Simon, and Nahum Glatzer. With a few other students I read the biblical Book of Daniel, the first apocalyptic text in Jewish literature, and a few stories by Agnon. (This gave a great deal of pleasure both to my pupils and to Agnon himself, for in those days he was not yet used to having his work read in schools.)

Besides the Jewish *Lehrhaus* there was another

* The reference is to Theodor Herzl's *Altneuland* (1902), a utopian novel in which the author delineates the creation by the Jews of a model society in the Holy Land.—Ed.

remarkable institution which created a stir among young academicians in those days. This was the "torapeutic" sanatorium, as the wags called it, located in Heidelberg where the strictly Orthodox psychoanalyst Frieda Reichmann (a cousin of Moses Marx and Esther Agnon) was attempting to combine Torah and Freudian therapy. Some of my best students and acquaintances from Zionist youth groups, such as Ernst Simon, Fromm, and Leo Löwenthal, were being treated at this sanatorium on an outpatient basis. All of them, with the exception of one, had their Orthodox Judaism analyzed away. When I next saw Erich Fromm, Frieda Reichmann's most famous analysand and my Zohar pupil, in Berlin about four years later, he had become an enthusiastic Trotskyite and pitied me for what he called my petty-bourgeois provincialism.

At this time Agnon was living outside Frankfurt at Homburg vor der Höhe, a place that attracted him not only for its scenic beauty but also, as he liked to claim, because of the old Hebrew books which had been published there over 200 years earlier. In fact, Homburg was one of the great centers of Hebrew literature. Thanks to the inflation, living in Germany was extremely cheap for people who were paid in foreign currency, so that many of the most important Jewish writers, poets, and thinkers had congregated there. There was Chaim Nachman Bialik, for example, indisputably the brightest star of Hebrew poetry and a true genius of conversation, as well as Ahad Ha'am and Nathan Birnbaum, around whom there gathered some of the outstanding minds of Russian Jewry. Such an illustrious group could hardly have been found outside of Russia or—later—of Israel.

Agnon often came in to Frankfurt, where the main second-hand Hebrew book dealers were located, and just as often I would go out to Homburg on the Number 24 streetcar which travels the same route to this day. Agnon introduced me to all these people, and Bialik accorded me a very friendly reception. A German Jew who could speak Hebrew and read kabbalistic books—Bialik had never encountered anything like it, and he maintained his friendly interest in me up until his death. Agnon frequently took me along on his walks with Bialik, and their conversations were memorable (the members of this circle spoke Hebrew almost exclusively). Agnon, who always pronounced my name in the Galician manner, used to say: "Schulem, don't forget to write down what you hear in your notebook." Well, I had open ears but no notebook, and didn't write anything down.

AFTER I had put my Berlin affairs in order, I arranged a joint passage from Trieste with a very knowledgeable, somewhat younger member of the Frankfurt circle. This was the now famous medieval scholar Fritz (Shlomo Dov) Goitein, the scion of a distin-

guished Moravian-Hungarian family of rabbis with whom I had stayed on my earlier visits to Frankfurt and with whom I got along very well. He had had an excellent Jewish education—his father had been a rural rabbi in a Lower Franconian district—and had just taken his doctorate under the direction of Joseph Horowitz, a first-rate Arabist. Goitein was a rare blend of the artistic—even the poetic—and the scholarly. A born schoolmaster, he was immediately recognized as such by the director of the Haifa secondary school, one of the most highly regarded pedagogical institutions in the country, when the latter came to Germany in 1922 to recruit qualified teachers for his school. He gave Goitein a firm contract for the fall of 1923, by which time he would have received his doctorate, and also interviewed me for a possible teaching position in mathematics. But he and I, as the expression goes, were just not on the same wavelength.

In those days, it was by no means a simple matter to secure an immigration visa to Palestine. The British mandatory government, which operated very timidly, gave the Zionist Organization a fixed annual number of "certificates," whose recipients then got a visa from the British consul. Since these certificates, understandably enough, were given almost exclusively to *halutzim* who were going to work in the agricultural settlements, to avoid cutting down on the number of such immigrants as far as possible, quite a few people procured fictitious (or, in Goitein's case, genuine) offers of employment. On the basis of these offers, they would then receive visas as specialists outside the quota. (There were also capitalist visas for persons with sufficient money who were interested in investment possibilities, but people like us did not fall into that category.)

Thus, the philosopher Hugo Bergmann, then the director of the Jewish National Library of Jerusalem (which was to serve as the library of the planned, though as yet nonexistent, Hebrew University), gave me a fictitious appointment as head of the library's Hebrew section. This had been arranged by my fiancée Escha, who had gone over as the equally fictitious fiancée of Abba Khoushi, later the mayor of Haifa. Escha and I had decided to get married in Eretz Yisrael.

Hugo Bergmann had met both of us in Berne in March of 1919, and we had been mutually impressed with one another. I had not particularly liked his essays in *Der Jude* or his writings in the Buber spirit, but I was surprised to find him totally devoid of sentimentality, open to all intellectual and social matters, and inclining to a view of Zionism that was closely akin to my own. When I wrote him early in 1923 about my intention of coming over, he sent me a very encouraging response, and Escha did the rest.

In Berlin I informed my father that I planned to emigrate at the beginning of September and that this move would dispose of the chimera of my

academic future in Germany. All my father said was: "My son, I assume you realize that you cannot expect any financial support for your undertaking from me." I replied that I fully realized this, and we did not discuss the subject further. But he did send over the shipping clerk from our print shop to help me pack my library, which already consisted of 2,000 volumes and was shipped by freighter via Hamburg. For reasons never quite clear to me, I had to send customs a typewritten list of my books, and I still have a copy of it.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER 1923 Goitein and I met in Trieste. At that time there were no boats sailing directly to Palestine. The Lloyd Triestino line sent ships only as far as Alexandria, and from there, those who did not want to take the railroad via El Arish and Gaza (built by the British during the war), took a small coastal steamer. This boat called at the various Levantine ports, including Jaffa, where Escha was waiting for me at the harbor.

I arrived in Jerusalem on September 30 and was promptly faced with a far-reaching decision, for within a short time I was offered two positions. The mathematician of the teachers' college, a Dr. Chermoni, had just received a scholarship for advanced study abroad and an immediate replacement was needed. Dr. Lurie, the head of the Hebrew school system in the Jerusalem Zionist Executive, wanted to know whether I had really studied mathematics, could present a diploma or its equivalent, and would be able to teach mathematics in Hebrew. I could answer yes to all these questions in good conscience, and Dr. Lurie offered me the job, provided I could start in a week. "You would be entitled to a salary of fifteen pounds a month," he told me, "but of course we cannot pay you, because, as you know, the Zionist Executive has no money." Instead of wages, I, like all other teachers and officials during that period, would receive a credit voucher for a consumer cooperative where I could get all the food I needed. In those days salaries were paid seven months late and it never occurred to anyone to go on strike. Everyone knew that the Zionists had no money, and if they did, they needed it for purposes of settlement. I promised to think it over.

At the same time Hugo Bergmann, who had certified the earlier, fictitious job for me, now offered me a real one as librarian of the Hebrew section of the National Library. "You're just what we need," he told me. "You know everything about Hebrew books, you're a disciplined person, and you're knowledgeable in Jewish matters. I can offer you ten pounds a month, which of course won't be paid . . ." (and so on, as above). Bergmann told me I could start right away. The working hours were from seven-thirty in the morning to two in the afternoon, which would leave me time for my kabbalistic studies. "I'll write the Zi-

onist Executive and tell them to put you on the payroll," he concluded. "The Executive never answers mail, so everything will be all right."

I weighed the two proposals; teacher of mathematics or librarian for Hebrew literature? Escha and I wanted to get married, and she was earning six pounds a month—a livable salary at the time. As a teacher I would have papers to grade in the afternoon, and who could say whether the students might not laugh at my Berlin-accented Hebrew? (The Russian accent was the predominant one in Jerusalem during those years.) In the library, on the other hand, I would be dealing with books all day, and I was interested in almost everything about them; then, too, I would have my afternoons and evenings free for my own work. So in the end I chose the position that paid less, which meant the end of my mathematics, though I kept my mathematical books on my shelves for a few more years.

Bergmann did write that letter to the Zionist Executive, and—wonder of wonders!—a reply actually came three days later. "Please dismiss Dr. Scholem immediately," it said. "Are you not aware of the fact that the Zionist Executive has no money to pay an additional librarian?" Bergmann showed me the letter. "Nu?" said I. "We'll write another letter," said he. "And in the meantime?" "In the meantime, we'll pay you out of the *schnorr* fund." The *schnorr* fund was a supply of cash that had been left behind as a good-will token by tourists from England, America, South Africa, and other countries with hard currency after Bergmann had described to them the plight of the National Library which had no budget for the acquisition of books. Thanks to this fund, I was one of the few people who received their salary in cash.

There were other signs and wonders in the Zionist Executive as well, though in the London headquarters rather than Jerusalem. Five months later a letter came from Chaim Weizmann's secretary for university affairs, Leo Kohn, with the good news that the Executive had decided to acquire the famous library of the even more famous Islamist, Professor Ignaz Goldziher of Budapest, for a future Arabic Institute at the university. They would therefore need a librarian trained as an Arabist, and wanted Bergmann to recommend one. Bergmann showed me the letter and I instantly recommended my friend Baneth from Berlin who met all the requirements. Bergmann wrote to London, and Baneth was enthusiastically approved—moreover, at a salary of 25 pounds a month. Bergmann was jubilant: "Now we've got them! In Jerusalem they can't spare ten pounds for you, and the Londoners ask whether twenty-five pounds would be enough for Baneth! I'll give them a piece of my mind and demand parity: fifteen pounds a month for each." Thus did I come to be legalized.

In 1924 I began publishing in Hebrew, and I

also edited the first three volumes of a quarterly on Hebrew bibliography which was published by the library. Since then I have written a large share of my work in that language, which was not always easy for me in the early years. Although I had had intensive instruction in Hebrew, I still had a long way to go before achieving that conversance with Hebrew thought patterns and the imagery of the Hebrew sources which makes effective expression possible. I would say that the number of German Jews of my generation who traveled this road with some success has remained below ten. But I was fortunate.

THE time of my arrival in Eretz Yisrael—the beginning of the 20's—was a high point in the Zionist movement. A segment of youth I can only characterize as glowing in its expectation of the great things that lay ahead had come to Eretz Yisrael to exert enormous efforts at founding a Jewish society that would have a productive life of its own. Despite the shadows visibly gathering on the horizon, those were important and wonderful years. People lived in a rather narrow circle, for there were not yet very many Jews in the country—when I came, for example, there were fewer than 100,000. Yet one felt a kind of great surge emanating from these young people who had made the Zionist cause their own.

What these young people possessed quite naturally—and it should never be forgotten that Zionism was essentially a youth movement—was historical consciousness, something destructively lacking in the youth movements that came into being fifty years later, for whom indeed it even became a kind of dirty idea. There was, to be sure, a dialectic concealed in this historical consciousness of the Zionists—a consciousness which I shared with all my heart and all my soul—a dialectic of continuity and revolt. But it would not have occurred to any of us to deny the history of our people once we had recognized or rediscovered it. Whatever we might have been striving for now, it was in our bones. With our return to our own history we, or at least most of us, wanted to transform it, but we did not want to deny it. Without this religion, this “tie to the past,” the enterprise was (and is) hopeless and doomed to failure from the start.

In the years ahead, other problems would come to light: were we a sect or a vanguard? Would the Jews take possession of their own history or would they not? What form should their existence take in this historical environment which they had reentered? Could their life here be established on firm foundations without the Arabs? With the Arabs? In conflict with the Arabs? On questions like these, opinions began to diverge when I came to Eretz Yisrael, but on the central question, there was no dispute.

My friends went to the new kibbutzim to put into practice the socialist way of life and socialist

methods of production. Other people remained in the cities as teachers, officials, merchants, and in some cases real-estate speculators—an almost sure-fire business venture and the inveterate subject of strife between the land reformers and the capitalists in the country. Among all these sectors, there was vital communication and also enormous hospitality. Everyone was always dropping in on everyone else, and wherever you went, you found a place to sleep—it was years before I got used to the idea of staying in a hotel occasionally. There was a time, quite literally, when hardly a house was ever locked in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv. When you went out, you left the door open and it never occurred to anyone that there might be a burglary. And in fact, there never was any stealing, but when we got home we were likely to find someone asleep in our bed—the friend of a friend who had been given our address and wanted to spend the night.

ESCHA and I were married in November 1923 and moved into two rooms in an Arab house whose walls, believe it or not, were almost four feet thick—consisting of two stone partitions separated by a space filled with bricks and the like. This served as excellent insulation, keeping the house cool in the summer and relatively warm in winter. There was no running water, no electricity, and no telephone, and so we received no bills for such services. The water came from a big cistern. In times of drought we filled it with a hundred donkey-loads of water bought from an Arab. Our house was located on the Abyssinian Road which still looked exactly as it had during the Turkish period. It started at Mea She'arim and, winding around the Abyssinian church, ended at the Street of the Prophets, a wide thoroughfare which was even paved in some places and lined with hospitals, various Christian institutions, and foreign consulates. Only beyond this street did the new Jewish district begin, though our sandy path, which was settled almost entirely by citizens already prominent, or destined to be so, was already something like a Zionist center. (The real-estate agent was a Jew who had been baptized by the Christian mission.)

Our house lay directly beyond the wall, still intact, which separated the ultra-Orthodox Mea She'arim (“One Hundred Gates”) district from the quarters of the not-so-pious. (Originally there had been only four—not a hundred—gates facing in all four directions; the district had been built in 1871 like a fortress in the middle of the rocky desert one kilometer outside the Old City of Jerusalem.) Outside the walls of this Orthodox paradise we lived, one might say, in almost allegorical fashion. The National Library was at that time just two minutes up the street, and two minutes down the street was a cluster of second-hand bookstores whose owners, thank God, knew little about the treasures they guarded, having acquired

them for next to nothing from the widows of deceased immigrants. (True, they could read, but Hebrew bibliography was unknown to them.) If my place of work was up the street, down the street was my playground.

In the years following World War I Jerusalem was saturated with old Hebrew books the way a sponge is saturated with water. Jerusalem had always been the destination of Jews from all parts of the world: they came there—most of them with their books—to pray, to study, and to die. There had been a terrible famine during the war years in which a great many people had died, but their books remained, and great masses of them lay around in the Jewish district of the Old City and in the Mea She'arim quarter.

Many books were being bought, but there was hardly any market for kabbalistic ones. To be sure, there were still the last Kabbalists in Jerusalem, gathered around the venerable center of mystic tradition and meditative prayer that had existed in the Old City for almost two centuries, but they acknowledged only one approach to Kabbalah as truly authentic, and they had no use for kabbalistic literature which did not conform to this approach, let alone for hasidic literature, which was a kind of popular Kabbalah. Thus, I was one of the few buyers on this market, and if I had had enough money I might have cornered it entirely before other collectors began to offer competition. At any rate, my growing passion for collecting was developing powerfully, limited only by my meager purse. What a great day it was for me when one of the noblest rabbis of Mea She'arim, a man who disdained all fanaticism, sold his marvelous library to provide his daughter with a decent dowry!

When I came from Germany in 1923, I brought with me 600 volumes in the field; since then I have accumulated a total of more than 7,000, and once, in my youthful folly, I even had a negative catalogue printed up, listing the books I didn't own. (The title of this catalogue was a biblical quotation which in the original means "Go in peace" [Judges 18:6] but could also be understood to mean "Come to Scholem." In Hebrew a title with a dual meaning has always been prized.) Of course I did pay a certain price for my insistence on negotiating with the book dealers only in Hebrew, for if I had spoken Yiddish with them as my most successful competitors did (including Agnon), I would have been able to acquire the books much more cheaply. I was paying for what might be called my Hebraistic fanaticism.

THOUGH the institution I worked in was called the National and University Library, the university itself was not yet in evidence, except for one building which was under construction, the Institute of Biochemistry, for which Chaim Weizmann, himself a biochemist, had raised the funds. A committee consisting of a

few Jerusalem notables carried on fruitless discussions about the coming university and its professorships, but no one else in the country believed that the project, which had been decided upon in 1913, and for which a symbolic cornerstone had been laid in 1918, would come to fruition in the foreseeable future. Nor was there any lack of skeptics and opponents. After all, there was already a sizable Jewish academic proletariat in the country in those days—was the number of unemployed Jewish intellectuals to be augmented still further by opening an institution that would issue diplomas? Many people shuddered at the prospect. Furthermore, as I have already said, the Zionists had no money, though the idea of a Hebrew University in Jerusalem was useful for propaganda purposes. Suddenly, however, events took an unexpectedly favorable turn.

In the fall of 1922 Judah Magnes settled in Jerusalem with his family. Magnes was one of the outstanding figures of Jewish public life in the United States, who at forty-five already had an extremely varied and dramatic career behind him. This extraordinary individual, whom I would come to know for twenty-five years, was a complex and very charming personality who combined the elements of an American radical, a Zionist of the Ahad Ha'am type, and a defector from Reform to Conservative Judaism with the unmistakable elements of a popular leader.

Though at first Magnes had probably planned to work in the socialist labor movement within Zionism, he soon began taking an interest in the projected university, and it was evidently he who interested the wealthy banker Felix Warburg and his wife, both of whom respected him greatly, in the idea of a Hebrew University when they visited Jewish Palestine in April 1924. At that time, Warburg was one of the most influential Jews in America, and was concerned with Jewish interests without being a Zionist. When he left the country he gave Magnes a sealed envelope containing—though Magnes did not know it yet—a substantial check for the establishment of a Jewish Institute at the university. Others followed suit, and the dream began to assume concrete form. Late in 1924 the Institute was opened, and in April 1925 the Hebrew University itself was inaugurated with great ceremony, and Magnes was named its Chancellor.

Lord Balfour, the author of the Balfour Declaration, as well as the greats of the Zionist movement from Weizmann and Rabbi Kook to Bialik and Ahad Ha'am, sat on the tribune of the amphitheater which had been carved out of the rock of Mount Scopus only a short time before. I was among the thousands who excitedly followed this ceremony, and I can still picture Lord Balfour, old and magnificent-looking, standing against the setting sun, delivering his eulogy of the Jewish people, its achievements in the past, and its hopes for the future.

IN THE meantime, a specially appointed committee of Jewish scholars began a search for the right people to grace an institute for research into all aspects of Judaism and its history. There was no thought of diplomas yet, God forbid. Rather, the search was under way for scholars who would devote themselves wholeheartedly to these studies for their own sake and not for the training of teachers, let alone rabbis. Since the most eminent scholars of the older generation, though highly sympathetic, were not willing to come to Jerusalem for more than a semester or a year, younger men were afforded an unprecedented chance to help build the new institute.

As the Jewish world was being scoured, Magnes's attention lit on me as well. Kabbalah? A very peculiar subject! But wonderfully suited to this particular institute, which was more of an academy than anything else. Though it would never occur to anyone to choose it as a branch of study, the Kabbalah fitted beautifully into the general scheme as a pure object of research and an area in which, according to the general consensus, much remained to be done. And to think that the very same young man who had really delved into this field on his own was already living in Jerusalem and would not have to be paid to relocate! But how could his scholarly qualifications be ascertained? I did, of course, have three advocates

on the committee: Bialik, Martin Buber, and Aron Freimann, but Bialik was, after all, a poet; Buber's name at that time was not exactly considered the best of recommendations, though he could not very well be disregarded; and Freimann, though an important bibliographer, was neither a philosopher nor a historian of religion.

Magnes then wrote to two universally recognized authorities—not in Kabbalah, since there were none, but in Jewish philosophy and Jewish studies generally. One was Julius Guttman, the head of the Academy Institute in Berlin, who recommended me warmly on the strength of my philosophical education and previous work. The other was Immanuel Löw in Szegedin, at that time one of the "grand old men" of the Science of Judaism. Löw was a scholar with an encyclopedic education, but his specialty was the field of botany in rabbinic literature, and he was enthusiastic about all studies combining Judaism and the exact sciences. To this day he is widely known as the author of the five-volume work, *The Flora of the Jews*; I think I am the only one who ever laughed at this strange title. Löw wrote that I should definitely be appointed. He had read my book and found two excellent pages in it on the hermaphroditism of the palm tree in kabbalistic literature. He added that the man who had written them could be relied upon.

A Placebo for the Doctor

Florence A. Ruderman

IN MEDICINE today there is a new spirit, a new openness to ideas and perceptions that come from the outside: from lay observers, from "the patient." But there are problematic aspects to this new spirit, and certainly the profession is not open to all ideas or criticisms from the outside. What is it open to? When are laymen's ideas well received? A recent instance—of a layman's account of his illness, and the profession's extraordinarily positive response*—permits us to look more closely at such questions.

I

IN 1964—at the age of forty-nine—Norman Cousins, then the editor of *Saturday Review* and a well-known author, became ill after returning home from a trip abroad. The illness involved a "general feeling of achiness" and gradually increasing stiffness or loss of motion in his neck, arms, hands, and legs. There was fever, and a sedimentation rate of over 80; this later rose to 115. (The sedimentation rate—"sed rate"—is a non-specific blood test that indicates the presence of infection, inflammation, or malignancy.) Nodules appeared on his neck and the backs of his hands. He was hospitalized and after further (unspecified) tests, was told that there was "no agreement on a precise diagnosis," but a "consensus" that he was "suffering from a serious collagen illness—a disease of the connective tissue. All arthritic and rheumatic diseases are in this category. . . . In a sense . . . I was becoming unstuck" ("Collagen . . . binds the cells together"). One or more consultants offered a more specific diagnosis: "ankylosing spondylitis"—arthritis of the spine—"which would mean that the connective tissue in the spine was disintegrating."

His doctor—a close friend of more than twenty years' standing—told him that his chances of full recovery (it is not clear whether from an unspecified "collagen disease" or ankylosing spondylitis, but the discussion seems to lean toward the latter)

were 1 in 500. A specialist said he had never seen anyone recover from this condition (which condition?): it was incurable and progressive.

Cousins says he simply refused to accept this verdict. And when he found that his doctor expected him to die, he decided to take the management of the case into his own hands.† But Cousins had taken some matters into his own hands even earlier. From the start, he assumed charge, or tried to assume charge, of hospital routines insofar as they affected him. For example: one day four blood samples were taken by technicians from as many departments. Cousins had no intention of putting up with this kind of thing. "When the technicians came the second day to fill their containers with blood for processing in separate laboratories, I turned them away and had a sign posted on my door saying that I would give just one specimen every three days and that I expected the different departments to draw from one vial for their individual needs."

In the book this is followed by a fairly comprehensive condemnation of common hospital practices :

I had a fast-growing conviction that a hospital is no place for a person who is seriously ill. The surprising lack of respect for basic sanitation . . . ; the extensive and sometimes promiscuous use of X-ray equipment; the seemingly indiscriminate administration of tranquilizers and powerful painkillers . . . ; and the regularity with which hospital routine takes precedence over the rest requirements of the patient . . . —all these and other practices seemed to me to be critical shortcomings of the modern hospital.

Cousins has since abandoned all of these criticisms. In his writing and his public appearances he has clung only to a criticism of the hospital's food—"Perhaps the hospital's most serious failure was in the area of nutrition"—citing, among other nutritional failures, unbalanced meals and processed foods.

* *Anatomy of An Illness, As Perceived by the Patient*, by Norman Cousins, Norton, 173 pp., \$9.95.

† On television he has explained that he learned of this expectation from a letter which his doctor left "on a shelf." In the book, there is nothing to indicate that a fatal outcome was expected.

FLORENCE A. RUDERMAN, a new contributor, is associate professor of sociology at Brooklyn College and is completing a book on medicine, science, and society. The present article forms part of a larger study she has done of the scientific and ethical issues involved in the Norman Cousins case.

But now Cousins is thinking about his illness and its apparently grim prognosis. He wants an interpretation of it, or of its origin. And he rapidly comes up with one. He thinks back over the days when he was in Russia as a member of a cultural delegation. He was busy and went to bed late. One day a driver took him eighty miles out of his way and he arrived at a reception hours late. During the nights, under the open windows of his hotel room, "a procession of diesel trucks plied back and forth," sending fumes into the air. And on the last day, at the airport, "I caught the exhaust spew of a large jet at point-blank range as it swung around the tarmac."

These facts provide him with causal explanation for his illness. Several days of strain (harder-than-usual work, inadequate sleep, an annoying experience) must have produced "adrenal exhaustion"; and this, coupled with exposure to "hydrocarbons" in the truck and airplane exhausts, must have produced his disease (ankylosing spondylitis?).

Having determined—to his own satisfaction—the cause of his illness, Cousins sets about finding its cure. He concentrates on "adrenal exhaustion" rather than toxic hydrocarbons. "Assuming this hypothesis was true [i.e., that he was suffering from "adrenal exhaustion"], I had to get my adrenal glands functioning again and to restore what Walter B. Cannon . . . called homeostasis."

How would he overcome "adrenal exhaustion" and get his "adrenal glands functioning again"? What would restore "homeostasis"? Again, a solution came quickly. "I remembered having read, ten years or so earlier, Hans Selye's classic book, *The Stress of Life*. With great clarity, Selye showed that adrenal exhaustion could be caused by emotional tension, such as frustration or suppressed rage. He detailed the negative effects of the negative emotions on body chemistry." The solution, then, is obvious. If negative emotions have negative chemical effects, and cause illness, shouldn't positive emotions have positive effects, and cure illness? Shouldn't "love, hope, faith, laughter, confidence, and the will to live have therapeutic value?"

Having asked the question, Cousins has already answered it. "Positive emotions" will be the cure—or at least part of it.

But there will also be another, pharmacological, part. Cousins was being given large doses of aspirin, phenylbutazone (butazolidine), codeine, colchicine, and sleeping pills. "It developed that I was hypersensitive to virtually all the medication I was receiving. . . ." (though it is not clear how this was determined). He sent one of his assistants at *Saturday Review* "to look up pertinent references"; the assistant found that these drugs can depress adrenal functioning or have other deleterious effects. Cousins decides to do without them, but not to forgo medication completely.* The

drugs act to reduce pain and relieve inflammation. He has already found a substitute treatment for pain: positive emotions. But what will combat inflammation? As always, memory comes quickly to his aid. "I recalled having read in the medical journals about the usefulness of ascorbic acid [vitamin C] in combatting a wide number of illnesses. . . . Could it also combat inflammation? . . . Did it serve as a starter for . . . the adrenal glands?"

Why not? And so his plan is complete. He will restore homeostasis, get his adrenal glands working, and cure himself of his disease, with great quantities of salutary emotions and massive doses of vitamin C.

It is a significant part of the story that Cousins's doctor supported him at every point, consenting to every step he chose to take. "He said that what was most important was that I continue to believe in everything I had said." This is a double-edged statement, although Cousins doesn't realize its irony—and quite possibly his doctor didn't either.

ALTHOUGH Cousins decided early to find a more cheerful setting for himself than the hospital, he embarked on the "salutary emotions" part of his cure while still there.

A systematic program was indicated. A good place to begin, I thought, was with amusing movies. Allen Funt, producer of the spoofing television program, *Candid Camera*, sent films of some of his CC classics, along with a motion-picture projector. The nurse was instructed in its use. . . . We pulled down the blinds and turned on the machine.

The *Candid Camera* classics were eventually supplemented with other comic films, books of humor, etc. And—the treatment works! "I made the joyous discovery that ten minutes of genuine belly laughter had an anesthetic effect that would give me at least two hours of pain-free sleep. . . ."

After some time, Cousins moves to a happier environment: a hotel. (He doesn't tell us how long he was hospitalized, or what his condition was when he left the hospital.) Here he sets up in effect a hospital room, with nurses or other attendants, IV equipment, and so on. His doctor continues to acquiesce in every decision, and the choice—indeed the invention—of "treatments," dosages, modes of administration, etc., continues to rest entirely with Cousins. And now Cousins institutes the vitamin-C part of his cure. His doctor has warned that huge doses may damage the kidneys, but Cousins has a solution. If given intravenously, and slowly, he decrees, the risk to his kidneys is minimal or nonexistent—as is any

* He does not actually state that once he decided on his own medication, he took none of the prescribed drugs. He simply implies it, or leaves the reader free to draw this inference.

risk to his veins. He decides on 25 grams over a four-hour period—more, his doctor says, than any dose on record. (On what basis he chose 25 grams—rather than 15 or 40—is not indicated. Nor are we told for how long this regimen was followed.)*

This, too, works! Cousins is getting better. Motion is returning to his thumbs and other joints. The nodules seem to be shrinking. Sleep is increasingly prolonged. And by the eighth day, there “was no doubt in my mind that I was going to make it back all the way. I could function, and the feeling was indescribably beautiful.”

Over the next months, Cousins recovered sufficiently to return to work full time. Over the next eleven years “mobility has improved. I have become pain-free, except for one shoulder and my knees.” For an unspecified period, metal braces were needed, but he no longer uses them, and “I no longer feel a sharp twinge in my wrists when I hit a tennis ball or golf ball. . . .”

WHAT conclusions does Cousins draw from what he obviously considers a near-miraculous recovery, a remarkable triumph of will and insight over incurable disease? While the story—on its own terms—would seem to imply a number of conclusions, Cousins himself stresses only two. First, “the will to live is not a theoretical abstraction, but a physiologic reality with therapeutic characteristics.” And second, “I was incredibly fortunate to have as my doctor a man who knew that his biggest job was to encourage to the fullest the patient’s will to live and to mobilize all the natural resources of body and mind to combat disease.”

II

MOST of this is contained in the first chapter of the book, which reproduces an article Cousins published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1976. The book adds little. It is mainly an extension of the basic theme: the will to live is therapeutic; positive emotion cures. In the final chapter, however, Cousins tells us that after the journal article appeared, he was asked whether there had been anything in his medical history to prepare him for the “partnership” with his doctor in the “diagnosis and treatment of [his] illness. . . .” There had been two previous experiences, he relates. First, as a child of ten he was mistakenly diagnosed as having tuberculosis—he was not ill at all—and sent to a sanatorium. But he had a positive outlook, and he got well! The second incident was ten years before the events of the book (i.e., at age thirty-nine), when he was found to have a heart condition. He was advised to stay in bed, avoid exertion, etc., but he chose to ignore this advice, to remain active and exercise. Years later, the famous cardiologist Paul Dudley White told him he had done the right thing.†

And so, on three occasions, Cousins deliberately bypassed his doctors, ignored their advice, set aside the standard treatment—and got well. He could have said that on one and possibly two of the three occasions medicine grossly misdiagnosed his case; and that on all three occasions it advised the wrong treatment—or at least not the treatment he believes made him well. But this would have led to serious questions about the reliability of medical diagnosis and the soundness of standard treatment—and this is not what Cousins cares to pursue. Of course he was right, in rejecting standard medicine, substituting his own theories and cures, and so on, but medicine is fine, too. “Has my respect for the medical profession diminished as a result of the three episodes? Just the opposite.” Why? The letters he has since received have convinced him that “Most doctors recognize that medicine is just as much an art as it is a science and that the most important knowledge in medicine . . . is the way the human mind and body can summon innermost resources to meet extraordinary challenges.”

THE publication of Cousins’s article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* was itself an event, since that prestigious forum rarely carries laymen’s discussions of medical subjects, or their own accounts of their illnesses. In commenting on the article in the issue, the editor, the late F.J. Ingelfinger, was somewhat tongue-in-cheek, but not at all critical. He made no attempt to evaluate the substance of Cousins’s story, or to indicate why—without this evaluation—it was deserving of such attention. But publication in the *NEJM* gave Cousins’s account a certain medical cachet—and was the first cheer in what eventually became a resounding chorus of medical acclaim. And it is this acclaim that gives Cousins’s story its broader significance. There were, apparently, no questioning or critical letters received by the journal after publication of the article: those published in a later issue (March 31, 1977) speak of the article’s “tremendous impact” and “the deep implications behind [Cousins’s] words of wisdom. . . .”

* Cousins tells us he “tested” his cures by comparing his sed rate before the “laughter episodes” and some hours after them—i.e., later in the day. “The drop by itself was not substantial [about 5 points] but it held and was cumulative.” He did this again—apparently once—with the ascorbic acid treatment; again the sed rate showed a drop over the course of the day. Of course he never considers the possibility that the rate was dropping because he was recovering—i.e., the attack was subsiding. But it is surprising that in all of the years since, no one has told him that since he did not make the same comparison in the absence of his “treatments,” or with control substances substituted “blind,” he cannot claim that the steady drop in the sed rate was produced by his “treatments.”

† The cardiac disease, too, is only vaguely described, and Cousins does not indicate whether it remains. And, he says, “there were other factors in my case that might not apply to others”—but doesn’t tell us what they were.

They describe the writing as "beautiful" and hail Cousins as "a true scientist."

Even more remarkable were the letters to Cousins himself—"some 3,000 letters from doctors in about a dozen countries"—in support and appreciation. I believe this is unprecedented: I wonder whether any scientist, any doctor, who made a major contribution to medicine, could boast of a similar outpouring from the profession. Since then—according to the book's dust jacket—the article has been reprinted in medical journals in fourteen countries, and "some two dozen medical schools use it for instructional purposes." Five medical schools invited Cousins to join their faculties; he is now senior lecturer in medical humanities at the School of Medicine of the University of California at Los Angeles. Cousins is asked to lecture at medical schools, to address AMA conferences; and he serves as consultant to some 200 doctors and their patients. (This last piece of information comes from one of his recent television appearances.) He has been named consulting editor of *Man and Medicine*, *The Journal of Values and Ethics in Health Care*, published at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. His book—a Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate selection—has become a national best seller. There can be no doubt that the prior medical acclaim, set off by the *NEJM* publication, is the base on which the book's popular success rests.

III

WAS Cousins's gradual and good, but not total, recovery the remarkable triumph of will and insight that he believes it was? And what is it that made such a large—and influential—part of the medical profession hail the article and lionize its author?

Let us look at the story more closely, and ask some of the questions that neither Cousins nor his admiring medical readers found it necessary to ask.

First, what *was* Cousins's illness? Was it arthritis? Ankylosing spondylitis? Remarkably, Cousins never answers this question directly and unequivocally. Was it a disease that is generally fatal, or at least invariably progressive and irreversible? Clearly the entire story hinges on Cousins's overcoming overwhelming odds. (In his commentary, Ingelfinger noted this, but—in effect setting the tone for the subsequent medical response—saw no need to pursue the point: in the groundswell of enthusiasm thereafter, every logical, every substantive, question became irrelevant.)

Cousins mentions that there was no agreement on a diagnosis, beyond that of a "serious collagen illness." This is a very broad, even vague classification: on this basis no definite prognosis could be made. Collagen diseases are highly diverse and

poorly understood; they may run variable, unpredictable courses. There are all levels of severity. And they are not, as a category, inevitably progressive and unremitting. Cousins himself notes that a major subdivision is rheumatoid arthritis—which has many forms.

It seems entirely possible that what Cousins had was an acute attack of an arthritic condition which then subsided, slowly, *but quite naturally*. All of the symptoms he describes are compatible with a severe bout of arthritis: fever, pain, stiffness, nodules, a high sed rate. If any other symptoms—or other diagnostic measures—pointed to some other, rapidly progressing, irreversible condition, he doesn't mention them. There were other laboratory tests: Cousins doesn't identify them or tell us what they showed. There must have been X-rays: he never refers to them. Did X-rays—over some period of time—show a rapidly or even consistently progressing "disintegration" of his spine? Why was there no agreement on the diagnosis? There must have been some area of uncertainty, some ambiguity. Cousins never goes into this. Above all, how could it have been determined, in an apparently brief hospitalization, with the sed rate the only disclosed test—and this was dropping steadily before he left the hospital—that his condition would be progressive and irreversible? Ankylosing spondylitis—if this is what Cousins had—is not a fatal disease; and remissions—after ten or more years (as in Cousins's case)—occur, with stabilization and a normal life course.*

It is interesting that while Cousins creates his own etiology for the disease and adopts his own cures in preference to the medically accepted treatment, he never questions the diagnosis or the prognosis he was given. Could *these* have been in error—or overstated? Could his recovery have been a routine event? He is willing to question all other aspects of his case; why not these, too? The answer, of course, is patent: to admit *these* questions deprives him of a story—and wipes out all of his glory.

Now let us look at Cousins's cures. First, the vitamin-C cure. Cousins shuttles back and forth between attempts to prove that vitamin C is a specific treatment for arthritis and related diseases, and a perfect willingness to believe that it "worked" in his case as a placebo: it worked because he believed it would work. ("Two or three . . . doctors . . . have commented that I was probably the beneficiary of a mammoth venture in self-administered placebos. Such a hypothesis bothers me not at all. . .") But vitamin C was

* Indeed, the entire presentation makes one wonder whether Cousins wasn't simply told that *total recovery* from ankylosing spondylitis is rare. And this, after all, is true: by his own admission—again not in so many words—he hasn't "totally" recovered.

not an accepted treatment for arthritic conditions at that time—and it isn't now. It is fascinating that doctors, in hailing the article—and Cousins himself—failed to realize that their enthusiastic and uncritical response would seem to lend credence to claims that vitamin C is therapeutic in arthritic—or collagen—diseases.

There is, of course, Cousins's fall-back argument: it worked as a placebo. But on this ground a claim may be made for *anything* a patient may hit on, any cure or panacea he may have heard of or read about: brewer's yeast, laetrile, etc. (Incidentally, one of the toxic drugs Cousins boasts of having rejected is aspirin: if his illness were happening *today*, he might well decide to cure himself with aspirin, which is rapidly becoming the new panacea, the vitamin C of the 80's.)

There is another question in Cousins's drug treatment that he brushes up against, but characteristically is neither willing nor able to pursue systematically. It is possible that vitamin C "worked" in Cousins's case neither pharmacologically nor psychologically, but simply by substituting for other, possibly more dangerous drugs. That is, we may doubt that Cousins was helped by what he took—the massive doses of vitamin C—but clearly he made a good recovery without the drugs that are standard in such cases.* And this may, very often, be the value of the "placebo": it frees the patient from other (standard or experimental) drugs, which may overwhelm the body's defenses, or create diseases of their own—whose harmful effects may be greater than their benefits.

Interestingly, the history of medical treatment of ankylosing spondylitis provides striking illustrations of exactly this: that the treatment may sometimes be at least as dangerous as the disease. Thus it is now recognized that patients do not die of ankylosing spondylitis, but in the past many did die of leukemia that resulted from—useless—radiation for it. Similarly, surgery was formerly resorted to—but is now recognized as being of no value in the disease, except in certain limited situations. Cousins's theories and treatments are humbug—but they may have spared him prolonged treatment with a multiplicity of powerful—and dangerous—drugs. Tragically, humbug is sometimes less dangerous than accepted treatment; and resistance—based on humbug, instinct, whatever—is sometimes better than compliance with highly fallible expertise.

Should doctors have given no thought to Cousins's "cures"? Should factual questions not have been raised before the author was hailed as a "true scientist"?

WHAT about the other part of Cousins's cure—the "salutary emotions" part?

Did Cousins bring about an extraordinary

mobilization of his body's recuperative powers with *Candid Camera* and the rest of it? I have a strong feeling that those who can find solace for the ills of the world, and for their own supposedly crippling and possibly fatal illnesses, in *Candid Camera* and similar "classics," are nearly indestructible in any case. I have the same feeling in regard to those who think that the operation of their body's natural processes is somehow due to their own brilliance or originality. This is the mentality of the cock who perceives clearly that his crowing made the sun rise. But again, taking the account on Cousins's own terms, and using only the facts which he himself provides, did the remarkable level of "salutary emotion" Cousins claims for himself derive from the movies, the jokebooks, and so on? Is the will to live so easily manipulated, so dependent on trivial, superficial agencies, in anyone, even in Norman Cousins?

Let me say at once that I believe "positive emotions" play a role in health. But the "positive emotions" that are a force in maintaining life, well-being, resistance to disease, recuperative or regenerative capacity, are those that stem from deep, relatively constant levels of one's psychological nature, one's inner being. They are affected by long-term circumstances of life and by major life events. (On the deepest level, these forces are purely biological and to a great extent autonomous.) And here, just as I think that if Cousins's drug cure had any value it was not through what he took but through what he escaped from, so I believe that if "positive emotions" operated in Cousins's case at all, they did so not through the acts or thoughts for which he takes credit, but through his extraordinary freedom from all inner and outer stress: from any possible negative reality. There is nothing in what Cousins tells us (or what we know or can infer of the man himself) to suggest any serious emotional or intellectual strain, any stressful life circumstances. The pressures and constraints—the anxieties, frustrations, turmoil—of other lives, are not even dreamed of here.

It is, indeed, this same restriction to trivia that makes Cousins's etiological explanations as unconvincing as his explanations of his cures. If a few days of moderate exertion, an annoying but basically unimportant experience with a taxi, and brief exposure to truck and airplane exhausts, cause, instantly, in a presumably healthy man of forty-nine or fifty, "adrenal exhaustion" (whatever that is) and ankylosing spondylitis, it may not be surprising that *Candid Camera* and jokebooks cure

* It is important to remember that Cousins never actually states that he totally stopped taking the standard drugs: this is simply implied. Neither does he tell us whether, after the brief acute stage described in the article, he continued to take massive doses of ascorbic acid over the long—eleven-year—period of his recovery. Everywhere, crucial facts are omitted or blurred.

these conditions. Cousins's causes of disease, and his cures, are indeed well matched.

But there is another aspect of Cousins's "positive emotions" which is crucial here—and which Cousins ignores. One of the most tragic effects of major illness is the sense—the realistic sense—of loss of control over one's life, and over one's environment. Hospitals—to some extent medical care itself—foster this sense of helplessness, of impotence. The seriously ill patient is deliberately rendered helpless, denied control over anything that has to do with his illness or his care; even information about his condition, or his treatment, is often withheld; there may be deliberate mystification; the patient is treated as irrational, incompetent, and allowed only to be passive and "compliant." This deprivation of intelligence, self-determination, dignity, is a further burden in what may already be an overwhelmingly negative reality.

Cousins's experience was totally different. The treatment he got—from his doctor, and from the hospital—was almost completely unlike what almost anyone would get, from almost any doctor, in almost any hospital. Cousins is in charge at every point. He can choose to be hospitalized—or to set up his own hospital room in a hotel; to take the standard drugs—or to direct his doctor to institute unconventional, unapproved (and even dangerous) treatments of his own devising. He knows that he will be listened to, deferred to; whatever he chooses—whatever he "remembers having read"—will be done, by his doctor and other personnel—even when his doctor does not believe in these notions himself. He issues decrees regarding laboratory procedures (recall his "turning away" the technicians who came for blood samples, and the posted notice: even the tone is remarkably high-handed). When he decides he needs slapstick movies, they are sent in, a nurse is turned into a projectionist, the blinds are pulled down—and other patients, and hospital requirements, be damned.

Incidentally, in boasting of his hotel option—as of everything else—Cousins assures us that a hotel room costs only one-third what a hospital room costs. Of course he never considers that in a hotel one must make private and surely quite complicated arrangements for nurses, technicians, hospital equipment, as well as for food and other services; apparently all of this was taken care of for Cousins—he never even mentions it. Then, too, most doctors will not go along with such arrangements—and insurance plans are unlikely to cover self-prescribed hospitalization, and patient-invented procedures, in a hotel room. Actually, such an arrangement would, for most people, be very much *more* expensive than a hospital room: in fact, completely infeasible and unrealistic. But realities of this sort are utterly foreign to Cousins. Also, one would have supposed that non-hospital

care could be more easily arranged at home. Cousins never tells us why he chose hospitalization-in-a-hotel.

The trivial elements in Cousins's story—telling patients to cure themselves with movies, with belly laughs—cannot be separated out from the more serious elements which Cousins took for granted, but blurs in the presentation: his freedom to choose his own drugs and treatments—to reject whatever he believes is harmful to him; his confidence that his doctor will do whatever he (Cousins) wants him to do; his social and economic freedom to create alternatives—to move to hotels, to set up his own hospital; and so on. The kernel of truth here is not that Cousins was either wise or original in cultivating "positive emotions," but that to an extraordinary extent, he hardly needed to: there are hardly any "negative" realities in Cousins's life, thoughts, or feelings—or in the features of his medical care, as he describes them. This state did not come about from an appreciation of *Candid Camera*, or from a unique mobilization of inner resources—but from being what he is, and from his life, and medical, circumstances. In fact, nothing in Cousins's presentation, self-serving as it is, suggests any particularly strong "inner resources"—rather, everything points to an impressive mobilization of *outer* resources: social, economic, and medical. (And at that, it may all have had little to do with his recovery)

THERE are many questions involved here, which have been completely ignored by Cousins and his medical admirers. For example, should *all* patients have the same rights and freedom that Cousins had? If not, why is it inspiring that such rights and deference were accorded to Cousins? Under what circumstances should doctors allow patients to choose their own drugs, invent their own routines and regimens—in effect, direct their doctors? When the patient has a foggy notion of "adrenal exhaustion" or a contentless echo of "homeostasis"? When he remembers having read, somewhere, that X may be useful in a "wide number of illnesses"? When he is a celebrity? When he has a need to believe whatever he happens to have said?

How was it possible for so many doctors to greet Cousins's account with enthusiasm, and ignore every substantive and ethical issue in it?

IV

TO sum up, then: every scientific, medical, social, and ethical issue involved in his case—as Cousins himself describes it—is skirted, muddled, or totally evaded. Instead of pursuing any critical point, Cousins provides an uplifting sermonette, an inspirational (and scientifically worthless) ramble. For doctors, he ends with praise and "increased confidence"; for the rest of us, with the message that we can cure our-

selves, by salutary emotions, by the will to live, by belly laughs. Of course this appeals to some part of the general public, as does every self-help, triumph-over-tragedy promise, no matter how flimsy. But—despite obvious disingenuousness and the absence of scientific or even logical thought—it clearly appeals as well to some part, indeed an influential part, of the medical profession, which also wants to believe that patients can cure themselves, if only they want to. (“Good patients get well.”) Consciously or unconsciously, many doctors react to the incurably ill, the chronically or terminally ill patient, with hostility. Doctors, too, want miracles. Doctors, too, want a guru. They, too, want an escape from the complexities and frustrations of medical diagnosis and treatment; they, too, want the cheerful certainties of a pseudo-philosophy in place of the unending search of science. They, too, want simple, positive answers—especially those which seem to absolve the profession from failures and blunders; they, too, want cures which are painless to themselves and carry no onus of responsibility.

Should medicine *not* admit lay examinations

of medical care; should it reject out of hand the patient's views, insights, knowledge? Of course not. There should in fact be much more openness—much more receptivity—than there is now. But true openness, true receptivity, involves a willingness to examine, honestly and seriously, what a non-doctor says about medicine, his disease, or his treatment. This is not what happened with Cousins's *Anatomy of an Illness*. Rather, the unrestrained enthusiasm in this case, coupled with the total absence of serious evaluation of the account—or any substantive or moral issue involved in it—has the unhappy effect of suggesting that, ultimately, what is sought, what is welcomed in “laymen's contributions,” is what consciously or unconsciously corroborates or panders to medical prejudices or stereotypes: in this instance, the comforting assurance that patients can cure themselves, if only they will “think positively.” Cousins created an illusion of criticism—and the medical enthusiasm for him creates an illusion of openness.

Medicine must bear a responsibility for creating “heroes,” “experts,” and “therapies” with such morally and intellectually dubious foundations.

Isaiah Berlin's Enlightenment

Sidney Hook

ISAIAH BERLIN's third volume of collected essays, *Against the Current*,* falls within the area of historical sociology. This is the last of the twelve divisions in which Arthur O. Lovejoy, the father of the academic discipline known as the history of ideas, charted the interests and themes customarily explored under that rubric. The field is concerned, among other things, with the ruling ideas, the climates of opinion, the underlying intellectual currents and tendencies that affect historical and social development.

As these and other writings attest, Isaiah Berlin has emerged since Lovejoy's death as the most distinguished explorer of a vast area of thought in the humanities and social studies. The intellectual styles of Lovejoy and Berlin, however, are quite different and achieve their respective effects of excellence in different ways. Lovejoy was concerned with the intricate structure of argument and had an unerring eye for the weaknesses, breaks, and lacunae in the logical connecting tissues. Biographical details about the thinkers he discussed were at best peripheral: one gets little sense of the flavor and texture of their personalities. Berlin, on the other hand, relates the ideas of his protagonists more closely to their times and lives. Without neglecting the main articulation of the arguments, he presents them more dramatical-

ly. The history of thought in his quick-paced exposition unrolls as an exciting battlefield of ideas.

Berlin's special virtue lies in the skill and imaginative power with which he restates the positions of the thinkers he expounds. This sympathetic insight and persuasiveness sometimes make more credible than the original texts themselves how and why ideas that at first sight appear odd or bizarre seem plausible and valid to those who hold them. The result is that Berlin's essays possess a compelling interest; they convey a sense of the *actualité* of the past to our own times and conditions.

THE title of this collection expresses the underlying theme of most of the essays. They are devoted to thinkers and movements that contest the central ideas of the Enlightenment and beyond that of the entire Western, rational, scientific tradition. Among these Enlightenment ideas are the views that "human nature was fundamentally the same in all times and places," and that "one set of universal and unalterable principles governed the world [of] inanimate and animate nature, facts and events, means and ends, private life and public, all societies, epochs, and civilizations. . . ." These dogmas of the Enlightenment were already challenged in the early 18th century by Vico in his criticism of the Cartesian precursors of scientific rationalism. Even earlier, Machiavelli, too, had rejected the foundation stone of pious rationalist moral faith.

Berlin summarizes the more frontal attack on the assumptions and presuppositions of the Enlightenment launched by German thinkers like Hamann, Herder, Fichte, and Schelling with able assists from

Burke, Rousseau, and de Maistre. What they rejected in the philosophy of the Enlightenment was its emphasis on the universal, the objective, the cosmopolitan, and the rule of law. They contended that these abstractions could not do justice to the particular, the historical, the parochial, the wisdom of the idiomatic, the spontaneity of the creative mind, the ineffability and mystery of the individual as well as the national spirit. These are the concrete modes in which we encounter experience.

The counter-theses to the doctrines of the Enlightenment and the Western scientific tradition as applied to human affairs are stated by Berlin in chapters on "The Counter Enlightenment," "The Divorce Between the Sciences and the Humanities," "Nationalism," and supplemented by chapters on Vico, Machiavelli, Hume, Hess, Herzen, Sorel, Marx, and Disraeli.

In the chapters devoted to Vico, Berlin presents an eloquent case for the view that there are two radically different approaches to the world represented by the tradition of the sciences and that of the humanities. The first takes as its model the basic pattern of inquiry of the natural sciences, which it regards as applicable to all disciplines and areas of experience. The second is concerned with the values that are central to culture and history, an area in which there is no cumulative growth of knowledge but only growth of insight and understanding won by "informed imagination" and intuition.

Although the thought of the Enlightenment is a preeminent illustration of the scientific approach, Berlin attributes this mode of thought to the entire intellectual tradition of the West from Greek antiquity to contemporary positivism. He dates the first formulation of the notion that we are here confronted with two irreducibly different approaches to the world to Vico, the Neapolitan philosopher.

* Viking, 375 pp., \$15.95.

SIDNEY HOOK, professor emeritus of philosophy at New York University, is currently a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University. His books include *From Hegel to Marx*, *The Hero in History*, and the recently published *Philosophy and Public Policy* (Southern Illinois University Press).

Berlin himself firmly shares Vico's view. He is familiar with the enormous difficulties this dualistic approach to knowledge faces—for example, how can we test the truth of an insight or attribution of motives without ultimate reference to behavior?—but they are not here explored.

ANOTHER thinker who preceded the Enlightenment, the implication of whose doctrines, according to Berlin, shattered a cardinal principle not only of the Enlightenment but of the entire Western world since the fall of Rome, was Machiavelli. To him Berlin devotes a masterly essay based on a scholarship so comprehensive as almost to terrify the reader into a state of humility. In it he argues that the true originality of Machiavelli is his recognition that there exist at least two sets of ultimate virtues or moral systems that are incompatible in principle and irreconcilable in practice, and that therefore there is no answer or even sense to the question of what, morally and politically, is the best way of life. Berlin contends that it is a vague sense of this frightening truth that inspires the horror of so many of Machiavelli's readers, as much as their revulsion at what he specifically condones and prescribes in the behavior of his Prince. For on Berlin's view, Machiavelli takes for granted, as the supreme end, the existence and health of "a state conceived after the analogy of Periclean Athens, or Sparta but above all the Roman Republic," whose vital functioning requires the deceptions and murders and the other evil things that we associate with Machiavellian policy.

It is perhaps presumptuous for someone who can make no claim to scholarly competence in this field to raise a question about the validity of these views. But a minor difficulty initially presents itself. If what Machiavelli is doing is glorifying the ethos of ancient Greece and Rome by explicating the rationale of its statecraft in relation to its values, why is it that we do not experience the same horror and revulsion when we immerse ourselves in the study of the culture of antiquity as when we read Machiavelli's advice to those who

would rule the state? And granting our disapproval of slavery, and the mitigating influence of Christianity, how do we account for the prolonged and systematic inculcation of the values of classical civilization in the educational systems of Western Europe, often accompanied by dispraise of Machiavelli, its troubador?

What is objectionable in Machiavelli's outlook is not the attitude expressed in the famous paragraph of *The Discourses* in which he writes: "When it is absolutely a question of the safety of one's country, there must be no consideration of just or unjust, of merciful or cruel, of praiseworthy or disgraceful; instead, setting aside every scruple, one must follow to the utmost any plan that will save her life and keep her liberty." Italicize the word "absolutely" and we have a position which many of Machiavelli's critics would share when confronting an enemy that would extinguish national existence and freedom. This position does not deny that evil things must sometimes be done—after all, injustices and cruelties are unavoidable in any war; it justifies them on the ground that they are necessary to avoid greater evils.

The impression of the reader of this passage and of *The Prince*, however, is not that this attitude was valid in Machiavelli's eyes only in exceptional circumstances or in extreme situations but, as Berlin himself insists, in normal everyday life. The result is the impression that Machiavelli is advocating terror *en permanence*, the breakdown of all norms of legality, at any real or imaginary threat to the political order. If the Prince regards the country as always in a critical, desperate condition, it is always in a state of incipient or actual civil war. No community whose rulers so conceived its condition could sustain itself except by a barbarous tyranny certain to destroy republican liberties. J. N. Figgis, whose view Berlin mentions only to dismiss it out of hand, seems to me to be perfectly correct in asserting that to adopt these procedures as a rule, as a mode of normal life, rather than when it is truly a question of the actual safety and survival of the

lives and freedoms of the citizens of the community, is to suspend "the *habeas corpus* acts of the whole human race."

BUT the correctness of Berlin's reading of Machiavelli's intent or of the reasons for posterity's shocked rejection of his counsel has no bearing on the validity of what Berlin regards as Machiavelli's "cardinal achievement." This is to have brought home in vivid fashion the disturbing truth "that ends equally ultimate, equally sacred, may contradict each other, that entire systems of value may come into collision without possibility of rational arbitration, and that not merely in exceptional circumstances . . . but (this was surely new) as part of the normal human situation." This truth is not as new with Machiavelli as Berlin suggests. Intimations of it are to be found in Greek thought and even in such religious thinkers as Augustine and Pascal. Every form of naturalism is committed to some variant of it.

Most human beings (except hopeless fanatics) have plural and, taken in specific contexts, conflicting ends in life. In our own moral economy we mediate these conflicts by assessing the consequences of alternative actions on the whole constellation of values that are relevant to the problem at hand and selecting what promises to have the most prosperous issue with the least costs. *But there are always costs.* The phenomenology of the moral experience reveals that our starting point is always a conflict between the good and the good (or the right and the right).

The graver and more complex problems, of course, are those that arise on an interpersonal and intercultural level. And I summarize a position that would require a volume to do justice to by saying that the possibility of developing a common morality depends upon our finding a shared interest on which we can either build or, despite basic differences, live and let live. In the absence of a shared interest, even if it is no more than the desire for peace or a tolerance for what is radically incommensurable, war may result. One may be convinced that this view is true and yet

remain unpersuaded that Machiavelli implicitly held it or that it "follows from the contrasts he draws between the conduct he admires and that which he condemns." The civic virtues of Athens and Rome would never have emerged had the conduct Machiavelli admired become the norm and rule of daily life. Nor, I suspect, would the society resulting from this permanent terror have been one in which he himself would have wanted to live.

THE chapters on Moses Hess and Disraeli and Marx concern themselves not so much with thinkers who are critics of the Enlightenment as with the "search for identity" occasioned by the consequences of the Enlightenment for the Jews of Western Europe. The essay on Hess is not only a sympathetic exposition of Hess's ideas but a tribute to him as a human being of singular moral purity and who, with respect to the position and future of European Jewry, was uncannily perceptive. It does something to redress the incomplete and patronizing treatment of Hess by those, including this reviewer, who in the past have evaluated Hess's contributions only in the light of their relation to Marxism and ignored his remarkable anticipations of the case for Zionism. History has vindicated Hess's insight that socialism as a movement owes its persistent renewals more to its ethical appeal than to economic interests.

Although Berlin disclaims the role of a psychologist, in his fascinating chapter on "Disraeli, Marx, and the Search for Identity" he offers an explanation for Disraeli's proud and inflated consciousness of himself as a Jew and as a descendant of the Jewish aristocracy of King Solomon's time, and for Marx's systematic dispraise of Judaism and anti-Semitic remarks about Jews, in terms of their respective experience as outsiders of their communities. More specifically, he attributes their divergent views and emotional judgments about Jews to a consuming desire to be different from what the conventional prejudice about Jews assumed them to be, to escape from

the constraints, discriminations, and social punishments that were visited on Jews, and to the "self-hatred and self-contempt" bred among those who despite themselves secretly wish to belong to the favored groups that despise them. In Disraeli's case this led to the aristocratic elite with whom he identified; in Marx's case to the espousal of the cause of the proletariat. Berlin maintains that the psychological need to overcome the taint of their origins was largely at the root of Disraeli's hostility to the methods of scientific inquiry and of Marx's faith in his dialectical teleology.

The chapter reads with the gripping plausibility of a well-written novel. But some questions emerge to break the spell it weaves. Except for the element of absurd exaggeration both in Disraeli's apotheosis of the Jews and in Marx's denunciation of them, what evidence exists that either was motivated by a compelling desire to transcend his origins? Surely not all Jews to whom Orthodoxy was no longer credible, or who were nurtured in a secular environment, were impelled to seek a new identity? Or are we to infer the phenomenon of self-hatred as an inescapable consequence of anti-Semitism?

"What does seem clear," Berlin writes, "is that Marx was a man of strong will and decisive action, who decided once and for all to destroy within himself the source of the doubts, uneasiness, and self-questioning which tended to torment men like Börne, Heine, Lassalle, and a good many others including the founders of Reform Judaism. . . ." But in all the voluminous writings of Marx there is not a line to indicate that Marx had any doubts, uneasiness, and self-questioning about himself as a Jew. As for Disraeli, Berlin quotes him as saying: "Fancy calling a fellow an adventurer when his ancestors were on intimate terms with the Queen of Sheba. . . ." Whatever else this signifies, it is not "self-hatred."

THE subtitle of Berlin's concluding chapter on nationalism is "Past Neglect and Present Power." In it he reveals that Marx was not alone in misconstruing the significance and enduring influence of nationalism.

He maintains that no one anticipated that nationalism would exert the powerful influence it has had in the last third of our century. By nationalism he means not national sentiment, not xenophobia, not patriotism conceived in Santayana's phrase as "piety for the sources of one's being" which includes love of country and pride of ancestry. He defines it, rather, as a complex sentiment consisting of four elements: "belief in the overriding need to belong to a nation; in the organic relationships of all the elements that constitute a nation; with value of our own simply because it is ours; and, finally, faced by rival contenders for authority or loyalty, the supremacy of its claims."

I would modify this somewhat by suggesting that the first element is not the belief in the overriding need to belong to a nation but to *this* nation (an individual prepared to transfer his allegiance from one nation to another cannot be considered a nationalist). Further, the belief in the organic nature of culture and the loyalty to our nation because it is our own, like the love of our children and parents because they are our own, is closer to what is ordinarily regarded as patriotism than to modern nationalism. It is Berlin's fourth ingredient—the belief in the supremacy of one's nation *über Alles* when conflicts or difficulties with other nations arise—which makes the decisive difference. No one seems able to explain why and how legitimate patriotic feeling becomes transformed into chauvinism or jingoism or whatever name we give to fanatical nationalism; why the virus of nationalism sometimes gets out of hand and results in a kind of self-infection. Minority peoples in identifiable areas of large sovereign states get bitten by the nationalist bug and seek their future in a revival of the glories and myths of their past. Malaysia rather than Switzerland threatens to be the paradigm for multiracial or ethnic nations of our time.

Thomas Masaryk once asserted that the only thing that would ever unite the nations of the earth and abate the raging fever of nationalism would be a threat to their sur-

vival from denizens of outer space. And history shows that the necessity of struggling against a common enemy is a unifying force. But not always. Churchill's offer to France of a national union when Hitler was in the ascendancy was not accepted. And explain it as one will, the threat of Communism to Western Europe has so far not led to an impressive degree of co-operation and willingness to sacrifice, or to evanescence of fanatical nationalisms.

Why should it be so difficult for a good German or good Frenchman to be a good European, or for a good European to be a citizen of the world? Do not human beings have reasonable grounds for believing that what they have in common, when a conflict arises, is more important than what divides them? The crucial element that is too often missing is this desire to seek reasonable grounds.

ASIDE from what may be said by way of comment on Berlin's treatment of individual thinkers, there remains the larger issue of the conflict between the Enlightenment and its opponents which he takes as his main theme. Berlin is well aware of the complexity of this theme, and of how variant are the intellectual emphases in those loosely classified as Enlightenment thinkers as well as their critics and enemies. After all, if thinkers like Diderot, Rousseau, Hume, and Kant are to be considered figures of the European Enlightenment, their differences are in some respects much more important than their similarities. And if we stretch the term "irrationalism" to include all those who entered the lists *against* the Enlightenment, surely there are worlds of difference between thinkers like Herzen and Hess, on the one hand, and others like Sorel, enraptured precursors of totalitarianism, not to mention nationalist and racist extremists who believed that the Enlightenment was responsible for the Second Fall of Man, the French revolution.

It seems to me that it is necessary to draw a distinction between the critics of the Enlightenment and its enemies. Critics of the Enlightenment did not contest the validity of reason or scientific method as compared to alternative, traditional ways of reaching truth about the nature of the physical and social world or of settling conflicting claims on how best to further human welfare. They took issue either with some dominant conception of reason or the presumed scope of scientific method or with particular conclusions of a historical and political character. In this sense, Marx and Hess were not hostile to the Enlightenment; they regarded themselves as inheritors of its traditions, replacing its inadequate conceptions of man and society with historically more realistic and therefore more scientific views. Where, with respect to social reform and revolution, the thinkers of the Enlightenment taught that good will and human readiness were all, Marx and Hess stressed the ripeness of the conditions required for successful action. Bentham scoffed at the notion of natural rights central to the writings of most of the philosophers of the Enlightenment, yet sought by reliance on his calculus of pleasure and pain to diminish human suffering and improve the human estate. For all their criticisms of their predecessors, the utilitarians were really men of the Enlightenment.

The controversies between the various schools of rationalism and empiricism are family quarrels. They are of an entirely different order from the position of those who opposed the Enlightenment with reasons of the heart or gut, thinking of the blood, the authority of history, divine revelations, or self-certifying intuitions. Whatever the excesses and errors of Enlightenment thought, they could always be checked by further reflection; and whenever they influenced action, they could be judged and modified by their fruits in experience. But the ideas of the enemies

of the Enlightenment, even when they were well-intentioned, allowed for no self-corrective procedures; and when they acquired power, their absurdities led periodically to mass atrocities.

PERHAPS the greatest division among Enlightenment thinkers was between those who thought they could derive a way of life from the principles of the physical world, who in effect imposed an ethos upon a cosmos, and those who recognized that at best the physical order conditioned the achievement of the good society, whose nature was independent of the truths of the physical world. Berlin is well aware of this. He tells us that the entire Enlightenment believed that the nature of man was fundamentally the same in all times and climes but goes on to indicate the compatibility of such a view with differences so profound that they seem more significant than the nominal agreements:

What the entire Enlightenment has in common is denial of the central Christian doctrine of original sin, believing instead that man is born either innocent and good, or morally neutral and malleable by education or environment, or at worst, deeply defective but capable of radical and indefinite improvement by rational education in favorable circumstances, or by a revolutionary reorganization of society. . . .

This covers quite a spectrum of readings about the nature of man as a basis for reasonable programs and expectations of social change. All we need do is to make explicit the realization that man is a finite, limited, imperfect creature and therefore always open to the solicitations of evil and the corruption of power and place—the kernel of the Christian myth of original sin—to box the compass of secular positions about the nature of human nature. This leaves, as the permanent legacy of the Enlightenment, meliorism or the belief in the *possibility* of change in human nature.

The Communists and the Klan

Terry Eastland

AT 11:20 on Saturday morning, November 3, 1979, an out-of-town convoy of nine vehicles turned into a narrow street in the heart of the black community in Greensboro, North Carolina. Most of these vehicles were so aged and marked and dented as to suggest what a look inside them would reveal—occupancy by rednecks. Down the street the cars moved, passing the red-brick housing projects on either side, projects so reasonably clean and well kept up that they could not be called ghettos yet so generally unimpressive as to make it obvious that the poorer of the city's blacks live in them.

Meanwhile, farther down the street, in front of a community center, a crowd of about fifty people, racially mixed and led by a Marxist group called the Workers Viewpoint Organization, was preparing for a noon march and demonstration advertised on handbills as a "Death to the Klan" rally. The crowd noticed the approaching caravan and recognized some of those inside the vehicles as members of the Ku Klux Klan. With the recognition began heckling and jeering; the vehicles slowed and some stopped, the demonstrators now striking them with placard sticks. The white men, emptying from the cars, returned insults and obscenities. Then someone (from which side is still unclear) fired a shot. In the next moment the white men were pulling rifles from the trunk of a car and shooting at the scattering demonstrators; the shooting was one-sided and ended after two minutes, before police arrived.

Four self-identified Communists (three white, one black) lay dead and a fifth (white) was so critically

injured that he died early the next week. Nine other Communists and one Klansman were injured, but not fatally. The violence was the worst in the South since the 60's, and Greensboro, a city of progressive reputation, with a population of 165,000, the second largest in North Carolina, became a dateline for the world press.

What was the meaning of Greensboro? In the late afternoon of that Saturday, I attended a police press conference. It was here that I ran into a stringer dispatched by *Time*, who, in response to my statement that the incident involved considerations more complicated than simply those of race, retorted that there was nothing more complicated than race. It was here, too, that I heard the mayor of Greensboro speak of the incident as an "isolated" event. At the time I paid little attention to these remarks, but by the middle of the next week they had come to symbolize the two dominant ways of understanding Greensboro.

Based on the reporting of its stringer, *Time* wrote that Greensboro had been the site of "bitter racial conflict" going back to the 60's, and *Newsweek*, under a headline, "The Old South," managed to suggest that the incident was a contemporary illustration of the old conflict between racism and the forces of civil rights. Various civil-rights spokesmen soon joined in on key, noting that the slayings constituted the worst setback in years for their movement. This was the "racial" understanding of Greensboro, an understanding which assumes that confrontations in the South involving people with black skin and white skin are primarily about race. (I should note, for the sake of completeness, that *Tass* agreed with this interpretation, commenting that the shootings showed how racism is still thriving in the United States.)

Greensboro officials, of course,

did not see it this way. They maintained, like the mayor at the press conference, that this was an "isolated incident," by which they meant unrelated to any "racial tensions" and unrelated as well to the citizens of Greensboro, since most of the participants were "outsiders," people with faraway zip codes and ideologies. And, too, the incident was unrelated to the "image" of the city that officials wanted to project. Indeed, after a while the shootings became so "isolated" from Greensboro, so unrelated, so abstracted, that it seemed irrational to seek an explanation for them at all. "I don't know if we'll ever know the answer to why such an incident occurred in Greensboro," the mayor said at one point. "Violence may have occurred here," editorialized one newspaper, "but geography is its only meaningful connection to Greensboro."

Whereas nationally the incident in Greensboro was portrayed in a racial context, locally city officials and community leaders not only denied the relevance of the racial interpretation but sought to explain the shootings as purely contingent events that could have happened anywhere. The one way of looking at Greensboro is interesting insofar as it indicates the controlling assumptions of our two principal newsmagazines and of American civil-rights leaders (the assumptions of *Tass* are well known); and the other way of looking at Greensboro is interesting insofar as it indicates a medium-sized city's provincialism or—if that is too harsh—its civic pride. But neither point of view captures the meaning of what happened on November 3. Greensboro cannot be understood in a primarily racial context, nor was this an "isolated incident" that could have taken place anywhere. Missing from both views is a consideration of the group that planned the "Death to the Klan" rally, the members of the Workers Viewpoint Organization, now called the Communist Workers party.

THE CWP, having at most 200 members in active chapters in New York City, Los Angeles, and Dur-

TERRY EASTLAND is the editor of the editorial page of the Greensboro Record and co-author of *Counting by Race: Equality from the Founding Fathers to Bakke and Weber* (Basic Books).

ham and Greensboro, among other places, is one of the small Maoist groups that have developed since the disintegration of the Students for a Democratic Society in 1969. In its original form—as the Workers Viewpoint Organization—the CWP grew out of the Asian Studies Group (based in New York City) in the early 1970's. Although it had its doctrinal differences with other Maoist groups, it agreed with them on the main goal, namely, the destruction of the American capitalist order by the working class. The goals of the CWP, as one member remarked, are “to overthrow capitalism, institute a dictatorship of the proletariat, and build a socialist society.”

This is essential revolutionary Marxism, and within the CWP (as within other Maoist groups) it is professed by people in their late twenties and thirties, people who were students in the 60's or early 70's and who, if they did not have a hardened Marxist ideology by then, were at least beginning to make their way to it. Here the story of Paul Bermanzohn, a member of the CWP who was seriously injured in the Greensboro shootings, provides typical detail.

Bermanzohn, a former resident of New York and a graduate of the Duke medical school, was liberal in his politics during the 60's, active in the civil-rights and the anti-war movements. From there the next step was the women's-liberation movement, then black liberation. His wife, in an interview after the shootings, said that these activities did not satisfy Bermanzohn. In time, Marx, whom he had begun to read, did. China became his model, Mao his hero, the WVO his Communist party. His medical practice receded in importance. “He identified himself as a revolutionary—a revolutionary for the working class,” said his wife, Sally.

Noteworthy about Bermanzohn's passage from the 60's to the 70's is the fact of his medical degree, a ticket to one of life's better stations. And as with Bermanzohn, so with other members of the CWP. Of those killed on November 3, two were doctors, one educated at the medical school at the University of Chicago, the other at Duke;

another, a graduate of Augustana College and the Harvard Divinity School, was once enrolled at the medical school at Virginia; another was a former student body president at Bennett College in Greensboro; and the fifth was a *magna cum laude* graduate in political science at Duke.

These were not average citizens, either in terms of intellectual ability or in terms of seriousness. Their activities in North Carolina before they were killed are an index of the thoroughness of their commitment to revolution. One of the two doctors had quit his practice altogether in order to work in and organize at the Cone Mills Haw River Plant, roughly halfway between Greensboro and Durham. He had been fired from his job in August when it was discovered he had falsified his job application by failing to record his background as a physician; in the meantime he had become president of the local textile workers' union. Three of the others killed had been involved in one capacity or another with blue-collar workers and non-management personnel. The political-science graduate of Duke, working as a data processor at Duke University hospital, had attempted once to unionize 2,300 technical, clerical, and service workers at the hospital. The Augustana College graduate, having quit Virginia medical school, was employed in the Cone Mills White Oak Plant in Greensboro. And the former student-body president had been working at another Cone Mills plant in Greensboro, trying to organize a union.

IT WAS NOT coincidental that three of those killed were either working or working and organizing in textile mills in North Carolina. The CWP comprehends its Marxist mission much as Communists in the 1930's and earlier did, in terms of joining the working class and persuading it of its historic obligation to bring on the revolution. And it perceives North Carolina, a right-to-work state, as a particularly fertile field for that revolution. North Carolina ranks 49th among the 50 states in per-capita wages for all production workers, and 50th in the percentage of unionized non-ag-

ricultural workers. And the industry that has the largest percentage of production workers in the state is textiles, in which the average hourly wage for all workers, in November 1979, was \$4.76. Cone Mills, though hardly the largest textile firm, nonetheless pays typical industry wages to its 10,000 North Carolina employees, 5,000 of whom work in Guilford County, of which Greensboro is the county seat. A battery loader—an entry-level job—pays \$8.79 an hour; a loom-fixer—one of the better jobs—pays \$5.70 an hour.

Economic facts like these explain the presence of the CWP in North Carolina, at Cone Mills, and thus in Greensboro. (The CWP, not incidentally, is not the only Marxist group drawn to Greensboro by these conditions; the Revolutionary Communist party, one of the two largest Maoist groups in the country, has a chapter in the city, and so does the Socialist Workers party, a Trotskyite group.) But there is another explanation as well. In 1972, the then WVO formed an alliance in North Carolina with the Youth Organization for Black Unity. The alliance established a geographical connection for the party, but it also reflected the WVO's belief that black people in particular need their help, inasmuch as racism, according to their ideology, is endemic to capitalism. And North Carolina, in the view of the CWP, is streaked with racism, even in Greensboro, the city with the moderate image. As evidence, the CWP (as others who are not Communists have done) could point to the relative political powerlessness of blacks in a city roughly one-third black, as suggested by the presence of only one black on Greensboro's six-member city council.

Concern about racism, however, makes sense for the CWP only in the larger context of class conflict. Racial justice is not the CWP's overriding preoccupation: it is instructive that when the Communists buried their dead on November 11, they chose a cemetery they called “working class” (in fact it had previously been all black). For the CWP, the abolition of racism is to come with the abolition of

classes. The socialist revolution, as CWP members often say, is the "only revolution."

To hasten the day of revolution, the CWP, frustrated time and again in the textile mills where not only management but the rank-and-file is mostly anti-union, and hoping for press and television attention, decided during the summer of 1979 on new tactics. They would explicitly confront the Ku Klux Klan.

There are about 1,000 Klansmen in North Carolina (out of a total national membership of about 10,500). Last July, one group held a rally in China Grove, a small town seventy miles southwest of Greensboro. Members of the CWP, including three who later would die in Greensboro, went to this rally and challenged the Klansmen. They managed to burn a Confederate flag, and a gun fight almost broke out. It was after this incident that the CWP sensed the potential of an anti-Klan rally in a large city such as Greensboro. The CWP believed that "black workers are more responsive to the threat of the Klan," as a friend of Paul Bermanzohn explained. The CWP believed also that poor blacks in particular might sympathize with whoever might attack or be attacked by the Klan and thus might be converted to Communist doctrine. So the CWP picked for the site of its demonstration the Morningside Homes area in Greensboro, one of the city's poorer black neighborhoods.

The CWP prepared for the November 3 rally by sending an open letter to the Klan. "The KKK is one of the most treacherous scum elements produced by the dying system of capitalism," it read. "We challenge you to attend our rally in Greensboro." CWP members had what they wanted when the caravan of cars rolled up. Present were a newspaper reporter and a photographer, and cameramen from area network affiliates.

The Klansmen who came—there were some members of the American Nazi party mixed in—were primarily motivated by the urge to fight Communism; that is the Klan's new enemy, or so it says. The KKK is racist, of course; it be-

lieves in white supremacy. But disturbed by affirmative-action quotas, by inflation, crime, and socially permissive attitudes, the Klan puts the blame for all of these on Communism, which it particularly blames in efforts to unionize.

Klansmen and their allies are not exactly sophisticated types. (One of those now awaiting trial is a sixteen-year-old high-school drop-out, who has said that his mother and stepfather woke him up on the morning of November 3, wanting to know whether he intended to go to Greensboro. "I thought," the boy said to himself, "you know, you ain't got nothing else to do today so you ought to go ahead and do it.") And they are less successful than members of the CWP. Machine operator, upholstery worker, logger, mill worker, sheet-metal worker, electrician, furniture worker—all are among the occupations of those arrested for the shootings; not a doctor in the crowd. Ironically, they are the same sort of people the CWP would organize in the mills; they are the sort of people the CWP believes will suffer first as capitalism kicks into its final spasms, and the revolution begins.

THESE, then, are some of the factors that make it fallacious to view what happened in Greensboro mainly in a racial context, or as an "isolated" incident. Greensboro was an instance of applied ideology, and that being so, it would be wise not to discount the possibility of future clashes, if not more violence, between Klansmen and members of the CWP or other Communists.

It is a common belief that yesterday's radicals have either "mellowed out," becoming consummate Me-Decaders or joining the establishment, or have become religious fanatics. The People's Temple of Jonestown should have placed this belief in doubt, and Greensboro now unambiguously proves it wrong. CWP members are not Jerry Rubin narcissists, or establishment people, obviously, and there is nothing in their beliefs that suggests an interest in religion; indeed, their religion is radical politics.

They live by a political ideology, and they are willing to die by it too. "Talk is only a guide to action," said one member of the CWP after the shootings. "There has to be some fighting, some bloodshed. We want as many comrades and friends alive as possible, but some will be killed." And when the five comrades were killed in Greensboro, CWP members, both at press conferences and at a later funeral march, paid homage to their ideology. They shed no tears of grief for their dead friends.

Just as the impulse to radicalism evident in the 60's is still alive today, so too is racism. The resurgence of the Klan in recent months indicates that the old malignant kind of racism persists. What may be more important to note, however, are the other forms of racism present in the Greensboro story. The city of Greensboro can indeed be faulted for paternalism, one form of racism. But the CWP can be faulted for another, potentially more deadly: manipulating blacks for its own political ends. The CWP went into a black community thinking that the poorer and less sophisticated of Greensboro's blacks might be successfully exploited in its campaign to abolish class in America; it did not appear to mind how many black lives thus might be endangered, even sacrificed. In this the CWP ironically made a kind of common cause with its avowed enemy, the Klan.

If the Civil Rights Act of 1964 seemed to foreclose the thinking in blood that had characterized so much of American history, government policies in the past dozen years have effectively repealed the notion of color-blindness and encouraged Americans once again to think in blood and count by race. With the replacement of good philosophy by bad, it is not surprising that white Southerners should become, or sympathize with, Klansmen; or that city governments controlled by whites should patronize blacks, and that blacks should accept the situation; or that Communists should try to manipulate blacks for their own ends. These are some of the ominous implications of Greensboro.

Harold Schonberg & His Times

Samuel Lipman

THOUGH the official announcement remains to be made, the imminent retirement of the senior critic of the *New York Times* is already being widely discussed by the musical community. In the history of a newspaper one man—though he be owner or editor—counts for surprisingly little, and so it might be expected that even a famous critic's departure from full-time activity would be of little interest outside the Byzantine world of journalism and the paper for which he works. Such, however, is hardly the case with Harold Schonberg. The reasons for this writer's particular significance stem not only from his own achievements; in large measure they are a result of the importance of the *Times* and still more the situation of music today.

The preeminent position of the *Times* in musical journalism is a rather new phenomenon. In the past, critical activity, in this country as in other parts of the world, was divided between the daily press and periodicals of weekly, biweekly, or even monthly and quarterly appearance. In the United States, for example, as recently as the early 1960's reviews of importance to musicians as well as to the concert-going public were carried in *Musical America* and the *Musical Courier*; though of little interest to musicians, magazines of general and wide circulation like *Esquire* and *Good Housekeeping* carried critical columns.

But lately periodical outlets for music criticism have become very much fewer. Of the magazines of

national circulation, only the *New Yorker* continues its weekly reviews of live performance; *Time* and *Newsweek* seem to run musical material only when "interesting" subjects arise. When the *New Republic* or the *Nation* carries an article on serious music, it is usually a review of recordings, not of live performance. Among local New York periodicals, only the *Village Voice* carries weekly reviews of concerts and operas, while *New York* magazine has in recent months reduced the frequency of its music columns. And of the specialized publications, the *Musical Courier* has long since ceased to publish, while *Musical America* itself has been reduced to an anomalous existence as an insert, available only on a special subscription basis, in *High Fidelity*.

Thus, for all practical purposes, musical coverage across the country is left to the daily press. Here, in quantity at least, the situation is encouraging. More newspapers, both large and small, carry concert reviews and frequent occasional pieces; increasingly, this material is being written by specially trained personnel. Yet as seriously as all these newspapers take their critics—and as seriously as these critics take their work and themselves—there can be little doubt that reviews outside New York count for less and less as the years go by.

Gone are the days of local critics whose words carried national weight. There have, alas, been few successors to the influence of such local barons of the musical pen as Max de Schauensee in Philadelphia, Claudia Cassidy in Chicago, John Rosenfield in Dallas, and Alfred Frankenstein in San Francisco. Even the still active Paul Hume, who once was taken on by no less a

personage than Margaret Truman's father, seems less important both in the Washington, D.C. area and the country at large than he used to be.

The single exception to this story of the diminished influence of daily music criticism is, of course, New York City itself. And even here one critical platform stands out from the rest. It is no exaggeration to say that in today's American musical world only one review is taken seriously—that of the *New York Times*.

It is the fashion in certain circles to rail against New York's premier place in musical life. There is, after all, a great deal of distinguished musical activity outside New York. Several orchestras across the country are at least equal if not superior to the Philharmonic; worthwhile conservatories exist outside the Juilliard School; opera is done on a grand scale in Chicago and San Francisco. But still the brightest and the best of musical talents are drawn to New York for major periods in their lives as students and performers, and nothing has happened in recent years to affect New York's central role in the dissemination of information and publicity about cultural matters.

While the city's leadership in culture remains intact, however, its once healthy newspaper population is down to three Manhattan dailies: the *Post*, the *News*, and the *Times*. Though the *News* is both sparse and capricious in its coverage, the *Post* does in fact cover all the more important musical events in New York. Nevertheless, neither of these two newspapers is read by a great number of regular concertgoers; as a result, their reviews tend to be ignored or dismissed both by the concertgoing public and the commercial interests who back their opinions with money.

That leaves the *Times*, our—and the world's—only newspaper of record. Covering the news as comprehensively as the *Times* does is expensive, and only a wide, affluent

SAMUEL LIPMAN, a concert pianist and COMMENTARY's music critic, is the author of *Music After Modernism* (Basic Books).

readership, generating a great deal of advertising, can make the costs bearable. To bring in such readers, the *Times* a few years ago added a new section to the paper each weekday (excluding Saturday) dealing with the concerns of the affluent—getting ahead, staying healthy, eating well, and spending money. Career stories, medical opinions, sports, gourmet recipes, decorating advice, all were mixed together with art, antiques, and architecture, as well as drama and dance. Happily, the place of music was not slighted in this hedonistic melange. Not only did the *Times* continue to cover just about every professional event in Manhattan, making forays even into Brooklyn as the occasion demanded; not only did it continue to cover summer festivals across the United States and even abroad; to all this it now added more human-interest stories, largely written at the instigation and the inspiration of the numerous musical publicists in New York City, about musicians and musical organizations. And, reflecting the *Times's* drive for young readers, coverage of pop music also increased.

THE increase in puff pieces and the pop coverage were a departure for the *Times*, but the paper had always taken serious music seriously. Until 1902 its critic was William Henderson, a recognized authority on singing and singers. From 1902 to 1924 its critic was the eminent Wagnerian, Richard Aldrich, whose posthumously published (1941) *Concert Life in New York 1902-1923* remains to this day a unique document of American musical historiography; while Aldrich was away on war duty in 1918-19, his place was taken by the famous publicist of all the arts and fanatic Chopinist, James Gibbons Huneker. From 1924 until his death in 1955, the *Times's* chair was occupied by Olin Downes, not only one of the pioneers in radio music lectures but also the chief and eminently successful advocate in this country of the music of Sibelius. After Downes's death, the *Times* chose as his successor its long-time staff member, Howard Taubman, whose tenure—mostly without incident or very much interest—was a brief five years.

Since then, from 1960 to the present day, the voice of the *Times* in music has been Harold C. Schonberg (born 1915), already at the time of his selection a veteran of twenty-one years of experience in music reviewing and allied pursuits.

During his years of newspaper reviewing Schonberg has also found the time to produce several books. In 1955 he wrote the volume devoted to chamber and solo instrumental music in the Knopf *Guide to Long Playing Records*; in 1959 he assembled another collection of record reviews, *The Collector's Chopin and Schumann*. He then wrote three less ephemeral books, each devoted to sketches of famous musicians: *The Great Pianists* (1963), *The Great Conductors* (1967), and *The Lives of the Great Composers* (1970). For his music criticism he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1971. (Passionately interested in chess, he has also published a book on famous players, *Grandmasters of Chess*.)

As can be gathered from his ability to turn out all these books while working as a full-time journalist, Schonberg is a fluent and easy writer. He even brags about his fluency; in one *Times* piece denying that short deadlines lowered the quality of reviews, he ended with the cheeky sentences: "Time of writing this article: 72 minutes. Want to make something of it, anybody?" He does more than write quickly. His prose is clear and readable, with simple points simply made. He also has a common touch, speaking familiarly and often using homely colloquial expressions (concerning Beethoven's victory in improvisation over the virtuoso pianist Steibelt, to cite a telling example, he writes that the immortal composer "played him under the table").

Perhaps Schonberg's strongest virtue as a daily reviewer is that he has good ears. What he listens to he hears accurately, picking out the salient aural features of performances in the areas of intonation, rhythm, tone color, and hall acoustics. In the case of pianists in particular, he is quick to notice sloppy playing and to identify its causes, and he is an excellent judge of an audience's reaction to performances and compositions.

THE overwhelming personal impression a reader carries from years of perusal of Schonberg's writing is of a passionate love for music and a fan's interest in all its aspects and all its details. An article he wrote describing how much music on the radio meant to him during a 1975 illness touchingly conveys this love; he even enjoyed hearing Chopin played as Muzak during a wait in a Russian airport. Some areas in music naturally interest him more than others. Pianists and composers for the piano are undoubtedly the closest to his heart. About them he writes with the attitude of a baseball nut who knows all the statistics. About non-keyboard composers and performers he is generally more restrained, in the case of conductors and some symphonic composers reaching a level of cool neutrality.

Of the possibly three million words Schonberg has produced during his tenure as chief critic, something approaching half must have been devoted to daily reviews. These short articles, written within an hour or two of the event itself and generally appearing the next day, have described and evaluated both the most important New York concert and opera performances and those lesser occasions which have appealed to the critic's personal taste or sense of long-term significance. As if these events were not sufficiently numerous, Schonberg has also made a point of covering the most important summer festivals, performances of out-of-the-way repertory of the past, of contemporary music which has stirred interest among musicians, and of young soloists who seem destined for fame. The other part of his writing for the *Times* has consisted mainly of Sunday pieces appearing in the "Arts and Leisure" section of the paper. These weekly pieces, usually running up to 1,500 words, have ranged from composers to performers, from institutions to trends, from previews and retrospects of the New York season to humorous takeoffs on the pompous and the foolish.

A feisty and provocative personality, Schonberg has striven to make his critical presuppositions as clear as his judgments; he rarely pretends to an objectivity he does not pos-

sess. In looking at the intellectual and emotional baggage he brings to his work, it is easy to spot one central expectation from and attitude toward what he hears: a pronounced orientation toward personal, emotionally charged music composed or performed by idiosyncratically gifted, demonstrably expressive individuals. For him music is at its least interesting when it is highly cerebral, speaking only to a sophisticated group of like minds. Great music and great performers must, on his view, take their relevance from popular passions and concerns.

There can be little doubt that Schonberg, writing on the basis of this conception, has on the whole tended to occupy the broad middle of musical opinion. His book on the great composers is a popular catalogue of the music the large musical public knows and loves, a ratification of the current state of taste. For Schonberg, as for the largest part of the public, music begins with Bach, Handel, and Gluck. It then jumps to Haydn and Mozart and continues with Beethoven and the other giants of the 19th century who have made up the bulk of our concert programs for the last hundred years. In the more interesting parts of the book he allows himself digressions from the indisputably first-rank creators to lesser figures like Rossini, Donizetti, Cherubini, and Auber; he also admires Johann Strauss (the younger), Offenbach, and the Sullivan of Gilbert fame. But *The Lives of the Great Composers* ends with a pessimistic appraisal:

... whatever the complex of reasons, it seemed apparent twenty-five years after the end of World War II that there was a hiatus in the mighty line of powerful, individualistic composers that led from Johann Sebastian Bach through Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg.

Schonberg's inclusion of Stravinsky and Schoenberg* on his list of the elect is, in terms of his own values, misleading. Of the composer of *The Rite of Spring* he wrote in 1970:

It may be that Stravinsky, "the world's greatest living composer," will end up living more for what

he did to music than for what his music did to the majority of his listeners.

His verdict on Schoenberg is even more bleak; in a 1974 centennial appreciation he wrote:

... is it heresy to suggest that Schoenberg may have been an alien growth in the garden of music? History may look upon his music as a biological sport that grew, flourished, reproduced but in its struggle for existence eventually died a Darwinian kind of death for lack of support. For natural selection operates also in music.

Despite such feelings, Schonberg has made an attempt to listen to and remain open-minded about the composers of this century. He has a high regard for the supposedly "dry" Hindemith (and for a somewhat similar earlier composer, Max Reger) which is not shared by the public. He likes much of Poulenc, and has some good to say of Shostakovich and Prokofiev; he even seems willing to allow Bartok a place among the few real immortals. He has long been intrigued by the possibilities of electronic means of musical composition, and as late as the beginning of the 1970's he continued to predict a fine future for mixed-media works with an important musical component. He was, furthermore, a booster of Pierre Boulez (as a conductor) at the time of his first appearances with the New York Philharmonic in 1969.

But in the end open-mindedness without affection counts for little; in Schonberg's case it quickly became apparent that the result of his listening to the new was an increasing distaste, resulting finally in a kind of contempt for the reigning schools of avant-garde music—atonicity, serialism, and the derivations thereof. He disliked the complexity of this music, what seemed to him its spurious intellectuality, and above all its lack of melody. Though he admired Stockhausen's technological innovations in composition, he disparagingly called him in a headline the "Pied Piper of the Young" at a time when Stockhausen was seen by many musical intellectuals as a combination of Beethoven and the messiah.

About the avant-garde in America he has been particularly harsh. He has not concealed his preference for the unabashedly popular productions of such composers as Sousa and Gottschalk—and Broadway musical comedy—over the serious American composers of our century. He has treated Elliott Carter, whose post-World War II works are so highly regarded by other composers, with a mixture of respect for his tenacity and dislike for his music. Schonberg's constant lament is that American music, and other new music as well, lacks content, that the new trends have hardened into a new academicism. In a typical recent review he describes works by three recognized, living American composers in the same negative terms: one's "musical content is thin," another's "musical idiom is neutral," and the last is "very slick, with more rhetoric than substance."

WHAT Schonberg wants is a return, already noticeable, to melodic writing employing as means rather than ends the experimental electronic and instrumental techniques developed in the last three decades. This eclectic combination of new methods with an older idea of melody he has called neo-romanticism. In an article describing how this kind of music "warms a public chilled by the avant-garde," he praises, as an example, a violin concerto by the American George Rochberg

that looked back to, believe it or not, Brahms. It was largely tonal, and it had one lyric, haunting movement that still rings in the memory. It was romantic, really romantic, but this was no slavish Romanticism. It was a modern Romanticism, a neo-Romanticism . . . in which Brahmsian post-Romanticism was filtered through a contemporary mind, emerging as something new. Stravinsky had done much the equivalent when he . . . went back to Bach and the Baroque, using old forms that he filtered through his unique vision.

* This is as good a place as any to dispel one unavoidable confusion which, with all its many ironies, continues to cast its spell even on those who know better; Schoenberg the composer is not related to Schonberg the critic.

A favorable comparison of a new trend in music to the achievements of Stravinsky is perhaps, for Schonberg, not an unambivalent compliment. What his discussion of neo-romanticism discloses is how much more interested he is in the old than the new brand; he makes this plain later in the same article when he remarks of neo-romanticism that its "Berlioz or Chopin or Wagner" remains to be found.

Indeed, Schonberg's most distinctive contribution to music criticism has precisely been his interest in the original romanticism of the 19th century. He has not, save in the case of his favorite piano works, indulged in the endless iterative discussion of slightly varied performances of the top warhorses of the repertory; following the bicentennial of Beethoven's birth in 1970, he even asked for a moratorium on performances of the composer's symphonies. Rather he has enthusiastically assumed the role of cicerone to a lost world of forgotten romantic composers of the 19th century, most of them instrumental virtuosos famous in their day but long since rejected by a public interested only in greatness.

Because this music can rarely be heard in New York, Schonberg has traveled as far afield as Butler University in Indiana. To list some of the names he has found there, and occasionally elsewhere, is to enter a musical curiosity shop: Spohr, Raff, Dreyschock, Kalkbrenner, Henselt, and especially Hummel. What is even more curious is the excitement they arouse in him—a kind of unbuttoned enthusiasm he vouchsafes to only the rarest of post-World War I works.

WHILE Schonberg has spent a great deal of time on composers, he has devoted even more time to performers, especially pianists about whom he has vastly sounder and more stimulating things to say than he does about composers. In general, indeed, he has become perhaps today's leading exponent of the cult of star performing personalities—Pavarotti, Sutherland, and most of all Horowitz. It is not simply personality which has attracted Schonberg to such artists. What they possess, in a measure

beyond the reach of almost all their contemporaries, is technical virtuosity—to Schonberg the very basis of musical communication. The kind of technique he most values is the kind achieved without noticeable exertion, more as a force of nature than the product of study and, especially, effort. It is perhaps this dislike of palpable effort which has caused Schonberg to devalue the Austrian pianist Alfred Brendel as well as ignore (in his book on pianists) Brendel's teacher, the Swiss Edwin Fischer.

Schonberg, in his own way, is a devotee of the doctrine of authenticity in performance. He once testily wrote: ". . . I do not want a modern approach to Bach. I want Bach's approach to Bach. . . ." He is interested in the latest trends in academic musicology, and recently devoted an entire Sunday piece to a new book on 18th-century ornamentation. He has been a sympathizer of the modern idea of performing old music on the instruments for which it was written, and in the area of operatic production he bitterly resents both the bringing up to date of 19th-century operas and the injection of the private visions of stage directors into the original conceptions of composers.

Paradoxically coexisting with this interest in authenticity is a commitment to the freedom of the performer. Schonberg castigates those musicians who make a religion of playing only what is notated in the written text, and calls them by the charged name of "formalists"; he thinks this pernicious doctrine has particularly blighted an entire generation of American musicians.

But one man's freedom is another man's license; Schonberg can no more escape the central problem of freedom in musical performance than it can be escaped in life. To his own musical satisfaction Schonberg answers the question of how freedom is to be exercised by advocating a careful study of past performance practices, to see just how the masters of old went about being free. Because those few whom he regards as the greatest composer-performers of the past—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt—made no recordings, and because even the clearest contemporary

written descriptions seem unreliable, Schonberg is inexorably driven to recommending the oldest performers he can find who have left records or even, better yet, are still alive. To the current lack of excitingly personal young performers he opposes a relatively recent golden age of interpretation as demonstrated by early recordings and an increasingly rare live concert.

A remarkable case in point is his review of the 1979 Carnegie Hall appearance of the ninety-one-year-old Brazilian-born French pianist Magda Tagliaferro. He had heard her some six months before in Paris, and for him, her playing "went back to a vanished age." Though he recognized the pianist's failing strength,* he praised her "singing line," "coloristic resource," and "tasteful application of Romantic devices." And it was all urged on piano students:

To the young pianists who were in the audience, her performance of the Schumann "Carnaval" should have come as a revelation. Not since the days of Rachmaninoff and Friedman has this listener encountered such a basic understanding of, and feeling for, the composer's mercurial moods.

Schonberg's rejection of today in favor of yesterday is by no means restricted to performers on his favorite instrument, the piano. Of the New York recital last year of the then seventy-four-year-old violinist Nathan Milstein, he wrote:

. . . he is one of the last active Romantics. Certain things are in his blood; he was trained in an old school and he unabashedly represents it. . . .

Mr. Milstein remains the Old Master, and there must have been many in last night's audience who walked out in utter despair. It cannot be easy for aspiring virtuosos to face up to this kind of perfection.

Now that Schonberg is retiring, the

* What seemed to some in the audience that night a kind of physical decrepitude which almost totally disfigured the pianist's performances, further impressed at least this listener, in the context of a Carnegie Hall concert before thousands of people, as embarrassing and even frightening.

question naturally arises of the effect on music of his two decades as critic of the *Times*. How influential has he been?

On musicians—whether performers or composers—his influence has been slight. Those artists involved in either the composition or the performance of contemporary music have almost universally dismissed him (at least in private, but often in public as well) as a middlebrow, a vulgar philistine read only to be mocked. There has been no rush to follow his advice to write appealing, melodic music; and such efforts as have been made in this direction have hardly excited much interest. Among performers who care about appealing to the audience for which Schonberg speaks, he has been feared as a vast and life-threatening force who must be appeased and enticed by choice of program. But so far as performing styles are concerned, both the general nature of his injunctions and the particular talents and limited flexibility of any individual performer render what he writes most often inapplicable.

It is difficult to know what Schonberg has meant to his readers. No doubt many in the audience have looked to him for guidance in forming their judgments. Yet where Schonberg has, as in his praise of forgotten composers, been original,

he has found no response; audiences still want to hear just those pieces of which Schonberg has often said he is tired. Where he has ratified existing taste—as in the case of his enthusiasm for star performers—he is (at least on the evidence of the continuing popularity of his books) read with avidity. It is not, in other words, as a teacher or a leader that Schonberg has been read; he reflects rather than influences the musical orientation of the contemporary audience. And that orientation is to music's past rather than its present or future.

What are we to make of this attachment to the old in music which Harold Schonberg and his musical readers, in their own different but related ways, share?

It does not seem too much to say that the rejection of the avant-garde by both Schonberg and the public has turned out to be justified. The avant-garde has collapsed; at the present time neither the serialists of the 1940's and the 1950's nor the mixed-media experimentalists of the 60's and 70's have any friends, even among the musicians who made careers by singing the praises of the new. There has, however, been more in 20th-century musical composition than the various avant-gardes of the past fifty years. As Schonberg himself has said, and as concert programs demonstrate,

much admirable music capable of appealing to the public has been written in our time. Yet it is also true that the accepted new music is successful only by comparison with the despised products of the avant-garde; the audience still mainly demands the three B's.

Why should this be? It cannot merely be a matter of preference for 19th-century romantic music, for the audience (if not Schonberg) has taken baroque to its heart, and has refused to accept the musty menu of romantic compositions Schonberg has recommended. It is rather that today's musical public has come to a fundamental decision: it has the music it wants, and it is satisfied with what it has. Just as a Boston dowager is said to have answered an inquiry as to where she bought her hats with the simple "Buy my hats? I *have* my hats," the audience has closed the door to the new, not so much because it dislikes the new as because it is entirely content with the old.

It is possible to view this decision as a just recognition of musical greatness, or as merely another manifestation of the deplorably reactionary behavior of contemporary society. Either way, it seems that the concertgoing public and Harold Schonberg have been very well-suited to each other over the past twenty years.

HOW GM "PROJECT CENTERS" CREATE CARS

FROM CONCEPT TO CUSTOMER IN THREE YEARS AND THREE BILLION DOLLARS

Throughout the history of the automobile industry, product change was almost always evolutionary. But in 1973, GM determined that the times required revolutionary changes. It started its first Project Center—which by itself heralded a revolution in the use of science and technology to meet the changing demands of the marketplace. A few months later, the Arab countries launched the oil embargo. Fortunately, machinery was already in motion in GM to create and develop new cars and components in a new way and faster than ever before.

GM's first Project Center brought out totally new full-size cars: smaller, yet roomier, and far more efficient than their predecessors. The advertisements said they were "designed and engineered for a changing world"—and they were. Another Project Center, begun in 1975, developed the immensely popular GM X-cars.

Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, forward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what

kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

In the "concepting" stage, a new car is conceived. If the car is to be sold to customers three years later, construction of new plants must begin and basic tooling must be ordered.

The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and repairability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

Advanced product engineers and research scientists work with the one hundred fifty to two hundred people at the Project Center and thousands more in the staffs and divisions to transfer new science and technology to the new car. Components are hand-built and "cobbled" into existing models for road testing.

Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than \$250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves

time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

After almost four million miles, nearly three billion dollars, and nearly three years of work, the new cars—quite unlike anything before them—start coming off the production line at a rate of better than one a minute.

There are now eight Project Centers in General Motors. Four are developing new cars using hydrocarbon fuels, one is creating an electric car, and others are working on computerized engines and emission controls, a new kind of automatic transmission, and the inflatable restraint system.

New and revolutionary cars can't be mass produced for the road overnight. But by putting all the parts of General Motors to work together, we found a way to speed up the process. We have integrated the creativity of thousands of human minds to make invention into reality when it's needed.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

Books in Review

Ideal Worlds

UTOPIAN THOUGHT IN THE WESTERN WORLD. By FRANK E. MANUEL and FRITZIE P. MANUEL. *Harvard University Press*. 896 pp. \$25.00.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. BENNETT

FRANK and Fritzie Manuel have written a learned, long, full, and (necessarily?) tedious account of utopian blueprints in the West. Here are the pre-utopian dreams of the Garden of Eden, Plato's Ideal State, and Christian millenarianism; and then the real thing as described by Thomas More, Giordano Bruno, Francis Bacon, Comenius, Leibniz, the *philosophes*, Rousseau, Turgot, Condorcet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, Marx, Engels, Comte; even a little Herbert Marcuse and Freeman Dyson.

Although anthropologists say that "blessed isles and paradises are part of the dream-world of savages everywhere," the "profusion of Western utopias" according to the authors, "has not been equaled in any other culture." This Western profusion owes much to the joining of the Greek myth of an ideal city on earth with the "seminal" Judeo-Christian idea of paradise. Yet though it is an important source, the Judeo-Christian tradition is disqualified, in the Manuels' view, from being properly utopian, because in that tradition heaven remains where it is—that is, out of earthly grasp and realization. The "simple religious faith" that considers heaven to be up there and not possible here had to wane before the great tradition of utopianizing could begin. Thomas Aquinas and his "opposite number," Moses Maimonides, "a stalwart of the Judaic establishment" [*sic*], are enemies of utopia since they hold to "a fairly constant official view of the other-worldly paradise."

WILLIAM J. BENNETT is director of the National Humanities Center.

"True" utopianizing is born in 1516, with scholars "excited about the prospect of a Hellenized Christianity." The first such scholar, Thomas More, offers in his *Utopia* a "speaking picture," a "dramatic narrative portrayal of a way of life that is . . . essentially good and fulfills . . . profound longings." By the 17th century, utopias are being constructed more freely and more ambitiously, and begin to set agendas for action; they become statements of the "underlying principles of an optimum society expounded and argued either by the author directly or by several interlocutors." This tradition is to have a long and interesting history.

Utopians, say the Manuels, are rare individuals "stirred by a creative passion"—the desire "to fashion on earth what is recognized as a transient mortal state into a simulacrum of the transcendental." The ideal worlds they construct rest on "psychological, philosophical, or theological assumptions about the nature of man," specifically and precisely that he and his society may be perfectible. Nostalgia for a past Golden Age is an "auxiliary component" of utopianism, but while "the great utopians" engage in nostalgia and thereby negate the present, they "have been great realists" as well. The utopian personality is perhaps best represented by the Magus of Nola, Giordano Bruno, whose story is well and carefully told here.

On the whole, the Manuels desire to commend utopians and the utopian impulse. "Utopians are often intrepid, bold explorers," and "the great utopia . . . satisfies a hunger or stimulates the mind and the body to the recognition of a new potentiality." To be sure, the utopians have had their critics, whom the Manuels acknowledge. Aristotle early subjected utopias to scrutiny with his unawed practicality, his steadfast refusal to be budged from common sense, and

his clear grasp of the politically possible. Freud called utopias "the lullabies of heaven." And, of course, those whose "simple religious faith" has not waned tend not to be impressed by utopianism.

In one extreme utopian visionary, Thomas Müntzer, we see the "tragic coupling of utopia with creative violence." Müntzer led an army of German peasants to their slaughter at Frankenhausen. They were armed with pikes, sticks, and Müntzer's "creative passion" against "the cavalry and cannon of their overlords." Müntzer had told them, "If you were only three who with faith seek his name and glory, you need not fear 100,000. . . . Go to it! Go to it! Go to it! Pay no attention to the howling of the godless." The peasants went to it. Melancthon, a fierce critic of Müntzer, exulted at the latter's demise and commented: "Dear God, of what kind of kingdom did they have such sweet dreams? With what fabricated prophecies did he lead the stupid mass of the people to take up arms?"

On the Manuels' evidence, many important utopian visions are not themselves violent but become intellectual accessories to the violence done in their name. There is Rousseau, who receives the Manuels' highest grades; Rousseau leads no army but he begins the "castigation" of society which, when echoed by French aristocrats, ushers in the French revolution. And then there is Marx.

The Manuels tell us that "the idea of utopia acquired heavily pejorative overtones in Communist thought," for as Marx himself wrote, "The man who draws up a program for the future is a reactionary." But Marx did create a utopia out of a "series of succinct, memorable phrases that in our time have exerted an especial fascination over vast numbers of intellectuals"; "revolutionary Marxism is still the dominant verbal utopia on the planet." Indeed, in many places

WALTER LAQUEUR

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

BEN J. WATTENBERG
RICHARD J. WHALEN

B. BRUCE-BRIGGS

The Decline of the West?

The Political Psychology of Appeasement Finlandization and Other Unpopular Essays

Laqueur's papers cover the areas with which he has become strongly identified in recent years: American foreign policy, European affairs, political futures, terrorism, the Middle East conflict, and finally, Judaica. To each of these areas he brings a deep and compassionate sensibility, the knowledge of the professional historian and the sharp eye of a leading reporter. Not only is Laqueur a global thinker, but he underwrites his thought with global travel and intimate knowledge of leaders of world powers, large and small. It is this combination that makes his work especially attractive and appealing to a general audience.

263 pp. January 1980
ISBN:0-87855-336-3 (cloth) \$16.95

Strategy & Politics Collected Essays

Luttwak has a special psychological sensibility that is rare in writers on international affairs. Hence, whether he is writing on European insecurity and American policy, or Mediterranean politics, or the strategy of nonaction, he leaves no doubt that to understand fully and faithfully contemporary efforts is not simply an act in rationalistic *realpolitik*, but no less than the larger decision making of leaders and masses alike.

340 pp. Spring 1980
ISBN:0-87855-346-0 (cloth) \$16.95

The Wealth Weapon U.S. Foreign Policy and Multinational Corporations

As veteran political analysts and social critics, the authors take a fresh, provocative and informative look at a phenomenon too often left to dry-as-dust economists: the role in the world of giant global corporations whose resources often dwarf those of nation-states. As they declare, the authors set out to write the first truly readable (and even enjoyable) book about multinational corporations—and they have succeeded amid a world crisis when their timely message anticipates tomorrow's headlines.

ca. 350 pp. Spring 1980
ISBN:0-87855-820-9 (paper) \$6.95
ISBN:0-87855-340-1 (cloth) \$16.95

The New Class?

The principal virtue of this collection is that it both conveniently presents and convincingly refutes the myths about the new class that neoconservatives have themselves fostered.
David Vogel, *The Nation*

Bruce-Briggs has done a very competent job of bringing together a diversity of interpretations, as well as some fundamental questions about the "new class" concept...
Worldview

225 pp. January 1979
ISBN:0-87855-306-1 (cloth) \$16.95



Order from your bookstore or prepaid from

transaction books

Rutgers-The State University, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the planet (as the Manuels recognize), Marxist utopianism has been more than a matter of words.

*The Manuels are distressed over the present low state of utopianizing. True, there was a "utopian upheaval" in the West in 1968, albeit amateurish by historical and intellectual standards, but at present we are witnessing a "weakness of thought, fantasy, wish, utopia," and to the Manuels this is to be regretted. They say that newly avail-

able, unprecedented scientific abilities should be coupled with "invention in utopian modalities," for "to cultivate wisely the ancient art of wishing . . . may be a paramount moral need of the age."

WRITING of the difference between politics and utopianism, J. L. Talmon suggests that politics is "the art of husbandry, the technique of administering a state conceived of as being an enlarged household,"

while utopianism makes the assumption that husbanding will disappear or "wither away" in some ultimate condition of absolute harmony. The "paradox" of utopianism, Talmon says, is that too often it has delivered not its promised harmony but "utter restlessness." In our time, "in place of a reconciliation between human freedom and social cohesion," it has usually brought "totalitarian coercion."

In a similar spirit I would say that while one may appreciate the scholarship of this impressive volume—there is much to learn here—one may not wish to share the authors' judgment of utopianism and its blessings. In one brief passage in the chapter on 18th-century utopian thought, the Manuels place the American political philosophy next to the utopian tradition and offer grounds for a practical assessment of each. The Manuels tell us that "the American Founding Fathers themselves . . . were by no means utopians, as debates over the framing of the Constitution disclose. John Adams filled the margins of the French books he acquired in Paris with attacks on Rousseau's 'state of nature.'"

Was Adams right or wrong? America has lived long and comparatively well on the moorings of discerning, anti-utopian founding documents. In places where utopianism has flourished, things have been different. One is reminded of the 19th-century story of the Englishman who went to the public library and asked for a copy of the French Constitution. "I'm sorry," said the clerk, "we do not keep periodicals here."

UTOPIANISM makes for good stories, but too often it neither bakes bread nor makes sound public policy. I do not think the undersupply of utopians in our time is a problem or reveals "a moral need." Of the utopian temperament one may say what Macaulay said (deprecatingly) of the true philosophic temperament: it consists of "much hope, little faith, a disposition to believe that anything, however extraordinary, may be done; an indisposition to believe that anything extraordinary has been done."



"*Biblical Games* is a remarkable book which furnishes deep insight into the Bible. . . . It illuminates the way we interact with each other today and, at least for the religious person, the way our choices and decisions relate to our spiritual outlook."—William Ted Martin, Senior Lecturer, Professor Emeritus of Education and Mathematics, MIT

"This fascinating book on biblical games sheds light on why these Bible stories have intrigued people for so long and continue to do so."—Kenneth E. Boulding, Distinguished Professor of Economics, University of Colorado, Boulder

Biblical Games:

A Strategic Analysis of Stories
in the Old Testament
by Steven J. Brams

God plays games, and His behavior can be comprehended through the application of modern game theory. This is the insight of *Biblical Games*, a new approach to understanding the Scriptures and one of the first attempts to use an important scientific theory in the elucidation of human values.

The strategies employed by the players (God included) in more than twenty stories of conflict and intrigue are analyzed, among them the contests involving Adam, Eve, and God; Cain and Abel; Abraham and God; Jacob and Esau; Joseph and his brothers; Moses, the Israelites, and God; Saul and David; Samson and Delilah; and Solomon and the two women claiming motherhood in the case of the disputed baby. In each instance, the application of modern game theory shows that the various players acted consistently and rationally by their own lights to achieve their goals.

The basic principles of the mathematical theory of games are presented as they became applicable on a story-by-story basis, with a clarity that makes them fully accessible to readers who are encountering this fascinating subject for the first time.

\$15.00

The MIT Press

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

Under Muslim Rule

THE JEWS OF ARAB LANDS: A HISTORY AND SOURCE BOOK. By NORMAN A. STILLMAN. *Jewish Publication Society.* 473 pp. \$14.95.

Reviewed by DANIEL PIPES

THE history of Jews in Muslim countries conjures up two contrary images in the Western mind: on the one hand, the glorious achievements of medieval Spain in poetry, philosophy, and science; on the other hand, the degradation of recent times—flight from Yemen, public hangings in Iraq, possible persecution in Khomeini's Iran. Beyond these two extremes, the story of the Jews under Islam remains obscure. The standard histories of the Jews tend to slight all but the most exceptional events outside Europe, and anyway they display little understanding of the Islamic environment, in which Jews have lived for 1,350 years. Whereas historians are careful to explain developments in 11th- and 12th-century European Jewish life against the background of the Crusades, or the massive changes in the 19th-century intellectual world of Jews against the background of the European Enlightenment, Jewish life in Muslim countries too often has seemed an arbitrary sequence of events affected by random, inexplicable forces.

Norman A. Stillman has made a signal contribution by drawing in this book a general portrait of Jewish life among Muslims with clarity, intelligence, and a wide perspective. He treats his topic in two ways: the first quarter of *The Jews of Arab Lands* is a historical outline incorporating the latest research, including Stillman's own. The rest of the book is devoted to a large and fascinating collection of documents and literary texts translated mostly from Arabic and Hebrew, but also from Aramaic, Persian, Turkish, and several European languages. The excellent translations and helpful footnotes

give the English-speaking reader a genuine sense of the varieties of Jewish experience under Islam. (The word "Arab" in the book's title is seriously misleading, however, since before the 20th century, "Arabic speakers from Iraq to Morocco" had virtually no sense of a common identity. Stillman deals with the Jews of *Muslim* lands in

the Middle East and Mediterranean area, regardless of language.)

The historical section follows a scheme of periodization which derives closely from that established by Stillman's teacher, S. D. Goitein. (It is a sad reflection on the state of scholarship about non-Western areas that this outline was originally created to understand the

Memoirs of War, 1914-1915

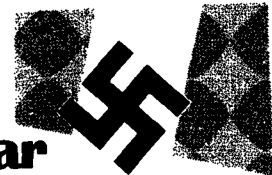


By MARC BLOCH. Translated, with an Introduction, by CAROLE FINK. In his *Memoirs of War, 1914-1915*, now translated into English for the first time, noted historian Marc Bloch left a keen and affecting account of his combat experience in World War I. Bloch served as an infantry sergeant during the war and kept a journal in which he vividly recorded his day-to-day life at the front. Illustrated with thirty evocative photographs, Bloch's reminiscences starkly call forth the daily discomfort, dread, and impending death that faced every soldier. \$15.00

The Middle East in World Affairs Fourth Edition

By GEORGE LENCZOWSKI. Eighteen years have passed since the publication of the third edition of this book, and the material that Lenczowski has added in this fourth edition could alone make a new book. This is the single most comprehensive work on political, social, and economic developments in the Middle East from 1914 to the brink of the 1980's. The author deals with the region as a whole and with the domestic and foreign affairs of seventeen states: Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, South Yemen, Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates. Of special interest is his analysis of that most perplexing 20th-century conflict, Arab versus Israeli nationalism. \$14.95 paper; \$29.50 cloth

Collaborationism in France during the Second World War



By BERTRAM M. GORDON. "Gordon has solidly researched his subject, tapping German as well as a multitude of French sources (including personal interviews), has organized his material in a very readable fashion, and writes beautifully. This will be the definitive work on a subject that has only been treated in a cursory manner by historians to date." —Robert Soucy, Oberlin College. \$19.50

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

P.O. Box 250, Ithaca, New York 14850

DANIEL PIPES, a new contributor, teaches history at the University of Chicago and is at work on a study of the Islamic revival.

THEODORE H. WHITE hails "a marvelous thriller."*

*"THE SPIKE is a marvelous thriller that races with adventure all through the world of the foreign correspondent—from Washington to Paris, from Saigon to Hamburg, from London to New York. Only Arnaud de Borchgrave could pack so much authentic experience into so entertaining a story."

—THEODORE H. WHITE

"A well-written, fast-paced novel that deals with a challenge posed to America and the Free World: can the Soviets destroy the West without firing a shot?"

—RICHARD HELMS, Former Director of the C.I.A.

"THE SPIKE is so convincing that it's hard to tell where fact leaves off and fiction begins."

—OSBORN ELLIOTT, Dean, Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism

"A humdinger by two of the savviest foreign correspondents in the business."

—WILLIAM SAFIRE, Columnist, *The N.Y. Times*

The Spike

A NOVEL BY

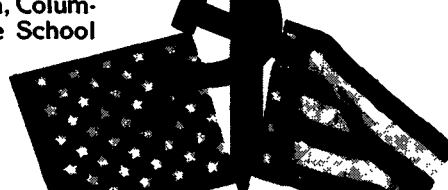
Arnaud de Borchgrave

AND

Robert Moss

CROWN

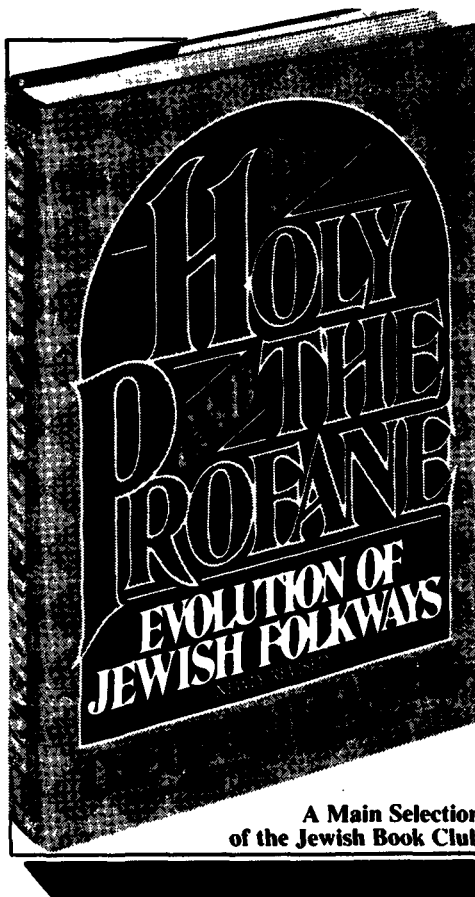
\$12.95, now at your bookstore



past of the Jews.) The outline begins with the brief but crucial period of Muhammad's prophecy (610-32), when the Qur'an and Muhammad's actions set fundamental Muslim attitudes toward Jews and other non-Muslims. A dual heritage emerged, accepting Judaism but antagonistic toward Jews. Unlike Christianity, which was always troubled by the continued existence of Judaism, Islam did not have to convert the Jews but granted them specific rights as members of a monotheistic, scriptural religion. But it also despised them for insisting on believing in a defective version of God's message. Jews were not to be befriended or trusted; rather, they were to be humiliated as a reminder of the inferiority of their religion. In subsequent centuries, Muslims could justify benevolent or harsh treatment of Jews by emphasizing one or the other of these elements.

In the second period, 632 to around 900, Jews from Iran to Spain fell under Muslim control; they developed new cultural forms characterized by an increasingly frequent use of the Arabic idiom (Sa'adya Gaon's translation of the Bible in the early 10th century had nearly the impact of the Septuagint in 3rd-century B.C.E. Alexandria or Moses Mendelssohn's 18th-century German translation), and lived in conformity with the requirements of their Muslim overlords. Most significantly, "during this time large numbers of Jews in the Islamic East . . . gradually changed over from the agrarian way of life . . . to a more cosmopolitan one"; they moved to the cities and henceforth derived most of their income from trade and industry. Jews played a major part in the "bourgeois revolution" of the 8th and 9th centuries, leaving the manual trades for commerce, banking, manufacturing, and the professions.

THE "best years," 900-1200, coincided with the centuries of greatest Muslim wealth and cultural accomplishment. Iraqi leadership in Jewish (as in Muslim) affairs ended during this period, to be replaced by the secure, rich community of Egypt and the cultural brilliance of



A Main Selection
of the Jewish Book Club

Many popular Jewish customs have their roots in pagan cultures—but were later transformed and reinterpreted. This newly revised classic by one of the foremost authorities on Semitic religion and comparative folklore traces the origins and developments of Jewish customs associated with major events in life. Charms for the protection of the newborn; circumcision; marriage contracts; dietary laws and burial observances are among the many folkways examined.

"Fascinating...enlightening."—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Carefully documented. An unusual and interesting work."—*Library Journal*

Clothbound, \$10.95

A Morrow Quill Paperback, \$4.95

William Morrow

105 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016



North Africa and Spain. Spain produced some of the most illustrious figures of Jewish culture: the poets Solomon ibn Gabirol (d. 1070) and Judah ha-Levi (d. 1141), and the religious philosopher Moses Maimonides (d. 1204) are perhaps the best-known. Two factors help explain the vitality of Jewish culture in Spain and elsewhere during these centuries. First, Muslim wealth and creativity were then at their height and probably preeminent in all Eurasia, certainly surpassing the level of Christian Europe. Second, Jews living among Muslims participated in the mainstream culture. They hardly ever experienced the social and cultural isolation more commonly endured by their brethren living in Christian countries.

During the "best years," Jews and Muslims could create a cultural symbiosis: a degree of toleration and shared concerns meant that they addressed similar issues from divergent viewpoints (in a manner resembling much of the intellectual life in the West today). Jews wrote in Arabic (except for poetry, which was almost always in Hebrew), considered the same moral, philosophic, and scientific questions as their Muslim counterparts, and lived under a legal system comparable to the Muslim one. Some persecution of Jews did occur during the period 900-1200, but "a relatively open society [existed] in which more often than not Muslims and non-Muslims could participate, if not on an entirely equal footing, at least with near equality in those spheres of activity that were not specifically religious, particularly in the marketplace, in certain scientific and intellectual circles, and, to an extent, in the civil service." Islam is the only monotheistic religion that has allowed Jews to participate so fully in its culture. By contrast, in the European Enlightenment many centuries later, Christianity had to be removed as the central element of culture before Jews could join in a common discourse.

STILLMAN terms the fourth period, 1200-1850, "the long twilight" during which Jewish social standing and culture fell. As Crusaders,

Christian Spaniards, and Mongols challenged the Muslims militarily, "the secular and humanistic tendencies of Hellenism, which until this period had been predominant cultural forces in Islamic society, began to wane [while] the Islamic religious element in its most rigid form began to wax ever stronger." The unfortunate implication here,

that it was Hellenism and not Islam that accounted for the earlier Muslim creativity and tolerance, recalls certain 19th-century efforts to ascribe everything good in Muslim culture to the Greeks. A more convincing explanation takes into account economic decay, a greater emphasis on legal prescriptions, the spread of mysticism, and cultural

"The great virtue and service of Sidra Ezrahi's *By Words Alone*

is that more than any other book I know on this literature, it helps us to see the terrible events that formed it. Although her book is essentially a literary history, and displays the kind of quiet judgment that literary history requires, Mrs. Ezrahi makes us see the Holocaust itself as inevitably more real, urgent, terrible, than the writing that came out of it. That is as it should be. In the history of Jewish literature generally, the creation comes before the word and transcends it... To be a Jew is to know that words strive after the reality but can never adequately capture the human situation."

—From the Foreword by **Alfred Kazin**

BY WORDS ALONE

The Holocaust in Literature

Sidra DeKoven Ezrahi

\$15.00

The University of
CHICAGO
Press Chicago 60637



Less than Slaves

Benjamin B. Ferencz

Foreword by Telford Taylor

A sequel to Hitler's Holocaust, the story of Jewish forced labor. A *New York Times Book Review* Editors' Choice. \$15.00

Brandeis of Boston

Allon Gal

This compelling biography of Louis D. Brandeis uncovers the social and psychological roots of his progressivism, ethnicity, and Zionism. \$16.50

Gershom Scholem

Kabbalah and Counter-History

David Biale

Selected by *The New York Times Book Review* as one of the best books published in 1979. "In this brilliant and insightful study of the man, his life and works, his contributions to the understanding of Judaism in this age of secularism and nationalism, of religion caught short of spiritual components, David Biale has illuminated some of the essential issues for both Jewish and non-Jewish readers."—Robert Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times* \$15.00

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, MA 02138

introversion. Stillman correctly points out that the Jews shared the fate of the Muslims around them, who also endured a "long twilight."

Unpleasant sumptuary laws regulating personal and social habits, which rarely had been applied to non-Muslims in earlier times, were now increasingly enforced. As Christian communities died out in several Muslim countries (all of North Africa, the Yemen), the Jews became more exposed to harassment; ghettos appeared in early 15th-century Morocco, heightening the Jewish sense of "isolation and marginality." Fervent religiosity, including kabbalism and messianism, and recourse to alcohol increasingly characterized Jewish populations suffering this internal exile. While the Ottoman empire brought good government and tolerance to much of the Middle East in the 16th century, its power declined rapidly, its policies degenerated, and the Jews returned to their earlier misery.

STILLMAN, who justifiably concentrates on the pre-modern age, about which the least is known by the general reader, touches only lightly on the 19th century and even less on the 20th. European imperial influence grew enormously after 1800; it eventually brought economic and educational benefits to the Jews and vastly improved their social status by forcing Muslims to discard the Islamic laws which assigned inferior positions to Jews and Christians. But this was a short-term gain, for the "conspicuous overachievement" of Jews in the 19th century led to their undoing in the 20th, when Muslims took back control of their countries. Not only did they deeply resent the widespread Jewish identification with Europe, but modern political anti-Semitic notions, which came to them by way of Arabic-speaking Christians, transformed their attitudes to Judaism. Today many Muslims, including leaders in Saudi Arabia, Libya, and Iran, have absorbed the notion of a world Jewish conspiracy, and treat Israel and their own Jewish subjects accordingly.

By changing the old order, Euro-

peans had hoped incidentally to improve the Jews' position in Muslim lands, but in the end they undermined it. Protected to some degree by religious precepts, Jews had fared better under Islamic law than they did in the newly independent Muslim states of the 20th century. The side-effects of European power—including such disparate and mutually contradictory phenomena as new legal systems, political anti-Semitism, the Alliance Israélite Universelle, and Zionism—worked to create less bearable circumstances, forcing the Jews to leave. One hopes that in a future volume Stillman will take up this modern history with the same intelligence and care he has devoted to earlier times.

Open Admissions Revised

ACADEMIC TURMOIL: THE REALITY AND PROMISE OF OPEN EDUCATION. By THEODORE L. GROSS. *Anchor Press/Doubleday*. 250 pp. \$10.95.

Reviewed by PETER SHAW

IN 1978 Theodore L. Gross, then a dean at the City College of New York, published an article in *Saturday Review* that raised a storm of protest over its criticisms of his campus's Open Admissions program. *Academic Turmoil* tells the story of how the article brought forth student and faculty attacks on Gross as a turncoat and racist, how those who agreed with him kept silent out of fear, and how in the end the college's president, with whom he had maintained a close working relationship, fired him.

Ostensibly this is a story of probity and lonely courage. "It is always safer to remain silent," Gross moralizes about others. But there is little in *Academic Turmoil* to offend anyone—certainly nothing that could threaten Gross's dismissal by the president of Pennsylvania State University, where he is now the provost. On the contrary, without explicitly admitting it, his book takes back much of what he wrote

PETER SHAW is writing a book on the decline of critical standards.

in the article. As a result, the intellectual and moral lessons that he draws apply with peculiar force to himself, and in ways that he seems not to have imagined.

Gross's article detailed the failures of Open Admissions. Students were advancing through college without "understanding the most basic texts." The instructors were demoralized, and they had capitulated to the academically fraudulent demand by activist student and faculty groups for special ethnic-studies departments (where, we learn, students could more easily secure passing grades).

No matter which instructional techniques had been tried by the faculty, no matter how great its good will, the Open Admissions students for the most part could not be raised to "competence," or in many cases to "literacy." The fault, Gross theorized, lay in their culturally deprived backgrounds. The disadvantages which they brought with them to college could not possibly be overcome by a few short years of remediation. The college nevertheless devoted most of its energies to remediation. There followed in short order a decline of academic standards and transfers by most of the qualified students to other colleges. In the end, neither the traditional responsibilities of a university nor the new challenge of Open Admissions could be met.

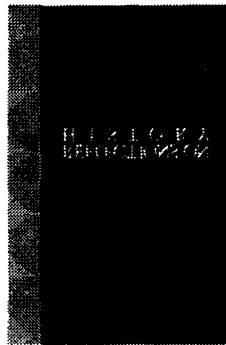
Gross's account of the campus reaction to his article, which included letters of outrage and student demonstrations, is a familiar version of post-1960's academic confusion and fatuity. Inevitably, Gross became the scapegoat of the next campus issue, the plan to administer a so-called skills test. For students to remain in school at the end of their second year in college, they would have had to achieve literacy on the level of the second year in high school. A group of students reasoned that only a racist could have conceived such a test, and they came chanting to the dean's office: "Gross, you liar, we'll set your ass on fire."

Given such consequences of Open Admissions as this, it comes as a surprise that Gross now presents himself as the program's en-

thusiastic advocate. Taking it as an uncontested truism that the program is a logical outgrowth of American democratic principles—surely a highly debatable proposition—Gross asks rhetorically, "Is there ultimately any choice" but to accept such a program? Employing similar logic while discussing his attempts to raise money from skepti-

cal alumni, he remarks that most of them "were smart enough to realize that Open Admissions was an inevitable responsibility of the City College." Gross's insistence on presenting himself as the ongoing champion of a program whose weaknesses he once exposed, and which had in fact been suspended at the time he wrote his article, has

LibertyPress LibertyClassics



Reflections on History

By Jacob Burckhardt

Jacob Burckhardt, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian and humanist, was a friend of liberty and a skeptic of power. He foresaw the coming of collectivism, and Nietzsche found in Burckhardt an historian who "was not dominated by the general whims and dared to see things realistically." First translated into English in 1943, *Reflections on History* was previously published in the United States under the title *Force and Freedom*. With an introduction by Gottfried Dietze.

"No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately"—Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Nation*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover \$9.00, Softcover \$4.00.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:

LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. 833
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

FROM THESE MEN

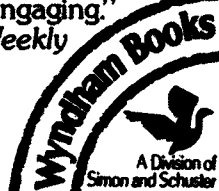
Seven Founders of the State of Israel
Shimon Peres

The former Defense Minister and present Labor Party leader profiles seven creators of the spirit of modern Israel:

David Ben-Gurion; Levi Eshkol, his successor as premier; Berl Katznelson, Zionist and educator; Nathan Alterman, poet; Ernst David Bergmann, scientist; Moshe Haviv, lawyer; Yonatan Netanyahu, hero of Entebbe. "Warm and engaging."

—Publishers Weekly

\$10.95



"A major achievement."

—Ernst B. Haas

DECISIONS IN CRISIS

Israel,
1967 and 1973
Michael Brecher

In this pioneering work Brecher presents a theory of crisis decision-making and dissects the behavior of Israel in two momentous crises encompassing the Six-Day War of 1967 and the Yom Kippur War of 1973.

"A landmark in the literature on international crisis."

—Robert C. North

\$24.95



82/COMMENTARY MAY 1980

the appearance of a politically rather than an intellectually motivated argument.

To be sure, Gross does give some hint of having changed his outlook:

Now that time has passed, I regretted having used an indiscreet sentence here, an unnecessarily hard phrase there. By allowing only one aspect of a complex experience like Open Admissions to be published, I had been unfair to my own complex views.

This is high-sounding, but it fails to reveal that in the passage from article to book, offending statements have simply been deleted. Without either defending or repudiating what he originally wrote, Gross has quietly capitulated to the "inevitable."

Gross's trimming of his article, as the act should perhaps be described, has dulled its polemical edge and rendered it inoffensive to all parties in the controversy. Thus, the teachers' union and its "affirmative-action" hiring program (no longer mentioned in ironic quotation marks) do not appear in the book as "additional contributions to mediocrity." Nor does it any longer appear that "minorities, including now impatient women, used affirmative action to leap into positions of power or to retain their jobs." Of the meeting at which ethnic-studies departments were pushed through, Gross no longer writes that "the intention was cultural intimidation of the white faculty, and the intention was fulfilled." Nor does he retain the crucial observation, somewhat indirectly put even in the article, that on account of the climate of fear at City College, telling the truth about Open Admissions "was impossible."

In place of these insights, Theodore Gross now asks "whose truth" he had told in his article. He has, that is to say, come to accept the premise of his detractors that the truth is relative. From this vantage point he is now able to conclude that the failure of Open Admissions and his own firing were both the result of attacks by "reactionary forces." These forces, by bringing the program under fire with their criticisms,

supposedly pushed the college into an unfortunate shift of its energies from education to public relations. Yet Gross has already shown that the critics of Open Admissions never had any influence at City College. Manifestly, he was fired not because of "a subtle incursion that was the result of our conservative 70's," but something quite the opposite of this: outright incursions on freedom of expression by self-styled leftist supporters of Open Admissions.

At one point Gross poignantly recounts his wry feeling when James Baldwin came to speak at City College. Gross had modeled the opening sentences of his article on this black writer's vivid style and now was being labeled a racist for having done so. In those sentences the students who habitually congregated outside Gross's office were seen,

playing radios, simulating sex, languidly moving back and forth to classes, dancing and singing, eating and studying and sleeping and drinking from soda cans or from beer bottles wrapped in brown paper bags.

No longer moving languidly, the same students in the same place are now described as "studying texts" and "preparing papers," their only amusement being the now innocuously phrased act of "playing the radio."

Gross makes a point of deploring the dishonest prose typically used for discussing education. He describes "a kind of soporific language that mitigates meaning and purpose and certainly passion. Academic bureaucratize [*sic*]-the language of memoranda." Apparently without his realizing it, though, *Academic Turmoil*, which comes complete with "chairpersons" and a "spokesperson," represents a move precisely in this direction.

Here, then, is an instructive case. Despite the protection of tenure, an initially courageous and objective voice has been compromised. The "internal intimidation" that Gross believed would infect the campus if he was fired, has proven capable of spreading further than he suspected. Education, race, women, ethnic studies—these in-

deed turn out to be "deeply controversial issues upon which all who wish to survive speak euphemistically."

The Gospel of Marx

AMSTERDAM TO NAIROBI: THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES AND THE THIRD WORLD. By ERNEST LEFEVER. *Ethics and Public Policy Center*. 128 pp. \$10.00.

Reviewed by PAUL SEABURY

FOR the past half-century, ecumenicism has been a preoccupation of top officials in most of the established American Protestant denominations. Several generations of church leaders have been dedicated to this effort, which has proceeded mainly through the agency of two conglomerate bodies, largely Protestant in composition—the National Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. (Though the latter is now composed of church organizations claiming to represent churches in 100 countries, it originated in the U.S. and even today a large proportion of its budget is provided by American, and recently German, church organizations.)

What is most interesting about the evolution of both these bodies is how far their original spiritual and ecumenic purposes have been displaced by secular activities. As Ernest Lefever shows in *Amsterdam to Nairobi*, the bureaucratic apex of the WCC—in effect the motor force for all its activities—has become secularized by now to a really startling degree, with the staff drawn preponderantly from "socialist" intellectual circles in Western Europe and the United States. As this has occurred, the original spiritual mission of the ecumenicists has been displaced by the quite unabashed mission of carrying secular revolutionary change into the Third World—a new form of theological neocolonialism. Whereas the colonial missionaries of bygone times brought the message of Christ to "backward peoples," now the

church bureaucracy is bringing them the message of Marx.

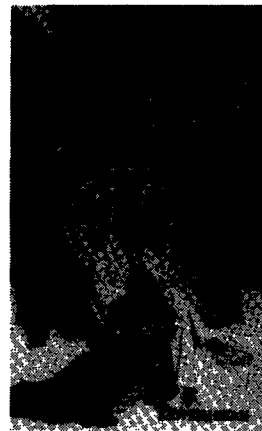
Needless to say, this novel form of secular ecumenicism, complete with terrorists, guerrillas, and national-liberation fronts, has not gone unnoticed. In England, Edward Norman has published a devastating indictment of the social-action tendency of the contemporary Protestant religious establishments (*Christianity and the World Order*). And in England, too, the social satirist Peter Simple, whose amusing columns appear in the *Daily Telegraph*, was inspired to create the mythical Dr. Spacely-Trellis, D.D., Bishop of Bevindon, who from time to time, waving a submachine gun from his pulpit, exhorted his stupefied parishioners to join with the Patriotic Front's plan to displace the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia regime with one more to his liking.

The caricature was not far from

the mark. For several years the WCC routinely appropriated money to support the activities of "freedom fighters" in the tragic Rhodesian civil war, in which, ironically enough, many Christian missionaries and their young wards, among others, were—as a good revolutionary would put it—"liquidated" by the very forces the WCC was supporting. The justification for all this was presumably to free blacks from oppression. Yet the WCC has been singularly silent about conflicts in other parts of Africa, and Asia as well. That Rhodesia was its pet project tells us something about its judgmental standards: the war there, while for "socialists," was against white men; if it had been among non-whites, no doubt the WCC would have remained as discreetly silent as it has been elsewhere.

According to Lefever, in its funding of revolutionary movements in

DON'T JUDGE THIS BOOK BY ITS COVER!



Paradise

by Ken Fishman

The story of a Jewish family in pursuit of the American Dream

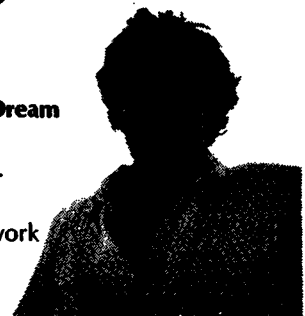
Not since *Goodbye, Columbus* has a work of fiction portrayed Jewish characters with such passion and force.

"A major first novel you won't want to miss."

Walter James Miller, WNYC, National Public Radio Network

The powerful debut of a major Jewish-American writer.

Dell \$2.25 At bookstores near you



PAUL SEABURY is professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley and the author of, among other works, *The United States in World Affairs*.

ISRAEL'S DESTINY

S. Maxwell Coder
Dean of Education Emeritus
Moody Bible Institute

The future of Israel is a major theme of Scripture. *Israel's Destiny* is an examination of the actual words written by the prophets which gives us a surprisingly clean and complete picture of the future history and final destiny of Israel.

Gives fresh new light on—

- The People of Israel
- The Land of Palestine
- The City of Jerusalem

\$2.25

191 pages

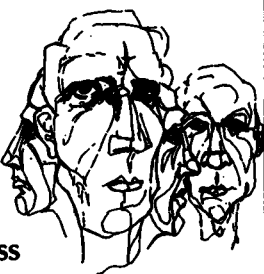
Order from your Bookstore or send
\$2.25 to Dept. MBW, 2101 W.
Howard, Chicago, Ill. 60645

Send \$2.25 plus .50¢ for postage and handling.

MOODY PRESS
THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST



A
provocative
new
work
by Paul Weiss
that draws
closer to the quintessence
of man than ever before...



YOU, I, and the OTHERS

By PAUL WEISS

Taking into account both philosophical principles and the common beliefs of contemporary man, a well-known philosopher here seeks to identify the main dimensions of man, to explain their function and to compensate for distorted understanding of these functions. Just published. \$22.50

**SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
UNIVERSITY PRESS**
P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Southern Africa (which includes Southwest Africa, or Namibia, as well as Zimbabwe) the WCC expended a mere \$300,000 of churchgoers' money—a figure far eclipsed by the vast, somber endowments of the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact friends. And the budget allotted by this less than Midas-like organization for "liberating" other non- and anti-white groups in other parts of the world—blacks and Indians in North America, for instance—has been equally restrained. But it is the symbolism that matters, not the amount: the body claiming to represent Protestant Christendom in the Western world is busily at war with its own culture.

That culture today is already so cluttered with single-purpose organizations speaking on behalf of one or another category of oppressed people (or other mammals), that it seems almost superfluous for Lefever, in this amply documented study, to draw attention to yet another case. Yet for those who view these multifarious "caring" activities with some skepticism, as working to disrupt the civic bonds of Western societies, the story he tells is particularly revealing. Why should the WCC, as a kind of global Protestant curia, presume to speak on behalf of Christians when it endorses terrorism? And how could these bureaucrats, speaking for Christians, have distanced themselves so successfully from the profound sources of their faith?

AN equally interesting question has been the silence of Christian churchgoers, at least in the non-evangelical sects, concerning the activities of such groups which claim to speak on their behalf. The matter is not, of course, confined to the Protestant churches. James Hitchcock, professor of history at St. Louis University, when dealing with similar manifestations within the Catholic Church in America, recently observed in his pamphlet, *On the Present Position of Catholics in America* (National Committee of Catholic Laymen, Inc.): "The ultimate fault of American Catholics is their continued willingness to allow other people to define the questions for them, their failure

to take aggressive action of their own except in reaction to other people's initiatives."

The sturdy persistence of the Christian faith despite such difficulties may be explained by the fact that when you come down to it, this faith is manifested for the most part in ways indifferent to the higher reaches of bureaucratic church organization. If polls recently taken are correct, American churchgoers are larger in proportion to their own culture than those of most other countries. And they do not go to church to be swept into the cauldron of politics. While it is true that some Unitarian or Quaker meetings often seem more like political caucuses than occasions of common worship, these are in no way representative of the American religious culture as a whole: most Christians go to church in order to worship, and in this respect they are no different from persons of other faiths. But this very apolitical aspect of the religious life also requires that those for whom religion matters maintain vigilance against those who, presuming to act politically in their name, distort the meaning of faith, and place it at the disposal of its enemies.

The Works of Man

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By HUGH THOMAS. Harper & Row. 700 pp. \$17.95.

Reviewed by DAVID GRESS

HUGH THOMAS is best known as the author of the magisterial *The Spanish Civil War*, *Cuba*, and numerous biting and perceptive articles on political developments in Hispanic countries. He now appears as a world historian, one of that rare breed who find the time, in the middle of a working life, to sit back and take stock of the labors and triumphs of man, and to point out the dangers and challenges that lie ahead.

DAVID GRESS, a young historian and social critic who lives in Denmark, reviewed *Main Currents of Marxism* by Leszek Kolakowski in our April 1979 issue.

In his preface, Thomas explains that this history must be unfinished, incomplete, as the possibilities and hopes of the future are not yet entirely foreclosed. It must also be incomplete in the more general sense that no individual can treat all aspects of human social life, no matter how diligent he may be or how many volumes he may write. For this reason it is odd that the American publisher should have made a change in the title of the original British edition: *An Unfinished History of the World*.

The interpretative scheme adopted by Thomas, also described briefly in his preface, involves an emphasis on the history of technology and "culture" in the widest sense—human habits, forms of organization, the history of nutrition, of medicine and sanitation, and only secondarily of the intellect. Furthermore, the greatest attention is paid to modernity—to the period from about 1750 onward. Thus, without being too explicit about it, Thomas lays his work squarely in the tradition that sees world history as the "rise of the West" (as in the famous work of that title by the Chicago historian William McNeill, first published in 1963 and in preparation for thirty years prior to that).

THOMAS is not a Hegel or a Jacob Burckhardt; he does not offer a philosophical "justification" of what happened in history by referring to the mysterious operations of a "world spirit." Nor is he a cultural pessimist, cataloguing the decline of a once-glorious movement into the vulgarities of mass society. His work is, primarily, a fascinating catalogue of inventions, ideas, developments, habits, and forms of organization, the massive paraphernalia of human social existence which make up what one might call the framework of history, the tools that make things work. As such it may be seen as an Anglo-Saxon attempt at the sort of "total history" associated with the work of the French historian Fernand Braudel (whose *The Mediterranean and Capitalism and Material Life 1400-1700* appear in Thomas's bibliography and are relatively frequently quoted). Braudel speaks of such factors as climate,

"An excellent, exhaustive and many-sided collection."

—Jacob Katz, Hebrew University, Jerusalem

A sourcebook of over 200 primary documents—annotated and placed within their historical context—this work illuminates social, political, and cultural aspects of Jewish history from the 18th century through the early 1950s.

"A rich compilation of sources which illuminate the problems of the modern Jew over the last 200 years....An impressive work of scholarship."

—Gerson D. Cohen,
Jewish Theological Seminary of America

544 pages, \$25.00



OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

THE JEW IN THE MODERN WORLD

A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY

Edited by
Paul R. Mendes-Flohr and Jehuda Reinharz

Jews of the Latin American Republics Judith Laskin Elkin

"Highly
readable,

very informative, and
highly persuasive in
its explanation of
the origins and trans-
formations of the Jewish
communities in Latin
America."

—Robert A. Potash

This is the first comprehensive study of the
Jews of Latin America. Elkin shows how
the impermeability of Latin American social
institutions challenges the ability of a non-Latin,
non-Catholic minority to survive.

approx. 240 pp., \$17.00

The University of North Carolina Press

Post Office Box 2288 Chapel Hill 27514

Arab



and Jew



in Jerusalem

Explorations in Community
Mental Health

Gerald Caplan. With Ruth B. Caplan

Gerald Caplan's analysis of the friction between Arab and Jew in Jerusalem has applications far beyond Israel's boundaries.

His conclusions offer new insight into the nature of tension between hostile populations, and his mediation techniques will be valuable wherever political conflict and cultural dissonance reside—be it Boston or Belfast, Tehran or Kabul. \$15.00

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

travel, and trade, the administration of cities and states, crops, droughts, and epidemics. His approach is learned and laborious. Thomas has succeeded very well in transferring this "total" approach to history to the easier, more open and accessible Anglo-Saxon mode, in which world history for a general audience becomes more than a selection of fashionable platitudes (of whatever variety), but less daunting than the learned apparatus of a Braudel or his disciples.

The comparison with Braudel and his school breaks down, however, as soon as one reaches the question of the normative or interpretative. The danger of the strict Braudel method is that while pretending to be value-free and objective, it in fact implicitly asserts the priority of material conditions (if in a non-Marxist sense). Thomas never claims to follow any methodological rules to the exclusion of any others. His criterion is simply one of interest and general significance. No one would quarrel with the judgment that the history of communications is vital to an understanding of the modern world; Thomas therefore sensibly includes two chapters on the subject. At the same time, a normative element undoubtedly emerges, particularly in the last chapters, with such titles as "The Democratic Alternative"; "Democracy: Internal Anxieties"; and "Causes of the Cold War: Notions of Imperialism."

THE targets of Thomas's criticism are easy to detect: they are, first of all, Marxist demands for revolution and the overthrow of "bourgeois" democracy, whether in South America or in Europe; and, secondly, the generalized beliefs that the West is evil and its past dominance and present pre-eminence unjustified. Thomas does not seek to gloss over the costs of Western progress, but he constantly asserts that progress was, and is, not only possible but real.

Thomas might very well have been more vehement on this subject. He might, and with some justification, have presented a political tract on behalf of the "new Conservatism" of Margaret Thatcher, especially as he is now a

member of the London think-tank (the Center for Policy Studies), which harbors Mrs. Thatcher's redoubtable, if not always consistent, Industry Secretary, Sir Keith Joseph. At the Center's 1978 conference, Thomas gave a paper entitled "History, Capitalism, and Freedom," in which he rehearsed Friedrich Hayek's and Milton Friedman's argument that the free-market economy, despite its alleged "immoralism," ultimately provides a greater degree of liberty and more life chances than any centralized system designed to further the "common good." The cultural version of this view, namely, that capitalist democracy also provides the best guarantee for freedom of conscience and expression and for civilized political activity, was presented eloquently by Paul Johnson in his *The Enemies of Society* (1977). Johnson, like Thomas, is a disillusioned Labor intellectual, a social democrat who finds intolerable the current rhetoric of envy and hatred, of fear and violence, which controls the Labor party today.

For Thomas, the core of the 20th century's problems is that the technical and material progress of the late 18th and 19th centuries was not followed by the development of an industrial world culture united by a common interest in liberty and democracy. Instead, the very technical opportunities that gave mankind such hope have been used to extend the powers of coercion and oppression far beyond the wildest imaginings of any ancient emperor or tyrant. "In the late 1970's, it seemed possible that Western civilization might collapse before the end of the century, either from the onslaught of irrationality without or the failure of nerve within." This is, indeed, the crucial problem of the post-modern era, and one not foreseen at all by Marx or any other of the economic theorists of capitalism. Rather, one finds insight into it in the social criticism of Tocqueville (often quoted by Thomas), in the understanding that, in the absence of religion or other strong social cohesive factors, mass society will inevitably become homogenized,

latently coercive, and profoundly hostile to individual excellence.

It seems that the psychological root of this distrust of excellence, which often masquerades as a concern for equality, is the belief that achievement by individuals will inevitably be used to oppress others unless some ideology or an external coercive power prevents it. And that belief is in turn related to the anonymity of mass democratic society: if I know personally the people who exercise control over the conditions of my life, it is somehow easier to accept setbacks and problems than if such difficulties can be attributed only to faceless "market forces." This is the basis of the sentimental and emotional radical critique of the market and the belief in the need for either a strong external state or a powerful inner censor to prevent the perilous eruption of individual spontaneity and talent.

Tocqueville understood this as few since him have done; indeed, it is hard to think of any critiques of radicalism which take up this argument (one exception is the French "new philosopher," Bernard-Henri Lévy). Thomas does not drive very deep here, either; it is one weakness of his superb and impressive account that he simply records the unpleasant facts—the rise of totalitarianism, the extension of state power, mass psychoses, the "failure of nerve" of liberalism—in a way which does not relate them to one another or provide a historical explanation of their genesis.

Perhaps one should not blame Thomas for leaving the dimension of morals and motivation out of his work; it would have made it twice as massive and would have detracted from the thrust and vigor of his account as it stands. For Thomas, the values of the West are self-transparent and self-motivating. Who can doubt that the industrial organization of production is best for all, or that individual liberty and a fair measure of social equality are self-justifying goals which are best guaranteed in Western society? But the problem here is that the majority of the world's people live under systems of government and of economic or-

ONE JEWISH PATRIOT CAN SAVE 10,000 JEWS... BY MAKING A PACT WITH HERMANN GOERING

Nazi Germany, 1939.

Kurt Reiss, a young Jew, attempts to assassinate Goering. When he fails, and is captured, the diabolical Goering decides to use Reiss in a brilliant scheme to kill every important Allied atomic scientist, all due at a meeting in Canada.

If Reiss and four other young Jews succeed, Goering promises to release 10,000 Jews.

"A suspense story with forceful psychological overtones... The moral implications of their plight are explored in a taut, cleverly executed plot."

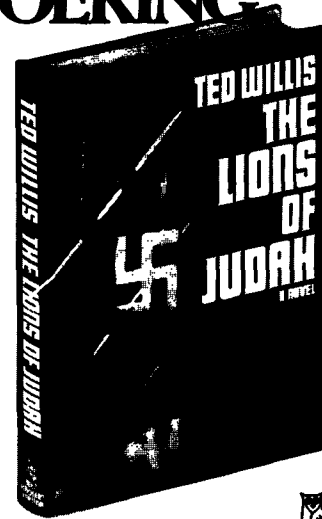
—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"Willis is a born storyteller."

—LONDON DAILY MAIL

THE LIONS OF JUDAH BY TED WILLIS

\$10.95



Holt, Rinehart & Winston

What is contemporary China really like?

How should the West interpret China's new pragmatism, the dissent, the growing consumerism? Is Mao's ideology dead? These are crucial issues for any one concerned about China policy, economic or business relations.

The answers emerge in this highly readable book which focuses on the analysis of China's urban and rural development since the Revolution.

Rhoads Murphey—an eminent China authority—skillfully pieces together a coherent picture. He also compares China's development to India's. The achievements of these very different political systems present some surprises and have relevance to Third World development.

A must for policy makers, planners, economists and anyone concerned with business in China.

The Fading of the Maoist Vision City and Country in China's Development

Rhoads Murphey

\$12.95 hardcover, illustrated

Methuen

788 Third Avenue, New York 10017

**"A splendid
literary memoir."***

THE
DREAM OF
THE
GOLDEN
MOUNTAINS
REMEMBERING THE 1930s
MALCOLM COWLEY

Malcolm Cowley's chronological sequel to *Exile's Return* is a "superb re-creation of the turmoil and politics of the ... early 1930's."

—*Publishers Weekly

**"Charming, rueful,
extremely well written."**

—The New York Times Book Review

\$14.95

VIKING

ganization which, implicitly or explicitly, *do* deny these assumptions, and this denial must be explained.

The closest Thomas comes to acknowledging the vipers' nest of problems and dilemmas at which I have hinted is in his epilogue, where he attributes a large measure of the irrationality of totalitarian governments to a false understanding of history. With the decline of religious standards of judgment, appeals to "history" have become the main justification for unpleasant actions by government. But if this is so, says Thomas, then a truer understanding of history will help us undermine these appeals. This is not question-begging—in practical terms, and without having to enter into laborious discussions of how one validates historical accounts, no sane person would doubt, for example, that Thomas's world history is far truer than that of Joseph Stalin. One way to test

the truth of history is in terms of its subject—is it true to what it describes, does it respect and understand the inner logic of its material, whether it be a life, the history of a war, a government, or an institution? Such a notion of truthfulness entails an open commitment to understand the workings of reality, of other people, of groups, political cultures and systems, and entire civilizations. And that is not an impossible enterprise in our era of freely available information and interpretations.

THOMAS has done a great job of presenting innumerable more or less well-known facts and bits of information about "the works of man." The next task for a world history must be to relate all this to the inner workings of cultures and individuals which alone "make sense" of the facts and show us what man is capable of, in both the good and the bad sense.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a COMMENTARY address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

MAIL TO: COMMENTARY
165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

name

address

city

state

zip code

The diamond solitaire.



A rare gift.

A one carat diamond. Set simply and elegantly.
To sparkle on its own. Of lasting value,
because diamonds of about one carat and up are rare.
(The one shown here is worth about \$4,950.)

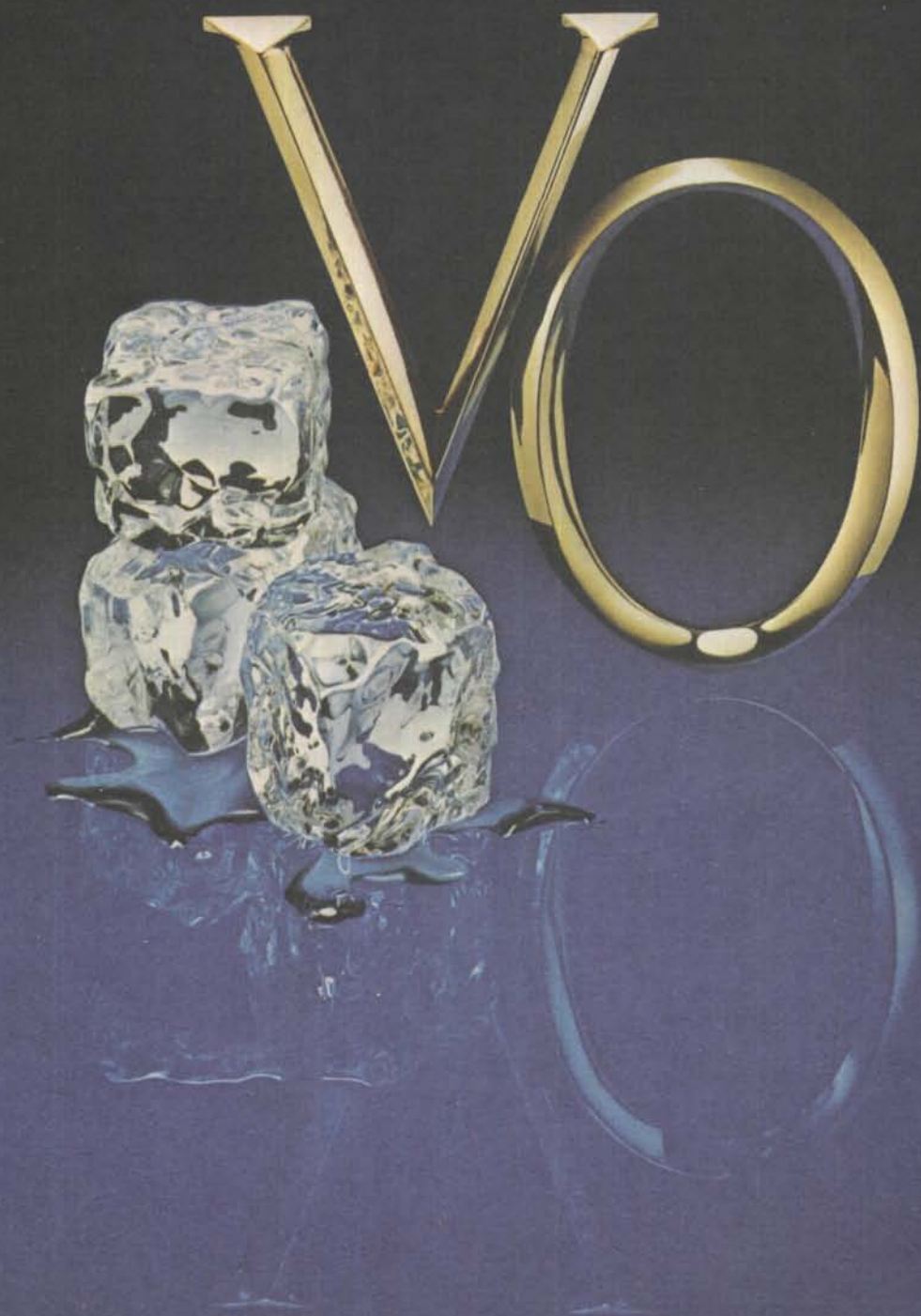
The diamond solitaire.
It is the gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The one carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail.
Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. De Beers.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some things just naturally go together.



Seagram's V.O.
The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED